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★ Liberty

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ONE WOMAN AGAINST THE ARCOTIC RING

From Her Cell She Smashed Reno's Underworld

•

OW TO DANCE THE BIG APPLE

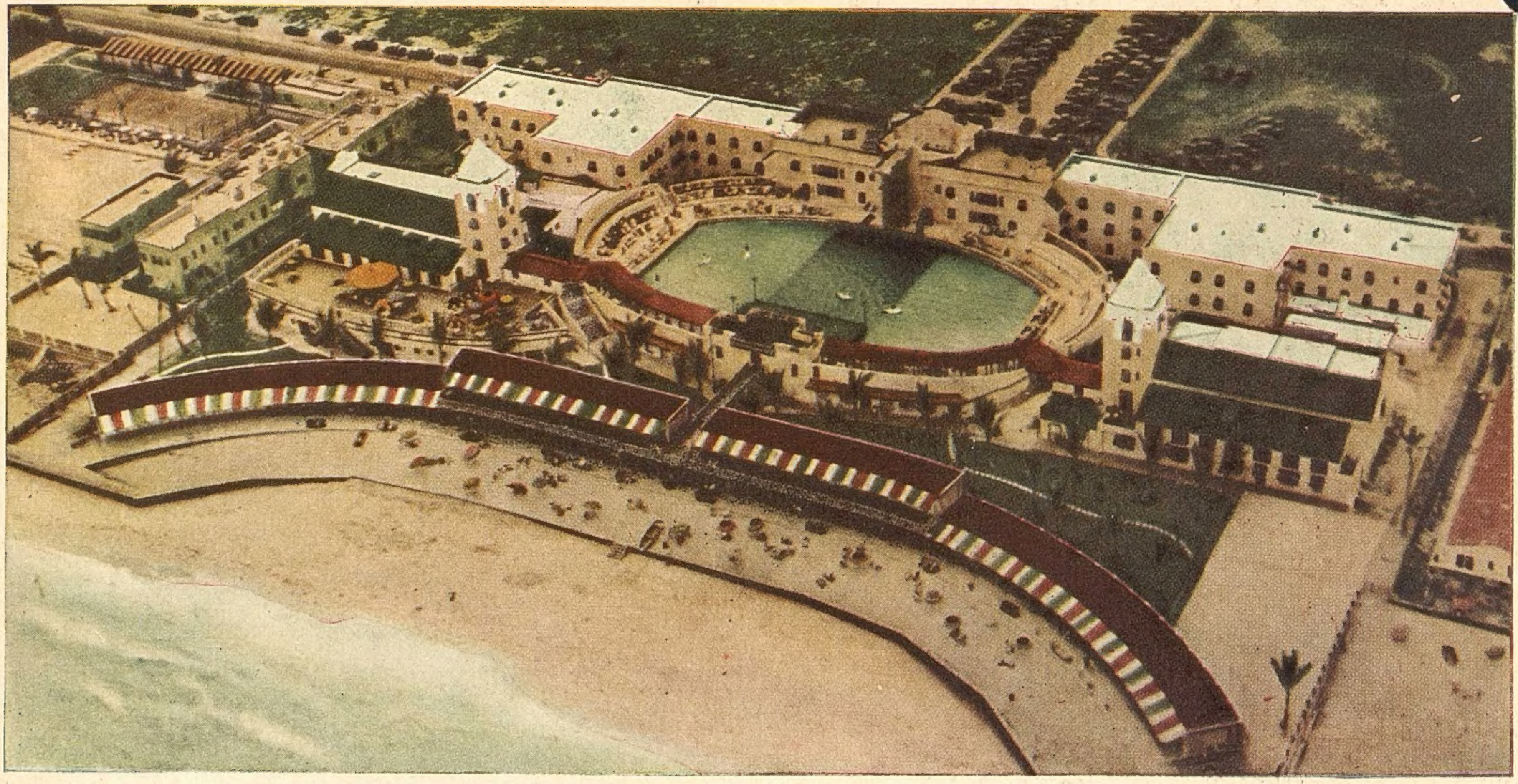
by Eleanor Powell

•

PU YI AND HIS WIFE

The Wallis Simpson of Asia

by "Envoy"



Macfadden-Deauville, Miami Beach, Florida

Make Your Winter Vacation Pay Rich Dividends in Health

Florida climate and human ingenuity have combined to make Macfadden-Deauville a veritable paradise not only for the pleasure seeker but also for the seeker after renewed health.

In addition to presenting every facility for making your visit an ideal experience from the vacationist's viewpoint, Macfadden-Deauville makes available the most complete Physiotherapy departments in this country. Here you can enjoy sun-bathing, hydrotherapy, electric, steam and cabinet baths, massage, corrective dieting, calisthenics and many other features of Physiotherapy on a scale unexcelled.

If you or any member of your family have a knotty health problem to solve Macfadden-Deauville offers the opportunity to spend a joyous and beneficial vacation while rebuilding health under skilled supervision and with the help of the finest and most modern equipment that money and science can provide.

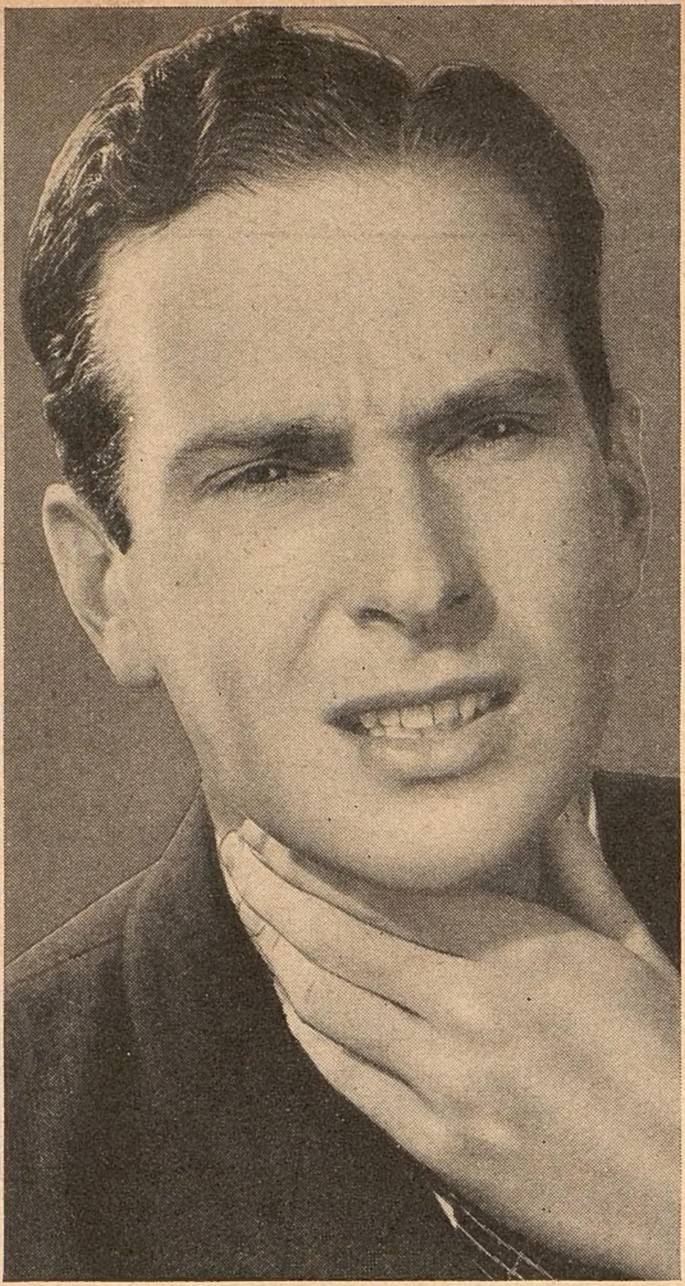
This is not a sanitarium but a luxurious hotel amid glamorous surroundings where health building has been developed to an extraordinary degree. Here getting well is a happy and pleasant experience utterly free of the air of misery that so often prevails at sanitoria. Happiness is the dominant note—dancing, inspirational singing, swimming and good fellowship restores the thrill of life that was yours in the days of boyhood and girlhood. Under this regime morbidity and monotony disappear as by magic and you live again "in the heights". Write us for details of our system as adapted to your individual needs.

FOR THE PLEASURE SEEKER

To vacationist and health seeker alike Macfadden-Deauville offers the ultimate in luxury and opportunity for enjoyment—richly appointed quarters, unsurpassed cuisine, 500 foot private beach with sand that is powder soft, the largest out-door circular swimming pool in the world, nearly 100 of the finest cabanas in Florida, golf, tennis, fishing, sailing, riding practically at the door—everything to make your vacation happy and utterly enjoyable. Write for rate schedule today.

Macfadden-Deauville

COLLINS AVE. AT 67th STREET *Miami Beach* FLORIDA



Get after that SORE THROAT with Listerine

LISTERINE SAYS *"Hurry-up"* TO NATURE'S HEALING PROCESS

Feel chilly? . . . Uneasy? . . . With just a hint of rawness and tickle in the throat? Look out for a cold.

Do something about it, quick! before there is actual pain in swallowing.

Don't Treat Symptoms Get At the Cause

The irritated throat-surface is usually the result of infection by germs. Help the system in its fight to repel these germs by gargling with Listerine Antiseptic.

Every one of these surface germs which it reaches is almost instantly killed by full-strength Listerine. It destroys not only one type of germ, or two; but any and all kinds which are associated with the Common Cold and Simple Sore Throat, its usual symptom. And there are literally millions of such germs in the mouth.

The effect of Listerine is definitely *antiseptic*—NOT *anesthetic*. It doesn't lull you into a feeling of false security by merely dulling the irritation in the throat. Listerine acts to check the infection, and so gives Nature a helping hand.

Fewer, Less Severe Colds Proved in Clinical Tests

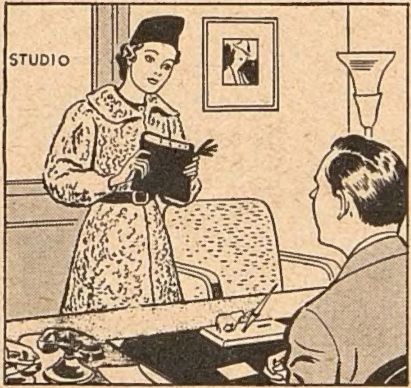
Many users report best results with gargling every hour. If the inflammation still persists, it is advisable to consult your doctor.

Four years of carefully supervised medical tests established the clear-cut finding that those who gargled regularly with Listerine Antiseptic had *fewer* colds . . . and got rid of them *faster* . . . than non-garglers.

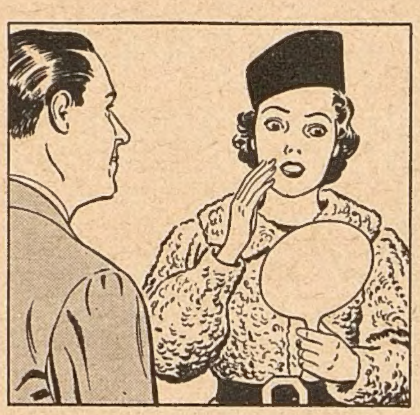
This winter, why not make a test of your own case? Get a bottle of Listerine, *the safe antiseptic with the pleasant taste*, and use it regularly.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.
St. Louis, Mo.

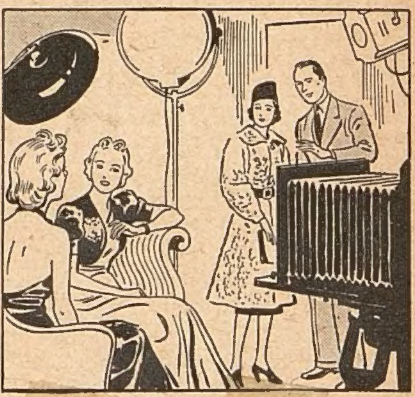
"I GET $100 A WEEK FOR HAVING MY PICTURE TAKEN"



"In school I was considered pretty; so I sought work as a photographic model. I made the rounds of the studios, but everywhere I got the same answer, 'Nothing doing'.



"One day a photographer gave me a hint. 'The thing that is holding you back is your teeth. They aren't attractive enough for work before the camera.



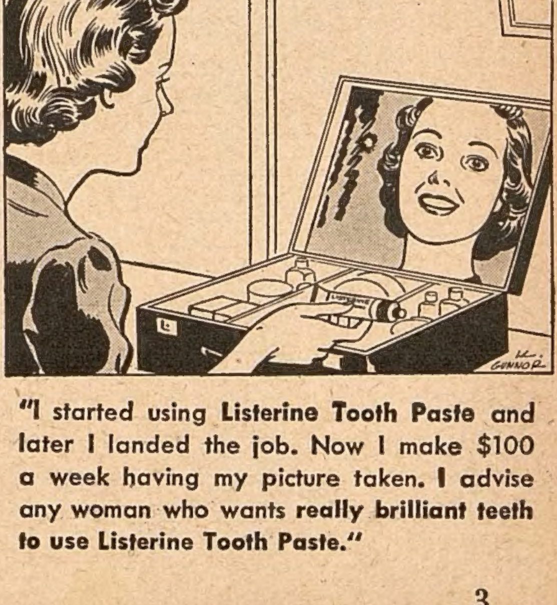
"'See those girls,' he said, 'they use Listerine Tooth Paste. They say it gives teeth the brilliant lustre studio work requires. They call it their Beauty Bath for teeth.'

USE THIS SOAPLESS TOOTH PASTE THAT GLAMOUR GIRLS USE

Start today to give your teeth the "Beauty Bath" New York models use—Listerine Tooth Paste. It is sensationally different! Made *without* soap! Instead of slipping over the surface the way ordinary dentifrices often do, Listerine Tooth Paste really "takes hold." You can feel it. Such cleansing! Such brilliance! Such lustre! You must see for yourself how this special combination of rare, delicate cleansers and polishers makes teeth sparkle. Get a tube of *economical* Listerine Tooth Paste from your druggist today!

DOUBLE SIZE 1/4 POUND FOR 40¢
REGULAR SIZE 25¢

LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE
LAMBERT
PHARMACAL COMPANY
Double Size



"I started using Listerine Tooth Paste and later I landed the job. Now I make $100 a week having my picture taken. I advise any woman who wants really brilliant teeth to use Listerine Tooth Paste."

FEBRUARY 19, 1938

Liberty

VOL. 15, NO. 8

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

ROBERT S. STAPLES
ART EDITOR

NEWSPAPERS DRIVING NAILS INTO THEIR OWN COFFINS

BERNARR
MACFADDEN

Our newspaper publishers clearly understand what will happen to their properties should a dictator control this country. They have had unmistakable evidence that the New Deal does not like criticism, and they know beyond a shadow of doubt that if the power was in the hands of this administration at this time there would be a censorship that would not only control the editorial utterances but which would dictate on other phases of the publishing business.

Yet, with this convincing evidence before them, they nevertheless give serious publicity to the crackbrained theories that are sent out over the radio and through public addresses by New Deal officials . . . driving nails into their own coffins.

Thoughtless readers of newspapers often accept these statements—wild or otherwise—as thoroughly dependable. And this policy on the part of many newspaper editors is often to blame for the crooked thinking which we find rampant throughout this country at the present time.

Newspaper editors are undoubtedly justified in printing the views of these officials; but an equal or a greater amount of space should be given to point out effectively the flaws in false reasoning.

And now that we are threatened with a centralized government, which is apparently trying to usurp a large part, if not all, of the governmental rights of our various states . . . which has attempted in various ways the regimentation of industry, and which undoubtedly intends later on to regiment labor in the same way . . . our newspaper publishers, instead of effectively fighting this menacing possibility, are mostly moving along in the same old way, blindly printing anything and everything that might be considered news, and making no really overshadowing effort in their editorial or other columns to point out the dangers of the legal enactments which the Washington administration has passed and is still trying to pass.

If the wages-and-hours bill, for example, becomes a law, not only industry but labor will be harnessed, regimented, with even the possibility of enslavement.

Such legal restrictions would not be so disastrous if we knew the dictating power that our officials crave would be used intelligently, honestly, and efficiently, but we could not possibly expect such governmental supervision.

Whenever an article is published which is the product of the crooked thinking of our officials, the defective reasoning should be clearly pointed out. The reader should be intelligently guided in his thinking . . . wild proposals should not be presented seriously. They should be made to look as funny to the average unthinking reader as they do to our serious-minded, intelligent citizens.

Although the ability to see humor in any situation is desirable, when fantastic theories can pass as intelligent conclusions and effective efforts are not made to guide the average careless reader in his reasoning, we can hardly blame the unthinking mob for the enthusiasms sometimes violently manifested in defense of principles that would ultimately rob us of the freedom which we now enjoy.

The workers were promised everything their hearts could desire in Russia, but now they are little more than a nation of slaves. Germany made an effort to embrace democracy . . . then Hitler came into power. The unions were soon disbanded . . . strikes were forbidden . . . the workers were put in what the officials considered to be their place. Practically the same experiences were the fate of the Italian workers.

All these facts should be presented clearly to the unthinking masses of this country, and they should be warned again and again—with double the space given to crooked-thinking demagogues—against the unsound reasoning frequently and blatantly presented from official sources.

And last but not least is the need for more vigor, with a real fighting spirit and even rampant enthusiasm, in the editorial columns of our newspapers.

Bernarr Macfadden

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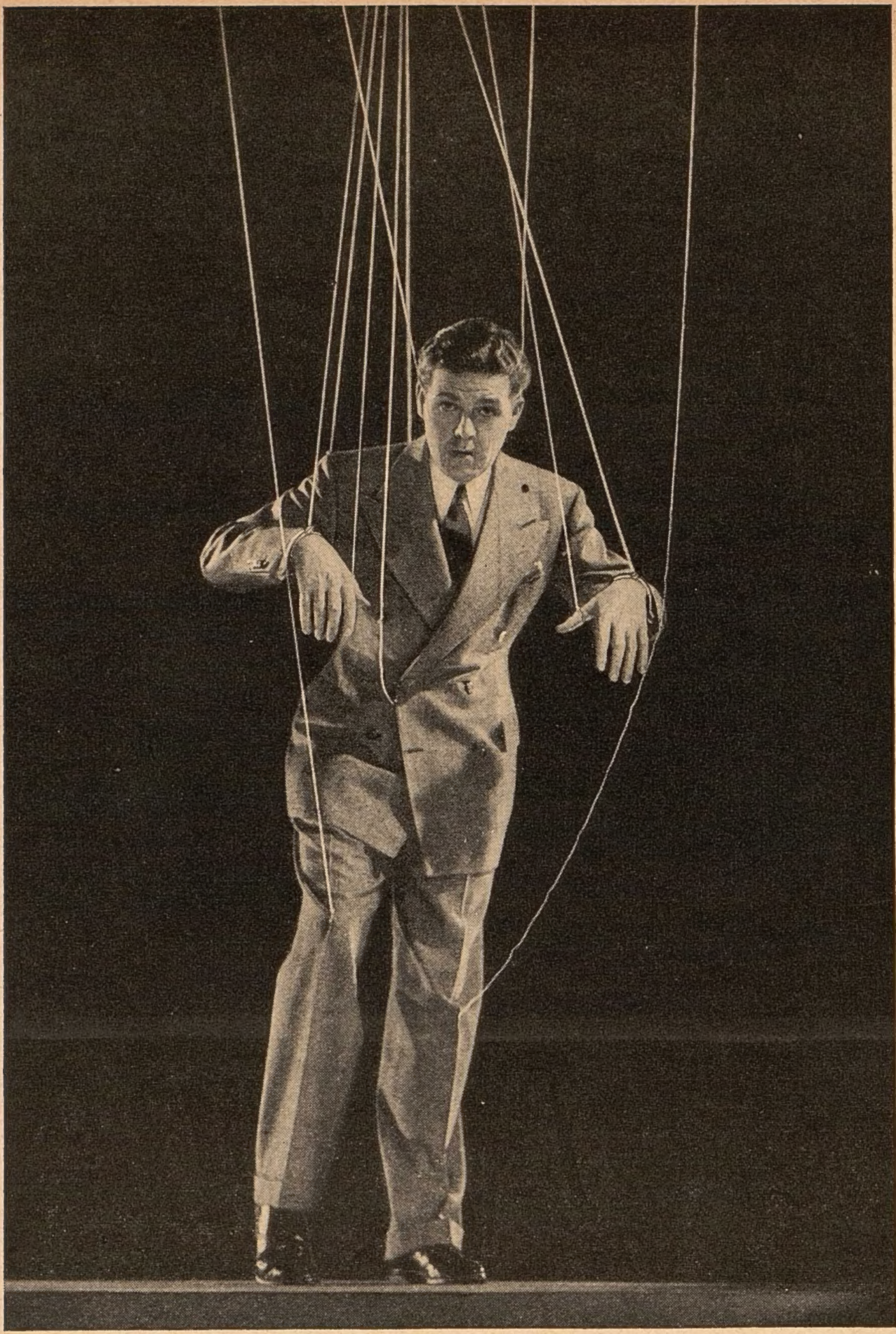


· · For Men, not Puppets · ·

The puppet is pulled about, willy nilly. So are some men—pulled about by "fate." But the man who owns life insurance stands up against that puppeteer. He has a say in his destiny. For insurance safeguards the family, it builds a financial reserve, it may enable the insured man some day to take life easy.

Thos. I. Parkinson
PRESIDENT

LIFE INSURANCE QUESTION BOX

❧

HAVE YOU ANY QUESTIONS?

You are invited to send any questions on life insurance to "The Equitable Counselor," 393 Seventh Ave., New York, N.Y. Or write for booklet, "Build for the Future," which gives interesting information of value.

• • •

Meanwhile, read these questions and answers on important life insurance facts.

Q. I am 25, married and have one young child. I earn $50 a week. I have $6000 of insurance, and a small bank balance. What added insurance do you suggest?

A. Enough to provide a minimum of income to your wife, and to create an educational fund for the child.

• • •

Q. Should life insurance be paid in a lump sum?

A. Not always. More and more people believe it wiser to arrange the payments to beneficiaries in installments, with a moderate lump sum for emergencies. The "life income option" on every policy makes life long protection certain.

• • •

Q. What is a "Special Income" Policy?

A. This policy is designed for the man with a growing family. It provides extra protection while the children are dependent. Ask an Equitable agent or the Counselor about its interesting features.

❧

THE EQUITABLE
FAIR — JUST
LIFE ASSURANCE
SECURITY — PEACE OF MIND
SOCIETY
MUTUAL — COOPERATIVE
OF THE U.S.
NATION-WIDE SERVICE

ONE WOMAN

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

PART ONE—A CRY IN THE NIGHT

WHEN the gold medal is awarded next fall for Valor in Citizenship, there will be one name high up on the list of candidates, and it will be the name of a woman!

Joyce McAllister is the name she used when she stood, alone and undaunted, against the most vicious ring of Reno's underworld—the dope syndicate.

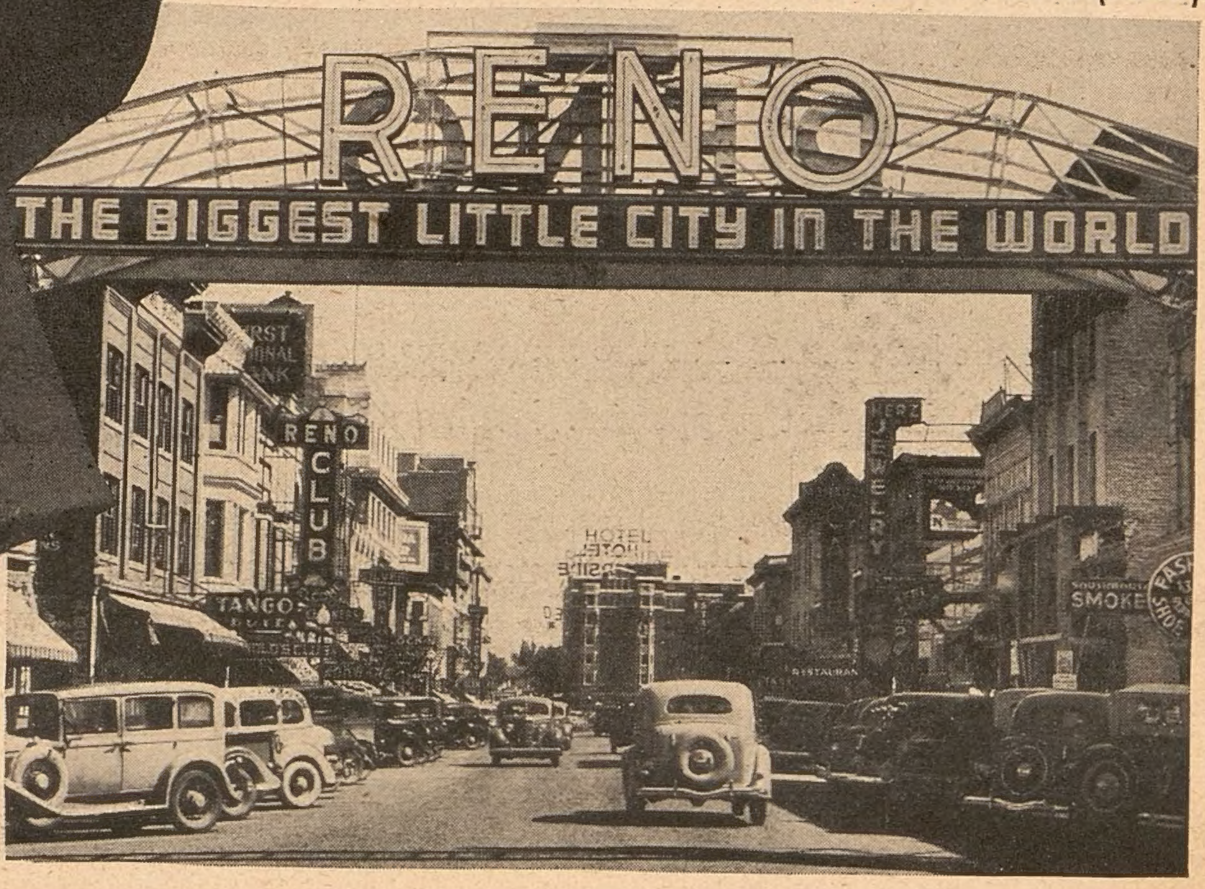
The story of what Joyce McAllister did to break the Reno narcotic gang is the story of a masterpiece of detective work—and with a surprise ending worthy of the best in Sherlock Holmes.

But it is more than that. It is the story of courage and brains against vice and cunning—a tale of Valor in Citizenship to stir the heart of every honest man and woman in the country.

Joyce McAllister went to Reno to get a divorce from her famous All-America athlete-husband. Joyce was, by common consent, a nice girl and, by the grace of God, a pretty one. A sheltered Santa Barbara childhood, finishing school, and a college education had accentuated her native niceness. Long wavy brown hair, large glowing brown eyes, regular features, full lips, boy-form figure, and slender ankles—all that and an air about her accounted for her prettiness.

She had come to Reno straight from a delayed Honolulu honeymoon. She had some money and a checkbook on a family bank account which experience had led her to believe was inexhaustible.

"The Girl in the Red Jacket," a heroine in Reno (below).



Against the NARCOTIC RING

From her cell she smashed Reno's underworld! . . . Does this girl merit Liberty's Valor in Citizenship award?

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

When the money was gone—and it went quickly in the gay life of the "Biggest Little City in the World"—she drew a check for $250. The check came back, "No funds."

There is a saying in that happy-go-lucky mile-high capital of divorce that "You can't go wrong in Reno. Whatever you do, we'll make it legal." But the principle does not apply to rubber checks. Nevada bank laws are tight. Joyce was, in the language of the slicksters, a "paper hanger." She was sentenced to ninety days in the Washoe County jail.

That bitter cold Nevada night she lay sleepless on her prison cot, unnerved by the swiftness with which fate had overtaken her. Suddenly she was shaken in every sensitive fiber of her being by the piercing, unearthly cries which re-echoed through the darkness of the jail. She jumped from her cot and clung with bloodless fingers to the iron bars of her cell, shouting:

"Help! Quick! Somebody is dying! Can't *some* one do *some*thing for that dying woman?"

Sheriff Root arrived on the dead run. He was an old hand and a wise one in spite of his forty youthful years. Quietly he explained to Joyce that the screaming woman, Isabel McCracken, was a drug addict, now cut off from her source of supply.

"But this woman is suffering tortures!" Joyce insisted. "Surely something can be done for her!"

Alcohol rubs were sometimes given, the sheriff replied; but no matron was on duty at this hour of the night. At Joyce's suggestion that he allow her to see if she could do anything for the woman, Sheriff Root thought a moment. Then he assented, saying he was sorry for the woman himself.

Isabel McCracken—Izzy to her mates—had once been a nice girl. She was still a good-looking woman, in spite of the ravages of a distorted life as the wife of a pimp. Disillusioned, broken, she had taken to dope. First it was cocaine. Then the time came when that no longer satisfied her, and she turned to opium. Now she was a morphine addict.

"Give it to me quick, dearie!" the desperate woman hissed, the moment the sheriff's back was turned.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. McCracken, but I haven't anything to give you."

"Ain't you a wire?"

Joyce learned that a "wire" was a trusty who sneaked stuff in to the other prisoners.

"I'm a prisoner here, just like you," Joyce explained, a plan forming in her mind as she talked; "but the sheriff seems inclined to trust me, and he might let me out to get you something."

The woman's thin hands, nails bitten to the quick, clutched Joyce's knees in pitiful supplication.

"Will you do that for me, dearie? Will you, really?"

"I'll do everything I can," Joyce assured her; "but you must tell me where to go."

The woman reached under the mattress and pulled out a crumpled one-dollar bill. Joyce must go down to the Mizpah Hotel on Second Street, she said, and ask for a girl named Rosie, give her the money, and say she wanted a "bindle" for Izzy.

A bindle, Joyce learned, was a small portion of dope. There were dollar bindles, even two-bit bindles, peddled by the small-time alley brokers; and larger portions, dealt in by the higher-ups. Ounces cost around $200. They were called Cadillacs.

"Only a bindle!" exclaimed Sheriff Root, when Joyce had outlined her plan. "We couldn't get a big-time conviction on that."

"I know, Mr. Root; but don't you see, if I start making small purchases through Isabel McCracken's friends, I can then make larger ones until I get to dealing with the big boys, and then we'll know who's behind this horrible business and how to stop it. It's my duty—can't you understand?—and my glorious opportunity."

"You are proposing a very dangerous undertaking, young woman."

"I am not afraid."

As a matter of fact Joyce McAllister had everything required for the perilous job she was choosing for herself—beauty, poise, courage, and just a touch of that consecrated madness which marks the born crusader. Keen enough to realize that, the sheriff decided to let her try her plan.

"I'll get the prison doctor to prescribe a small amount of dope for the McCracken woman," he said. "That'll keep us in the open so far as the rules go. But first I must warn you that you are taking your life in your hands. These Chinks, you know, will think nothing of bumping you off if they suspect you aren't what the gang calls 'reliable.'"

Even this did not deter Joyce McAllister. Ten minutes later she reported in the sheriff's office, ready to begin. Carmined cheeks and ruffled hair, shadowed eyes and accentuated lips, combined with a tight-fitting short jacket of scarlet hue and the inevitable handbag swinging over her arm, had transformed the sheltered Santa Barbara co-ed into a typical denizen of the Pen, Reno's section of houses of ill fame.

She went unrecognized past clubs, bars, restaurants, gambling casinos; the Bank Club, with its beautiful women, gowned by the world's greatest couturiers—Hollywood, Paris, New York—and its impeccably dressed men, nationally known figures in the worlds of fashion and sport, of cinema and finance; the lesser clubs, their neon signs glittering welcome to goggle-eyed tourists. At the very edge of Reno's Chinatown she found her woman.

Yes, Rosie had a bindle she could spare for Izzy. She was sorry for Izzy, hoped she'd beat the rap. Hereafter, though, Joyce better get her supply from Nick, Rosie's boy friend. She described him. He was always hanging round out front.

"Is it safe to make a buy on the street?" Joyce tried to fall naturally into Izzy's phraseology.

"Sure! Anything's safe. The Old Man with the Whiskers sees to that."

The Old Man with the Whiskers! It was not the last time Joyce McAllister was to hear that phrase.

"By the way," asked Rosie, as her visitor rose to go, "what's your name?"

Joyce thought quickly. "Jean," she said.

"Jean," repeated Rosie. "Jean, the Girl in the Red Jacket. I'll pass the word along that you're reliable."

Rosie kept her word. Several nights running, Joyce left her cell, with Sheriff Root's permission, and did business with Nick. On the fifth night she proposed a larger purchase. Izzy expected to be transferred to a federal prison, she explained, and wanted to lay in a supply. Nick was agreeable, but said he'd have to have the money in advance to make the purchase. She gave him seventeen dollars. Next evening, when she went back, Nick and Rosie had checked out.

The result was that Isabel McCracken directed Joyce to the next higher-up—Woo Sing, who ran the Public Club, a gambling house on Lake Street.

When Joyce reported her progress to Sheriff Root, he looked very serious.

"This man Woo Sing is the czar of Chinatown," he explained. "He's been in this dope racket for nearly twenty-five years, and nobody has been able to get anything on him."

He's the Old Man with the Whiskers, Joyce thought to herself.

On Lake Street, the Public Club was like a dozen other wide-open gambling joints in the heart of Chinatown, catering apparently to both a white and yellow clientele. On one side of the building ran a narrow passageway, down which furtive figures of men and women and boys and girls in their teens moved in a steady flow. Joyce joined the stream and found herself in the darkness of the alley.

She knocked, as Izzy had told her to do, on a barred window at the left of the door. The window rose quickly but without revealing the face of the man behind it.

"I'm Jean, the Girl in the Red Jacket," she said. "I'm from Izzy."

She thrust a dollar bill through the bars. A yellow claw clutched it. Another palmed a bindle into her outstretched hand. The window dropped. In the alley, several of the male hopheads tried to be friendly. She shook them off with some difficulty and gained the protection of the lighted street.

"Your alley friends are altogether too affectionate," she told Isabel that night.

JOYCE knew that she would never get anywhere associating with such low-class hangers-on of the junk ring; she must find some one who could give her access to the boss—the Old Man with the Whiskers.

Her suggestion bore fruit. The grateful Izzy directed her next to a certain tobacco shop, with a crowd of loafers always standing out in front. She was not to go inside. The proprietor wasn't in on the racket.

"You just stand out in front till one of the boys gives you the eye. Then you sniff like this." Isabel gave the well known cookie's gesture. "That's the sign. He'll know you're reliable."

For fifteen minutes that evening Joyce stood on the sidewalk outside the tobacco shop without getting anything but leering "Hello, dearies." In a way, she welcomed that. She knew she was still "in the part."

Finally a snake-hipped fellow, a cut above the others in clothes and manner, walked up and down before her a few times as if he meant business. Obedient to Izzy's instructions, she gave the sign.

"Well, what's your yen, sister?" he said. "Snow?"

"Morph," she answered, producing two silver dollars. He disappeared down the street, returning almost immediately with two bindles.

"You're Jean, ain't you, the Girl in the Red Jacket?"

Joyce nodded her head and managed a smile that was meant to seem friendly.

"I'm Rickey," he said.

The next night, when she went to the tobacco shop, an older and less susceptible man had been assigned to his beat, obviously, Joyce saw, with the idea of giving her the once-over. The girl's heart sank. This precaution on the higher-ups' part could mean only one thing: they were becoming suspicious of her.

"How come, sister?" began the newcomer. "You ain't on the gow. You ain't hooked. What d'ye do with all this junk?"

Knowing, because Sheriff Root had told her, that Izzy was to be removed any day now to the federal pen, Joyce told the man she was working up a little trade of her own at the jail.

He gave no sign of approval or disapproval. Discouraged, baffled, fearing the worst, she returned to her cell.

BUT the next night found her back on the crowded curb in front of the Chinatown tobacco shop, and it found Rickey back, all smiles.

Patiently she worked with him as she had with Nick, gradually getting her nightly purchase up to five bindles. All the boys knew her by now. The word had been passed along. The time had come, she felt, to make her play. It was, she recalled with grim amusement, April 1!

"Rickey," she said that night, "I don't make enough money out of this thing. I pay you retail prices, and I can't get away with charging those coves much more. They all know the tariff. I've got to buy in quantity. Can you fix it for me?"

Joyce knew he couldn't do business on a wholesale scale himself. Although she had no money except her own dwindling supply, she was sure that if she could once get to the higher-ups, the money could be managed.

"You're a good scout, Jean, and I'd hate to lose you for a customer, but I'll see what I can do for you."

"You'll see the Old Man with the Whiskers?"

"That may not be necessary. But I'll see some one."

There was an undertone of triumph in the girl's report next day to the sheriff.

"You'll need real money if you're going in for big buys," he said when she had finished, "and you'll need protection, too, if you're going to deal with the big boys of this racket. I'm going to send you to the federal narcotic boys. They have an office here, in charge of Chris Hansen, one of Commissioner Harry Anslinger's best known men. Hansen will get you the money to operate with, and see that you don't get taken for a ride."

"No," replied the girl, "not yet. If the federal office could crack this situation, it would have done so long ago. I started and I'm going to finish."

"Your term will be up Friday," he reminded her.

She had forgotten that.

She found Rickey very mysterious that evening.

"Woo Sing wants to see you," he whispered.

Joyce's heart beat hard.

"At the Public Club?" she whispered back.

"No. At 219 Peavine Street. That's his private joint. On the outside it looks just like any of the other swell houses around there. You walk up the front steps—see?—but you don't put your foot on the first board of the piazza. You skip that one, see? That board is loose—see?—and stepping on it rings a bell in the back of the house. That shows you ain't in the know, and then—well, it's just too bad, but there's more graves under 219 Peavine Street than in a lot of cemeteries I know."

"I'll be careful," said Joyce.

"You'd better be!"

Joyce went that night down respectable tree-lined Peavine Street toward the big white house that was No. 219. She knew she might be walking into a trap.

Meticulously she avoided the loose plank in the veranda floor. The door on which she was about to knock opened noiselessly; then a second door, just as mysteriously. A smiling appraising Oriental in green silk pajamas and soft-soled slippers bowed her in. He was, she soon learned, Woo Sing's son-in-law and partner, Woo Suey Wing.

"You are Jean," he announced rather than asked. The spacious paneled room in which they stood was used apparently for reception purposes. There was nothing Oriental about it or its furnishings. A plain but thick carpet covered the floor. There was costly rococo furniture scattered about, mostly Louis Quinze. No door, except the one through which she had come, met the eye. Yet silently, out of nowhere—unless it was out of one of the panels behind her—appeared the squat form of an aging Chinese with a great moon face and tiny darting eyes.

"Welcome, Girl in Scarlet Kimono." He spoke with slow unction. "Welcome to the house of Woo Sing."

Joyce could scarcely conceal her disappointment. For weeks she had worked and hoped and prayed for this moment. Now, at last, she was in the presence of the reputed ruler of Reno's underworld empire, the dreaded Woo Sing—and the old man's plump face was as beardless as a baby's.

But she managed to acknowledge her host's polite greetings and to follow him smilingly down a long corridor to the main part of the house. Woo Suey Wing, on whom they had just closed the door of the front room, was before them, still grinning as he opened the door into the dimly lighted main salon of the swankiest drug resort in the West.

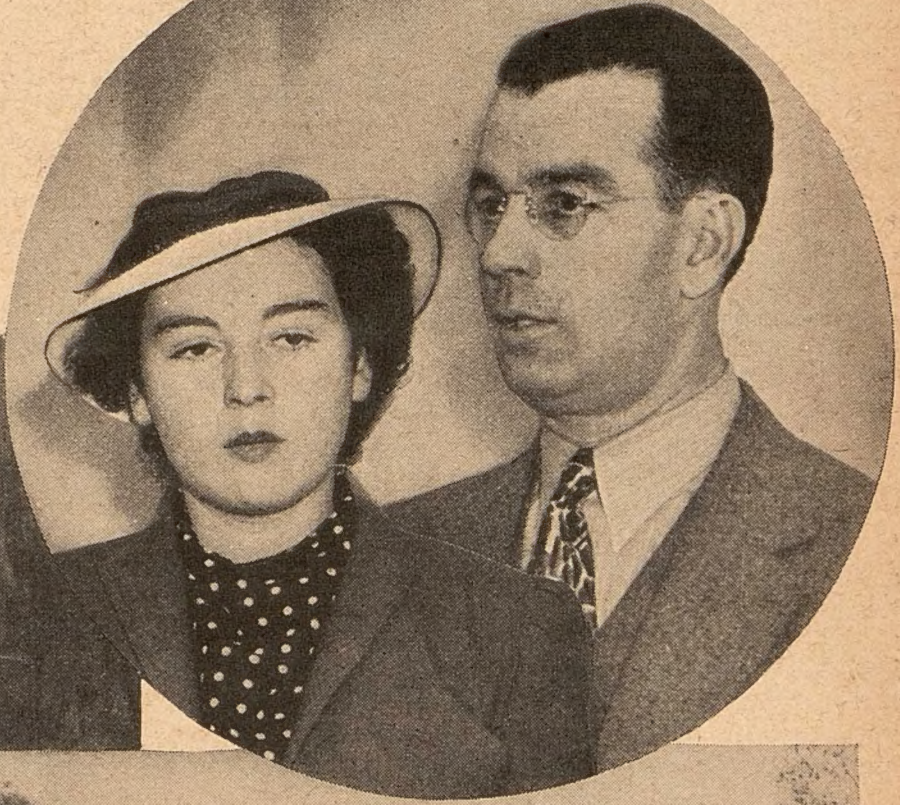
All the way down the corridor Joyce had been aware of a cloyingly sweet but heady incense, a heavy, pungent odor, that she was soon to know as the damp sickening aroma of gum opium.

This strange odor now merged with a thick bluish haze, through which she made out gradually huge gaily patterned vases on intricately carved teakwood standards, gorgeous Chinese rugs and tapestries on floor and walls, life-size statues of Eastern gods, coral pink and ebony black.

The room was literally strewn with deep luxurious divans and colorful piles of huge downy pillows, on which lay men and women—alone and in pairs—some in immaculate evening clothes; some, especially the women, in startling negligee. Pajama-clad attendants moved silently among them with trays of bamboo pipes. There was no sound in the great room except the hissings and poppings of tiny opium stoves.

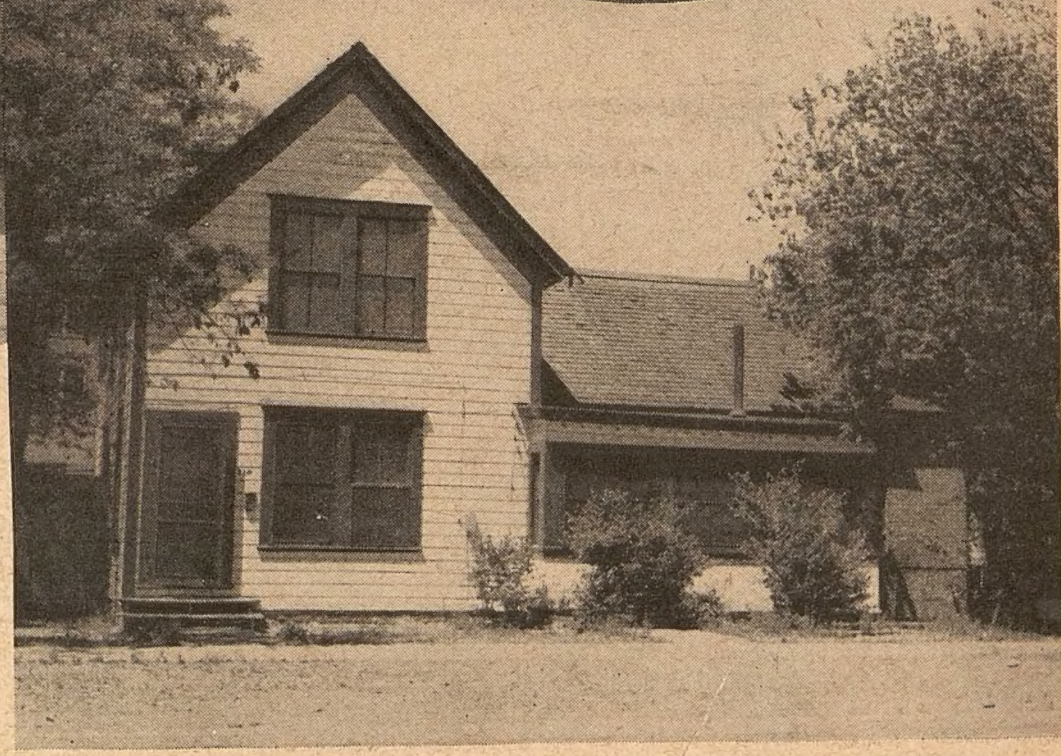
Joyce could feel Woo Sing's eyes upon her—never satisfied, never still!

Was Woo Sing himself to prove to be the Old Man with the Whiskers? What further, greater risks was Joyce to run in this evil house of his, and in other dope-ring strongholds beyond? The astonishing outcome of her heroic quest will be related in Liberty next week.



At right: Joyce McAllister with Sheriff Root, who gave her her chance at Reno's dope ring and co-operated in smashing it. Below: The alley outside the Public Club that was nightly haunted by dope addicts.

Left: Woo Sing, that mysterious Chinese who ran the Public Club and had his own "private joint" at 219 Peavine Street (right), where you avoided one board of the front porch.



Morning Advertiser
BEACON HILL TRAGEDY
DOUBLE SHOOTING

SOUND OF THE SEA

ILLUSTRATED BY DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS

A vivid story of what may happen when a girl is hurt by headlines and a star reporter falls in love

SHE remembered the same sound when she had her tonsils out—drifting off to sleep, and again just before she awakened. Only now she was wide awake, and the sound was the sound of the waves.

Gaby's small cold fingers dug down in the sand until only the knuckles were left.

“Why didn't you tell me yourself?”

She had thought she couldn't speak; but anger began to flow over her, a wind like the wind that swept sometimes across the small Maine harbor to churn the trembling blue into a fury of tumult.

“It was cowardly of you. It was cheating.”

The man beside her had not moved since Buck had disappeared around the shelving rock that made the cove.

He still didn't move; only his hands, clamped around his knees, seemed to grow thinner, and the sand riffled up suddenly over the toes of his sneakers.

“You know why I didn't tell you.”

“Sure, I know. You wanted another sob story. Something more to print under the by-line Peter Merle.”

Her voice broke.

“Stop it. Gaby darling!”

He flung himself around in front of her, put the palm of his hand for a moment across her mouth. His gestures were always abrupt, sudden. Even in her confusion, she found herself remembering that—remembering other things about him. A sob came out of somewhere and caught in her throat.

Peter Merle's mouth quivered. “Listen to me. If I'd told you who I was that first day, you'd have hated me. I thought if I waited—”

“You waited, and now—now I hate you even worse.”

“Do you, Gaby?” he said. “Do you?” he said again, and kissed her.

She struggled up. Her car stood where the beach ended and the green began. She ran toward it, sand dragging at her sandals, making her steps heavy. The marram grass slapped her ankles. As she started to drive away she looked back. Peter was still kneeling. She could see shells and broken things—all the debris the tide had washed up on the beach. Then all that was left was Peter's yellow jersey.

The yellow patch stayed against the windshield a long time. Peter Merle. . . . If she had thought of his last name at all, she had supposed it was Upham. Miss Lavinia, whose old white house was now filled with guests—paying guests—was his aunt. His father's sister, Gaby was sure he had said. But, of course, the Maine colloquialism had fooled her! It was Mrs. Upham, not Miss.

Peter had vacationed here since he was a boy. Guests, townspeople, every one called him Peter, or Pete. Pete . . . Gaby's lips made a whisper of the syllable.

That was the way she had thought of him, really. For how many days? She tried to count, but time was no longer a thing of regular divisions. There were moments that stretched preciously into hours, and hours that were gone in one swift ecstatic second.

And now these, everything—the sunshine, the rushing magic of the sea, the dream—had vanished; scattered by a man who came striding across the beach to shout:

“Well, Peter Merle, how'd the Herald ever spare its star reporter?”

The man's name was Buck. He had flown his own plane down from Boston. He was hunting quahogs, he said. Had they ever? Gaby answered, “Yes,” a small inadequate syllable. Peter didn't speak at all, and presently Buck wandered on. He carried a queer long-pronged rake over his shoulder. He had flown his plane down from Boston—had come on wings. Out of all the Atlantic coast, he had come to this hidden spot, to destroy the peace Gaby Carleton was just beginning to find.

The yellow of Peter's sweater no longer blobbed the glass in front of her. The shell road turned on to a brown dirt one, wound between oaks and elms, and stopped in front of a big white house with a picket fence.

Here the sea was only a distant singing, like the sound you heard when you held a conch shell to your ear.

She put her car away and went upstairs to her room. There she found a note propped against the Royal Doulton pitcher. Her grandmother had driven to Portland with the Clendennings and would not be back for dinner—supper they called it here.

Gaby took off slacks and bathing suit, put on a terrycloth robe, and went down the hall to the bathroom. The tub was tin and had a wooden rim around it. Tacked to the wall above the bowl was a linen splasher. “Cleanliness Is Next to Godliness” embroidered in red across it.

It was queer, Gaby thought, the way you took a bath no matter what had happened to you. The outside of you went on doing ordinary things even when the inside was numb. She remembered that from the other time. The time that came before this, that made this possible.

That other time it was a letter. In stories, men always sent a telegram; but Dave had written a letter—two whole pages to tell her he had married another girl.

She recalled how the wedding gifts had looked, laid out smugly on the grand piano and on tables. She had thought, “They'll have to be wrapped all over again.”

Dave's letter said: “Jo and I are off to camp. We won't announce our marriage until the end of the summer. You can tell every one you threw me over.” That was on the first page. The last page was all about forgiving him.

The family had been fearfully angry, but had planned to send a dignified notice to the paper, saying simply that the wedding had been canceled. And instead what had happened? Headlines, horrible sentences that leaped across the top of the page to tell the world Gaby Carleton had been jilted.

There were pictures, too, of her and of Dave; and one of Jo, a tall, exciting girl with hair a sleek cap and eyes that slanted. Gaby's eyes were wide and brown, and, unless she waved it carefully, curls tumbled all over her small head.

Dave called her sweet. Even in his letter he said that: “You're so sweet, Gaby, but she—I've got to have her. Can you understand?”

She understood, but it hurt. The newspaper made it worse. Some reporter had ferreted out the story: the Herald's star reporter—Peter Merle.

It couldn't be Peter who had done this—not her Peter! Reporters were men greedy for excitement. Peter liked

BY ALINE BALLARD

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

quiet things: liked to lie on his back in the sand, watching the wedge-shaped flight of a gull; liked to walk over dusty roads and sit in the general store, drinking pop out of a bottle, listening to the talk of lobstermen and old sea captains. Her thoughts stopped sharply. Listening—urging them to talk, picking up stories, bits of gossip—watching, of course, for something to print.

She thought, I don't know him. I haven't known him any of the time. And she wondered if a girl ever knew a man—the real, inside man.

She hadn't known Dave, though they had been to birthday parties together, and to dancing school. He had taken her to her first grown-up party, to almost every party she ever went to; and then they were engaged. And all the time he was seeing Jo. When he kissed Gaby he had been feeling Jo's lips against his. Had been cheating. And now Peter— The old shame welled up, staining her cheeks, making her eyes hot and bitter. Peter was a cheat, too. Though the bathroom was stifling, inside she felt cold.

WHEN she came down the hall, Peter was banging on her bedroom door. She pulled the robe tighter around her and tried to walk with dignity past him.

Peter didn't care about dignity. He caught the front of her robe in one strong brown hand and held her by it. Peter's hair was mussed—from the walk home. Red flamed out of the brown like the burning points of wood.

He said, "You can't do this to me, Gaby. We're going to settle things now—before supper."

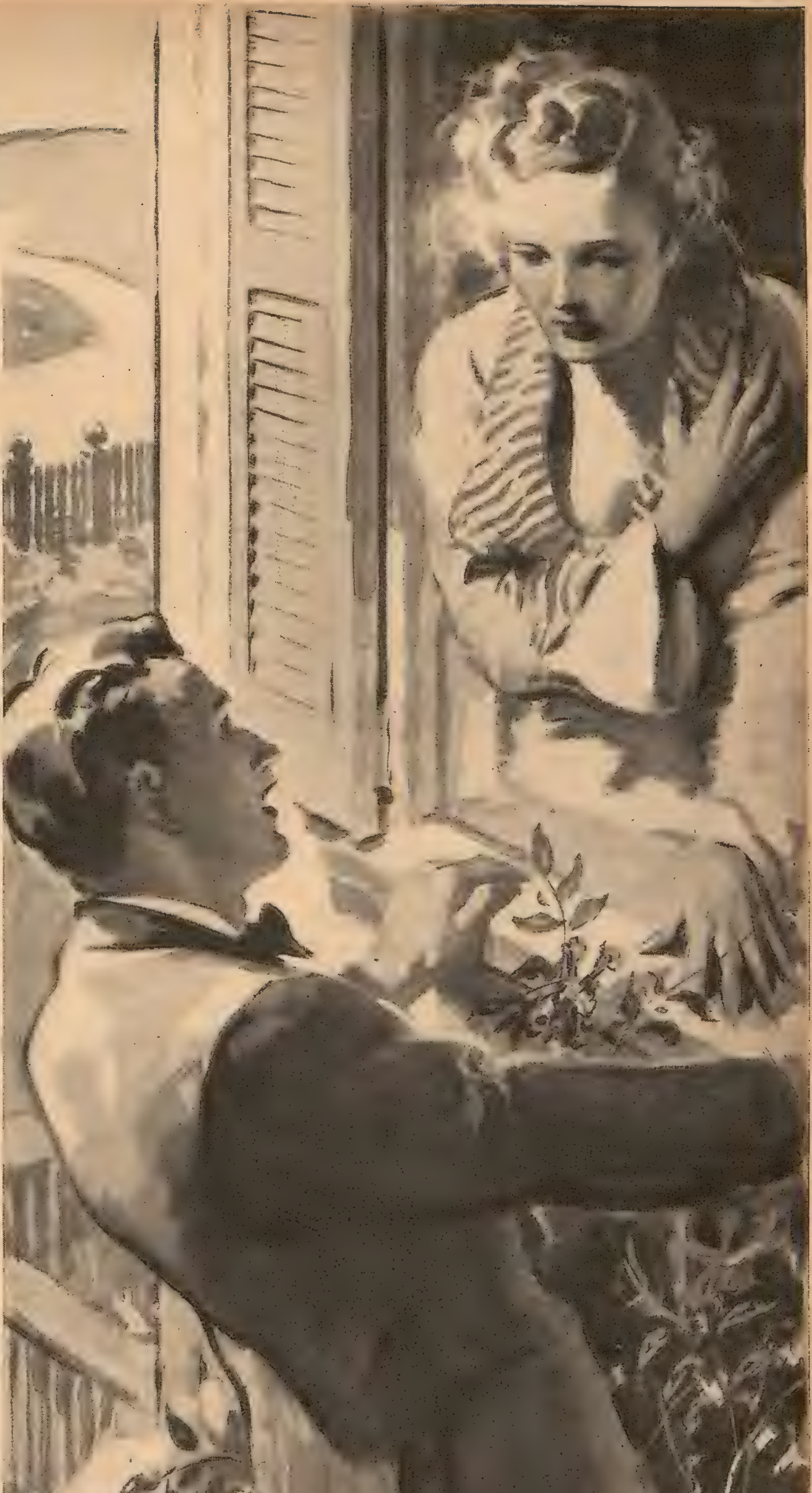
Gaby said, "I'm not coming down to supper." As if she could sit there and eat, with him across the table and all the old ladies watching!

He flung back his head impatiently. "Of course you're coming down. And you've got to give me a chance to explain."

"You don't have to explain," Gaby told him. "It was your job. You're a reporter."

She tried to jerk away. His hand tightened, lifting her up a little. Her feet just touched the floor, and she hung like a wooden doll.

"You let me go, Peter Merle!" she cried loudly.



Peter's head thrust itself into view. Gaby cried, "Peter, go down! Before it breaks. You'll fall!"

A door clicked at the bend of the hall. Gaby's eyes filled with horror. "Miss Murchison," she whispered. "She's listening. Let go of me."

Under his breath Peter said, "Rats with Miss Murchison!" but let her go.

Her legs were shaking. She went to the window and sat down with her hot face close to the screen.

She could hear voices on the front veranda; and presently they faded, and she knew every one had gone in to supper. Peter too. He would be sitting next his aunt, telling little jokes, asking Lizzie if she baked the pie and begging a second piece.

"Such a nice boy!" the old ladies murmured motheringly.

Peter's face was thin and brown. A cynical face, Gaby thought when she first saw him. And then he had smiled. The smile slipped crookedly along his mouth, and straightway she had wondered if he ate properly and got enough sleep, had been glad he was having this vacation.

She began to cry softly, with her head on the sill. After a while she heard them come out of the dining room, heard some one—Miss Murchison, probably—walk along the hall. And then, suddenly, the trellis below her window began to creak. The leaves of the trumpet vine set up a rustling, and Peter's head thrust itself into view.

He reached up one hand, jerked the old-fashioned screen loose, and let it fall, collapsed, to the ground, the trellis jarring again with his effort.

Gaby cried, "Peter, go down! Before it breaks. You'll fall!"

"It won't break, and I won't fall, unless you push me," Peter said. "If I can't talk to you in the hall, I can here. And if you don't listen I'll climb in your bedroom, and there will be a scandal."

"A front-page story," Gaby murmured icily. "You'd like that, wouldn't you—to put me there the way you did before?"

There was nothing boyish or appealing about Peter's mouth now. It was a straight line, and his jaw stuck out thin and brown and angry.

"You aren't so important to the world as that," he said. "You aren't even news any more. You were a headline for a day, that's all. After that, nobody remembered or cared that the man you were going to marry—whatever his name was—ran away with some other girl."

"That's what you think," she retorted bitterly. "You didn't see my mail or hear the telephone."

"If they were friends it shouldn't have hurt; and the others—" Peter made a gesture with his free hand.

"Friends," she said. "I wonder. . . . And you did it! If it hadn't been for you—"

"They'd have found out anyway."

"No they wouldn't, not all of it. Dave had it all planned. He was going to wait before he announced his marriage. I was to tell every one I threw him over."

"But you wouldn't have told people that."

"I might have let them think it," she said honestly. "I wouldn't have had to say so outright. Anyway, there wouldn't have been all that scandal. Everywhere I went, people whispering, pretending to sympathize . . ." She broke off, shuddering. "I guess you've never been pitied. I stuck it out for a month, and then I was sick. And after, grandmother brought me here."

"And I was here!" Peter cut in sharply. "Gaby, I didn't know it was like that. You must believe me. You're right—I should have told you the first day. But it didn't seem to have anything to do with us. It had happened a long time before; it was just part of the day's work. You were news then, but now—" His voice stumbled and broke. He put his head down on the sill. "Now you're my love."

You're my love. . . . She forgot everything except that this was her Peter. Her Peter—and she was hurting him as she had been hurt. She put out her hand swiftly and touched the roughened hair, whispered:

"Peter, go down, please. I'll come."

SHE dressed quickly, thinking carefully of little things. The dress was one Peter especially liked; and the tan woolly coat, he had said, made her look like an Easter bunny.

At the far end of the garden, half hidden by a syringa bush, was a bench made of the branches of a tree with the bark left on. Gaby went softly around the bush.

Peter wasn't there.

She thought at first that he had gone into the house for a package of cigarettes, and one of the old ladies had stopped him—and she pictured him standing on the veranda, outwardly polite but all impatience inside, and smiled a little to herself as she sat down.

The bench, she discovered now, wasn't really very comfortable. Always before, she had had Peter's arm to lean against.

They had sat here just two evenings ago and watched the moon come up; and there was that other evening—the night of the big storm. From the garden they had heard the sudden rising boom of the sea, and had taken her car and gone down to the beach and clambered out on to the rocks. The wind had pushed them, and the sea flung up waves, as if eager to pull them down into its fury.

Usually Gaby was afraid of storms, but this one had seemed splendid. She had flung back her head until all her curls blew straight out in the wind, with Peter's arm holding her, had been gay and adventurous. She was never afraid with Peter, just as she had never been shy with him. That was the special loveliness of her stay here. It had been peaceful and secure. The little town had seemed to belong to a different world, a nicer one. And it had held Peter.

Boston had held Peter, too. At first it had seemed strange to her that they could have lived in the same city and she not know him. She had thought, I might never have met him, and had been glad of the thing that had happened, because it had brought her to this little town—to the very house where he stayed.

But she had been a little afraid, too, because of what Dave had done to her. Suppose she was a girl men only liked for a little while. Suppose Peter only wanted a playmate for his vacation.

Sometimes, at night, she would feel a trembling go over her, and would hold on to her pillow and whisper: "Don't let him change. Make him like me for always!"

A PLANE zoomed by over her head. She thought of Buck and was glad he was going back to Boston. But she was glad, too, that he had come; for when a thing had to hurt, it was better to have done with it.

Where was Peter? Something like fear began to stir deep inside of her. She stood up and started back to the house.

Lizzie was coming through the side door. She said, "Mr. Peter left this for you, and I was to give it to you right away; but cook stopped me."

It was an envelope folded over once, and on it Peter had written:

"Gaby darling, don't be angry. I've got to get to the city. Buck will take me. Wait for me."

She stared at the paper. "He went?"

Lizzie said, "Yes'm. A boy on a bicycle brought him a telegram, and he tore off that fast."

So fast he couldn't stop long enough to tell her he was going or why. It was his newspaper, of course.

The newspaper was the important thing in his life—more important than any girl, more important than she was.

She tore the note in fragments and then bent to pick them up, because she saw Miss Lavinia coming and remembered that the lawns must be kept neat. Miss Lavinia only wanted to tell her that her grandmother was on the phone from Portland and to hurry.

Something had happened to the Clendenning car. They'd have to spend the night, her grandmother said. Would she be all right?

Gaby said, "Sure, I'm all right." And hung the receiver carefully up on the box.

She felt sick and dizzy, but she went to her room and packed her suitcase. She was only taking a few things—no bathing suit nor slacks.

It was a long night. At last she heard the clock in the downstairs hall boom two, and then the cuckoo that was not to be depended on in the daytime but seemed reliable enough at night came out and crowed twice. Five hours before time to get up. Breakfast was at eight. She would eat breakfast, and then take her car as if she were going for an ordinary drive, and instead she would go to Boston. Because she could not bear to be here when Peter came back.

Such a little while ago she had run away from the city, and now she was going back. She had run away from Peter, too, this afternoon—no, yesterday afternoon—and he had come after her. But this time he would not come after her.

He would think: Let her go. Her love isn't worth much.

She began to picture what her life would be like without Peter; and she saw suddenly how different this emptiness would be from the other.

"What did you say this outfit was used for?"

A breeze stirred the leaves of the trumpet vine, and in the ruffling light of the moon she saw that red-brown head bent there on the sill. *You're my love.*

She got up and very quietly unpacked her suitcase.

She thought: I'll always hate his work, but I'll learn not to show it.

And then she went to sleep.

SUCH a bright, happy girl!" the old ladies exclaimed at breakfast. "And where is our nice Peter this morning?"

Gaby said, "He flew up to Boston," and as soon as breakfast was over she went down to the beach.

When she came back, just before noon, they had all gone to Needlework Guild, which met every other Tuesday for lunch. There was a new guest in the sitting room.

Miss Lavinia introduced her: "Mrs. Synder, this is Gabrielle Carleton, youngest of our little family."

Gaby winced, half expecting the stranger to say: "*Oh, aren't you the girl—*" but Mrs. Snyder only smiled vaguely and went on turning the dial of the radio. Bits of sentences flared and died away in a jumble: "Men back to work this morning" . . . "Beacon Hill scandal" . . .

"I can't seem to get anything but that stupid news broadcast," she complained, and gave the dial an impatient whirl.

The confused chatter disintegrated; the voice came out for a second clearly: "Peter Merle injured when—" The rest was lost in a blaring crescendo. Music burst into the room.

"At last!" Mrs. Snyder exclaimed.

Gaby whispered, "*Oh!*" her voice choked, and then, "*Please!*" She snatched the knob and began to turn it. "Where were you? What number?"

It was no use. She found the station only to hear the announcer say:

"This ends today's broadcast."

But there were newspapers. They would tell her.

She pushed past Mrs. Snyder's outraged glance and ran from the room and across the yard to her car. Newspapers reached the village a day late, but she could find one in Biddeford.

The plane had crashed, of course. Buck's plane that he had flown safely down from Boston had crashed on the way back—had waited to crash until Peter was in it.

A surge of anguish flowed over her like a tide, flinging up broken bits of memories. Things Peter and she had done together, things she could have said—and might never be able to say now. Past and present and future washed into one sharp point of awareness. . . . Peter injured!

She felt the accelerator slip under the sole of her bathing sandal and warned herself, Be careful. Careful. Don't let anything happen to the car until you find him.

She saw the drugstore and the pile of newspapers on the wooden rack in front of it; and then she had one in her hand. She stood on the sidewalk, her eyes racing across the top of the front page. And there was nothing about a plane accident. Only a headline that said: BEACON HILL TRAGEDY—DOUBLE SHOOTING. And pictures. A room with an X, black and distinct, the rest blurred; a photograph of a woman and two of men.

Anger flared in her, that a cheap triangle situation should be given preference over Peter's accident.

Her eyes searched the columns. Suddenly she saw his name. Her hand tightened on the paper, forcing it to stillness. It was a full second before she comprehended what came after the name. *Well known anthropologist.* But that was Peter's father!

A wave of thankfulness swept over her. It was not Peter who was hurt. It was his father.

Peter Merle, the well known anthropologist. That was right. That was what Peter had told her.

But this couldn't be true of the gray-haired, dignified professor-father Peter worshiped. "I make him sound a musty old sort"—that was Peter speaking again—"but he isn't. He's—well, he's swell." He had ended with an embarrassed laugh for the little-boy adoration that would not go rightly into words.

Why, she thought, this would hurt him more than anything that could possibly happen to himself.

She began to read again, feeling sick and angry—feeling the way she had felt when *her* picture, *her* story had been printed for every one to gloat over.

He had been "caught." The woman was a Mrs. Harrington Hyde, a wealthy newcomer to the city. Beautiful—they were always beautiful. She had leased the Beverly mansion. The maid said Professor Merle had been there often. This time her husband had "surprised" them—in an upstairs sitting room; had shot the professor and then himself. He was dead. Professor Merle, it was believed, would live.

She crushed the paper in her hand and got back into the car. Afterward she remembered she had not paid for it. It was a long time after. She had to stop on the turnpike for gas. She reached for her purse and realized she had come without it. The man was looking at her curiously. He thought she was queer, driving around without money—and with just slacks over her bathing suit.

She told him she would pay him the next day, and left the spare tire for security, and, summoning all her dignity, she asked to use his phone. She did not want to telephone, really; she wanted only to look up Peter's street and number in the book.

THE house stood well back, trees between it and the house. Gaby had been afraid there would be a crowd around; but there was not. Perhaps, because Peter was a reporter himself, he would not be hounded by men wanting pictures and statements. And the other house, naturally, would attract them more. For the first time it occurred to her that Professor Merle would be in a hospital. Then—then Peter might be with him!

She had been so sure she was going to find him. She pressed the bell in swift panic; and, that small fear engendering others, thought: Suppose Peter didn't like her coming. She should have phoned she was in the city.

The door opened reluctantly, and a middle-aged servant in gray uniform peered cautiously through the aperture.

She had answered the bell a hundred times since morning, had spent her day answering it, turning people away. Gaby could see it so clearly. She wanted to say: "Please, I'm not just any one. I'm Peter's girl." She put out her hand and touched the gray arm reassuringly. "It's all right. He'll want to see me. Tell him—Gaby."

ALINE BALLARD

whose first published short story appeared in Liberty in 1932, spent two years as a free-lance journalist before she decided to devote all her time to fiction. She admits that she is physically lazy, not fond of active sports, and says her one hobby is writing. She is married and lives in Dearborn, Michigan, when she is not traveling.

The woman let her in, then crossed the hall and knocked on the opposite door. It jerked open. Peter stood in it—a haggard, curiously unalive Peter. He stared at her blankly, said, "Oh—hello."

He did not say, "Gaby, I'm so glad you're here." But she went into the room anyway, and closed the door after herself.

He looked so gaunt, so broken. She whispered, "Peter, how is your father? He's not—"

He shook his head. "He's going to be—" His voice stumbled. She thought he started to say *fine,* and changed: "He's out of danger."

He turned a chair around for her. "It was nice of you to come."

Such a formal Peter! . . . Again she saw that steady stream of people coming to him, people who called themselves friends and were only curious. But she was not like those—surely Peter did not count her one of those!

She sat down quickly, feeling her legs about to collapse under her. She tried to think of the right thing to say, something that would bring Peter close, not push him farther away, and could not find a single word. So many emotions had washed over her in the past few hours; and now they were gone, all of them, and she was empty.

While she sat there, groping, the phone rang out sharply. Peter jerked it out of its cradle and flung it down on the table.

"It's been ringing all day. That and the doorbell." His voice grated. "People have done everything but send flowers. I'm beginning to realize what you were up against. It makes a difference whether you're on the reporting or the receiving end."

"But every one—your friends, certainly—will know there's some mistake," Gaby said; and realized it was the same consolation Peter had offered her.

He also answered scornfully: "Friends? I wonder!" And suddenly he began to talk: things he had wanted to say all day, things that had been smothering him and could now be released. Could be told to her—Gaby.

He had sat down on the corner of the desk. His hands opened and shut, pale against the brown rim of it. She ached to go over and take those straining fingers in hers, but she was afraid, if she did, the flow of words would stop. And so she waited; but she felt warmer because he could talk to her.

"She—this Mrs. Hyde—was going to help dad fit out an expedition. She was terribly interested in recent discoveries in the Orient—or so she said." He hesitated ever so slightly. "I'm sure it was true. I can't imagine a woman believing she could start anything with dad. He wouldn't see the personal side of a woman at all. She had invited him to the house often to discuss plans. They were up in her sitting room when her husband burst through the door. They were sitting on a high-backed couch. They hadn't turned the lights on. It may be he took dad for some one else—some one he'd been crazy jealous of for a long time. That's what I think. It's the only solution. But we can't prove it."

Peter's voice dropped in pitch and slowed. "I wish he hadn't killed himself. I'd have—" He stopped abruptly, his eyes dazed.

Gaby dared go to him now. "Hush," she said softly; and after a moment, "This isn't going to hurt your father as much as you imagine, Peter. Don't you see, if he's the way you said, it isn't going to reach him?"

He looked at her, startled. "You mean I'm sorry mostly for myself?"

"No, of course not. But you're seeing his feeling through your eyes. He's still got his work, and that's the thing that counts."

"Yes, he's got his work," Peter said.

The increased bitterness in his voice puzzled her; and then she thought she understood. "Peter, they didn't make you write the story?"

He gave a stifled groan. "I haven't been to the office since. I—I'm never going again."

So that was it! That accounted for his lost look, for the deadness she felt in him. It was not just because of his father's trouble. That would pass. No one knew better than he how soon a new scandal would take its place. It was because he had lost faith in the rightness of his own work.

She thought: If he gives up the paper now, because of this, he'll never get over it. No matter what he finds to do, he'll remember, and feel a coward.

She said, "You must go back, Peter. You belong there. It's your job."

"My job—some job! I don't wonder you hated me."

"Never you," she corrected quickly. "I had built up an image of a reporter. And I hated the newspaper. But I was wrong. I can see it now."

She told him about the radio. "I thought it was you, and I couldn't find out where you were or how badly you were hurt. And then I remembered the papers would tell me. All the way, coming to you, I kept thinking how lost we'd be without them. I couldn't have borne it to drive all the way here not knowing how badly you were hurt, thinking you might be dead." Her voice faltered.

He reached out and put his arms around her. She clung to him; felt his arms tighten, felt him begin to come alive. And she wondered why they had been talking. All the talk in the world couldn't bring people as close as the touch of their two hands, the touch of a hand against a cheek.

But he was still fumbling. "That's what I preached to you, isn't it? It sounded fine. And now you're the one who understands. And I don't. But I will."

His eyes seemed all at once to see her, be glad she was with him. The gladness and the wonder slipped down into his voice. "Gaby, you came! You must have driven fast?"

"It seemed slow," she told him. "And I had to stop for gas. I didn't have any money, and the man looked as if he thought I was a hussy."

A smile slid along Peter's mouth. "So you are," he agreed.

He scooped her off her feet and sat down in the big leather chair. She put her head tiredly, happily, in the curve of his arm. She could feel the restless beat of his heart, and then it became the singing of her own.

Why, she thought, that was what love was: a singing, like the singing of the sea imprisoned forever in a shell. No matter what people did to you, the singing went on . . .

THE END

☆ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ☆

by Oliver Swift

★ ★ ★ **BEYOND NEW ENGLAND THRESHOLDS**
by Samuel Chamberlain. Hastings House.

The third of Mr. Chamberlain's brilliant photographic presentations of New England. Here we have two hundred photographs of historic interiors—a story of American home building as well as a cross section of American taste and manners.

I Lost My Parents in the Spanish Revolution

A TWELVE-YEAR-OLD BOY TELLS HIS OWN STORY

By JAIME CASTELLANO as told to LELAND STOWE

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

INTRODUCTORY NOTE: Jaime Castellano is one of the 900,000 homeless refugee children of Republican Spain. Since last April he has been living in one of the Loyalist government's children's colonies at Picana, south of Valencia. What happened to him as he fled from Malaga constitutes an experience which was shared by many thousands of children from his native city in southern Spain as they fled for their lives last February.

No one, I am convinced, will ever tell that tragic epic of horror and suffering with greater simplicity, directness, and unimpeachable honesty than was shown by Jaime as he told it to me. Not a single note of bitterness crept into his speech. He was a twelve-year-old boy talking out of his experience. He never hesitated, never dramatized himself. He simply poured out what he had lived.

There is only one tribute that I can render to Jaime Castellano. I do so, here and now. This is Jaime's story. I shall let him tell it to you exactly as he told it to me.

(Signed) L. S.

THE day the Rebels and Italians took Malaga was Sunday. The governor said everybody must leave before eight o'clock that night. So we hurried as fast as we could to get on to the road that leads to Almeria. We carried nothing but a little food to eat.

When we started, there was my father and mother and my aunt, my oldest sister and her husband and their children, and two other sisters, and four of my brothers. Two of my biggest brothers stayed behind in Malaga. We couldn't find them and we had to go very fast—*pronto, pronto!*—so we left them behind.

We walked all that night along the Almeria road. There were many people on the road; and everybody was hurrying, hurrying to get away from the Fascists. When it was daylight we stopped to eat some bread and some cheese and then went on.

We had no more food, so in the afternoon we stopped at a place where sugar cane was growing, and broke off some sugar cane and ate that. While we were eating, an airplane came suddenly and swooped down toward all the men and women and children on the road. We ran in among the stalks of cane and threw ourselves flat on the ground. I was very frightened. I guess everybody was. And just as I threw myself under the cane stalks the airplane began to shoot at the people on the road. Poom, poom, poom! Just like that, all along the road. When we heard it growing smaller and smaller, we came out. Most of the people had left the road in time. I didn't see anybody killed that time.

Then we saw that a warship coming up along the shore was firing on the road in front of us. We had to go forward, a little bit at a time, when the ship wasn't firing. That night we slept at a town called Narja and the next day we went on. From Narja the road passes close by the sea. The warship was firing at us all the time. But I didn't see anybody killed. Only some who had already been killed.

After a while there was a big bend in the road. My feet were very sore, so I thought I would cut across to save walking so far. So I cut across by myself to where the road curved back again near the shore. I waited and waited there, but I didn't see any of my family. So I walked on into the village of La Heradura.

I ate some oranges, and then, all of a sudden, there came many airplanes flying together. I ran as fast as I could into the olive fields. I lay down close by the trunk of an olive tree and the bombs went Boom—boom! And the machine guns went Poom-poom-poom! All around me people were screaming, "Don't move! Don't move!" So I clung close to the olive tree and I didn't move. When I came out I saw three women, all bleeding very much. On the ground there was a man with his left arm and his side blown off by a bomb.

Then I went on, hunting for my mother and father.

At last I found some one I knew. He was a friend, an older boy who lived in my own street in Malaga. He said, "When we reach Motril we will be safe." When we came to Munjeca, I ran in every street looking for my father and mother. But I did not find them. I thought my family must have gone faster—they must be somewhere ahead on the road to Almeria.

The next town we reached was Salovrenia. I went with a soldier and slept in a barracks.

In the middle of the night we heard shelling. We ran out into the street. Hundreds of people were running around and very frightened, because a ship was bombarding the town. They were all talking about getting across the river. Somebody told us that the bridge had been blown up by the Rebels, and the river was so swollen nobody knew how to get across. A man said to me, "Come along with me. I know this country and I'll show you the way." We went far up the west bank. The current was very strong, but we got across.

People were struggling in the water everywhere. When we got on the other side there were many people crying and shouting names. I heard women sobbing, and the mothers said, "Where is my boy? Where is my little girl?" And nobody could tell them, because nobody knew.

I lost the man and I went on alone again. I walked all day and all the next night and the morning after that. And at noon I got to Motril.

I looked for my family again everywhere. While I was hunting, an alarm signal sounded to show that the airplanes were coming. I went on as fast as I could. Many cars passed me on the road and at last a truck stopped and picked me up.

After a long time we came to Almeria. At the refugee place they said, "You can sleep here tonight, and tomorrow we will try to find your family." The next morning we were sent on to Murcia. There were two truckloads of children who had lost their fathers and mothers.

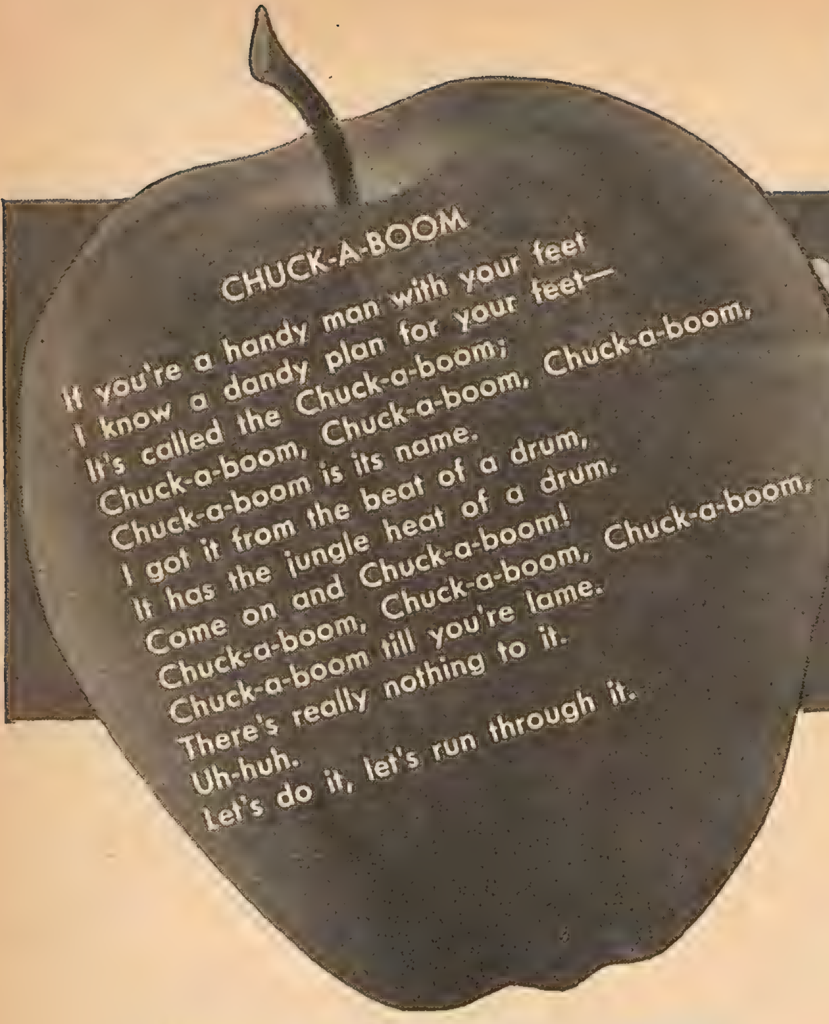
Then we got to Murcia. And there were trucks full of our soldiers everywhere. And we also saw English and French and German soldiers. And we cried to them, "*Salud!* Now we are going to stop the Fascists! *Salud!*" And we all felt much, much better. We felt safe at last.

I was sent to a refuge in Alicante. Later I found out that my brothers kept waiting in Almeria, but at last they decided our family must have gone somewhere else, or had been caught by the Fascists, or had been killed. So they went to Valencia.

One day a friend went to Valencia and he met one of my brothers. He told him I was in Alicante, and my brother came and brought me to Valencia. Then he arranged for me to live here, in the colony in Picana. I was so very happy to see my brothers and we kissed each other.

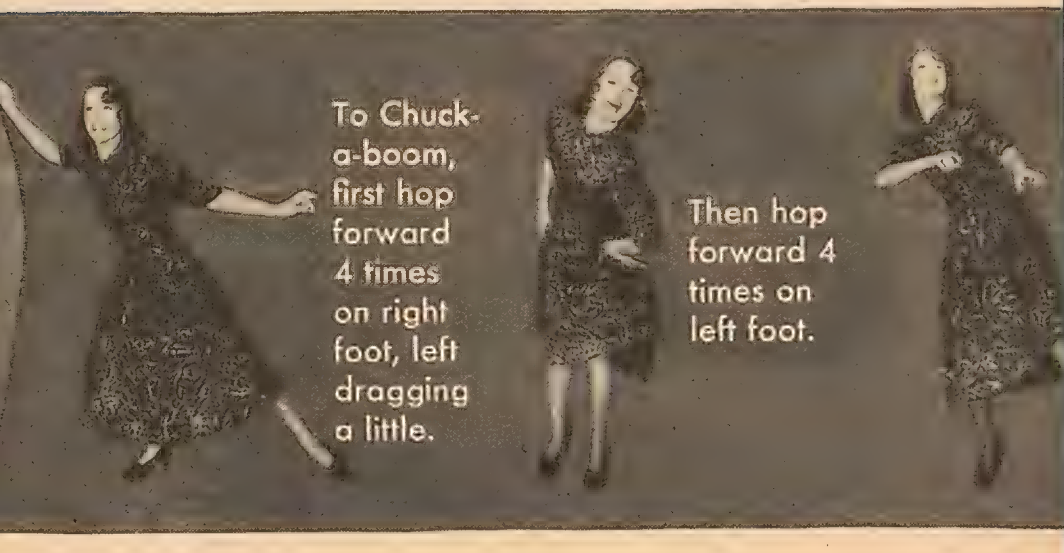
THE END

HOW TO DANC



CHUCK-A-BOOM

If you're a handy man with your feet
I know a dandy plan for your feet—
It's called the Chuck-a-boom;
Chuck-a-boom, Chuck-a-boom, Chuck-a-boom,
Chuck-a-boom is its name.
I got it from the beat of a drum,
It has the jungle heat of a drum.
Come on and Chuck-a-boom!
Chuck-a-boom, Chuck-a-boom, Chuck-a-boom,
Chuck-a-boom till you're lame.
There's really nothing to it.
Uh-huh.
Let's do it, let's run through it.



To Chuck-a-boom, first hop forward 4 times on right foot, left dragging a little.

Then hop forward 4 times on left foot.

From an expert of experts, with some new steps of her own! A blithe lesson for all who have rhythm in their feet

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

AMERICA'S having a fad for revivals this year, not only of clothes but of dancing—which is why, if you go to almost any night club tomorrow night, on at least one number you'll be asked to get up and do a square dance just like grandpappy used to do when there was a shindig in the barn. Of course there'll be a phony touch to the whole thing, a flavor of the satirical. This will be 1938 grinning a little at 1898.

We've taken a perfectly respectable dance like the old-fashioned hoedown, adjusted it to slacks and swing skirts, and dusted it off for swing use. We do it with shoulders hunched and stomachs out; we set it to flash Negro music played on trumpets instead of to The Irish Washerwoman jigged on a fiddle; we call it the Big Apple. And it's not far removed from a ceremonial hop they throw in East Africa when they want to put the voodoo on some wayward tribal brother—which would have been a shock to grandpappy, who didn't know that his early American version came to the red barn via slave ship from a jungle glade, and the boys who originated it trucked on down to a set of tom-toms that would have made even Krupa of the Goodman band forget his traps for a while.

As a matter of fact this particular craze started in a down-South cabaret, and some visiting college fellows took it up. But of course. Then famous professional Arthur Murray caught on, and that was that.

I'm going to tell you how to do the steps of this Big Apple thing because, whether you're twelve or eighty, if you've got anything but rust in your joints you'll be doing it sooner or later. If you dare put your head inside the Troc or any dance club in the country without being ready to get out and solo for the bunch while the ring pecks on in place, you might as well stay in the porch swing and save your money.

At home, when you're using a phonograph or a radio, be sure, first, that you've got the right music. It's got to be a fox trot in four-four time, with a persistent tempo, or you'll lag. Then you start off the same way they do in the niteries, with one person calling out what steps to do, and every one else in a circle around him, holding hands. You get in rhythm, all of you, by pawing at the floor with your right foot, and then the leader says, " Hokay now—and a one, and a two, and a three and a *four.* And *to* the left. . . ."

The first step I'll give you is called the "Chuck-a-boom," and I think it's the best of the lot. I've got a right to; I made it up myself. You see, Chris Schonberg and some of the boys heard a one-cylinder engine Chuck-a-booming away next to my set one day, so they ran up a tune and I figured out a dance to go with it. Chet Forrest and Bob Wright did the lyrics. Now Paul Whiteman's introducing the tune at the Cocoanut Grove and Bill Robinson is making it his finale in the Cotton Club show, and Dave Gould, Metro's dance director, is planning an entire ensemble built around the Chuck-a-boom for my next big musical.

The advantage of the step is that you can do it not only to its own song but to any four-four fox trot; you can do all of it or just a little, alone or with a partner. You can do it with all arms and legs at the Palomar—or just with your heels at the Waldorf. This is it in essence; after you've caught on you can vary it all you like:

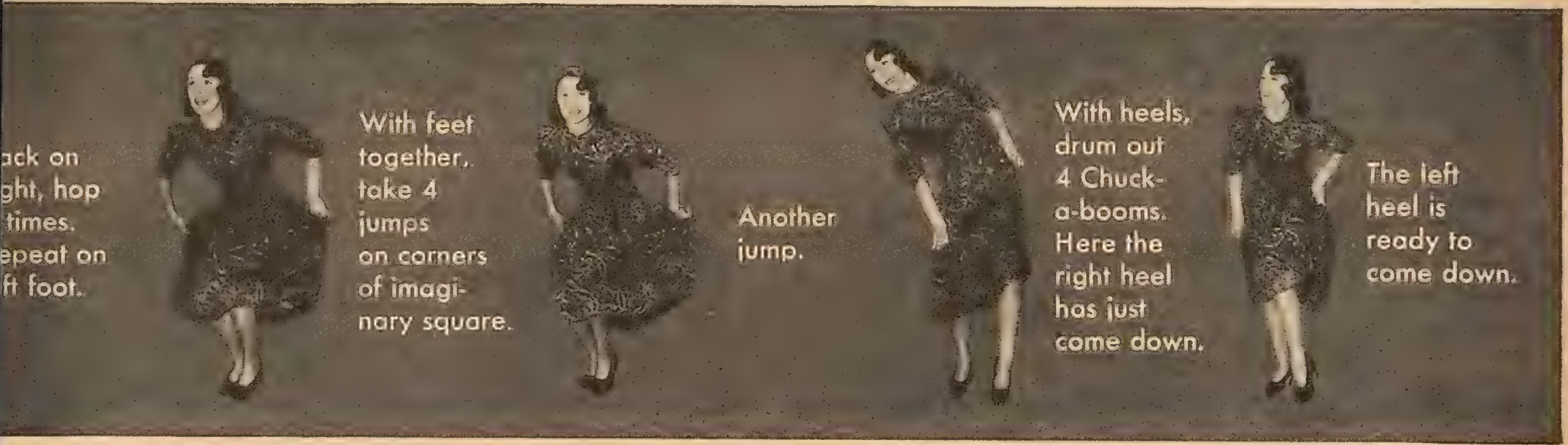
Hop four steps forward on your right foot, left foot dragging a little; then four steps ahead on your left foot. Back four steps on the right foot, and another four on the left. Now, with feet together, make four little jumps on the corners of an imaginary square—and then Chuck-a-boom four times. Chuck-a-booming is done with the heels alone, while you're standing still, feet together; and it's a very fast drumming: right heel, left heel, right heel, pause. That spells Chuck-a-boom once. Do it three times more, and then you can repeat the whole thing or start something else—whatever the leader feels like. Your partner simply faces you and does everything backward. Then you can do the hops in a circle too, or in a semicircle each way.

All the other steps that you will do in the Big Apple are simple ones, each with an identifying gesture. With the Susie Q it's clasping your hands and waving them back and forth. With truckin' it's holding one hand up in the air, wagging the index finger.

Truckin' was originated by Harlem waiters who carry their trays balanced on one hand and do a sort of shuffle-toddle around the café in rhythm to whatever the band's playing. Your body is held a little back and turns slowly while your feet do exaggerated things. Start with your left instep hugging the right calf, right foot pointing right; step down and forward on your left foot, toeing in; and turn both toes out on the second beat. Then start over with your right foot up.

For the Susie Q you clasp your hands and swing them against the rhythm of your feet as you travel to the side. Your right foot comes down flat across the left foot—and your hands go right; then your right toe comes up and turns to the right as the left foot steps left—and the hands swing to the left again. Repeat.

THE BIG APPLE *By Eleanor Powell*



ack on
ght, hop
times.
epeat on
ft foot.

With feet together, take 4 jumps on corners of imaginary square.

Another jump.

With heels, drum out 4 Chuck-a-booms. Here the right heel has just come down.

The left heel is ready to come down.

They had to go back to the most famous and popular of all dances to get the Charleston Swing. You do it in a simplified version by stepping forward on your left foot, kicking in a semicircle forward with your left leg. Reverse this going back, do it in tempo, and that's all there is. Your arms and the rest of your body can do anything you like.

Then there's the Duster, in which you hold the front of your pants or dress up a little, and shuffle in to your partner. As you go in you throw your hips forward, shoulders and head back, and when you retreat you throw your hips back, and your chin finishes last.

At parties—I wouldn't suggest it for a dance floor—you can do the bumps as a climax to all the steps you want to do with your partner. The leader, if he's good, will give you intervals when you can turn to the gal you're with and go to town any way you like. Here in California almost everybody starts off with the Balboa Double Shuffle. The boy begins with feet together; steps slightly forward on his left heel and then all the way ahead on his right toe; while he's bringing his right foot back, his left heel catches his weight again so he won't lose the rhythm; then he hesitates just a second, with all his weight on his right foot. After that he hops and kicks—left foot down, right foot kicking back; right down and left back; and he repeats this once, and then he starts over again.

This takes exactly five seconds to do but probably a good five minutes to learn.

The Shag is a simplification of this. Hop on your left foot, hop on your right, kick with left and right quickly. The girl does it all backward.

The variety of things you can do while you're still in the circle is limitless. Of course there will be at least one time when the boy will drop to his knee, ruining a fine crease with corn meal, and the girl will put one finger on his head and truck around him. (This is called the Organ Grinder.) Then the girl will kneel in turn—but I warn you this is expensive on hose.

Praise Allah speaks for itself. It's an old gag gesture: Everybody double-times in, raises his arms above his head, and tries to touch his toes without bending his knees. Then the circle spreads out again.

You can all play leapfrog around the circle, if you like. It's hazardous, especially if the boy is six feet three and the girl has a tight skirt on. But then—

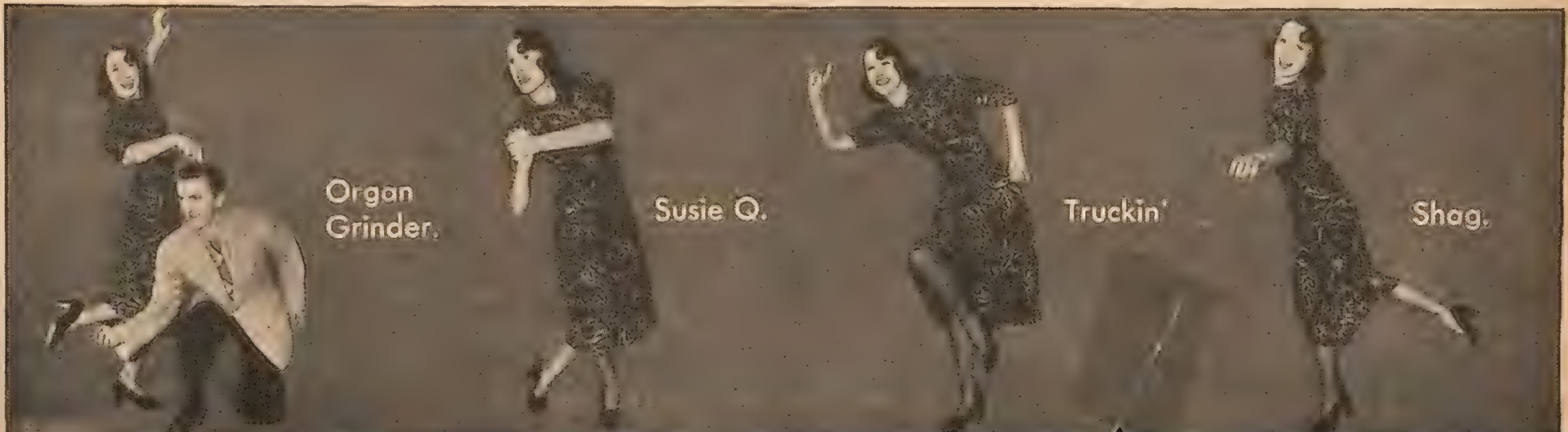
Eventually, though, you're going to be asked to Shine for the folks, and if it's on a public floor you'd better be ready. The spot will center on you and every one will point and yell. That means you and your partner have to truck on in alone and do a few steps while the circle shuffles in place and claps in tempo.

When this happens to you, improvise only if you know you're good. Otherwise take it easy and do just the steps you've learned completely. It's here that you can revive a few crusty but good numbers yourselves: the Carioca doesn't have to be done to a rumba. You just stand with your hips sticking out behind you, your knees straight, and put your foreheads together. Then you can shuffle or peck or truck around each other.

There's one beauty of a thing you can try if the boy's husky. The partners stand side by side, hands in loose ballroom formation: that is, boy's left and girl's right clasped in front, boy's right hand on girl's waist, girl's left hand on his right shoulder. He stands still while she jumps in front of him so that they face each other. Then he jumps and comes down almost squatting, feet spread apart and knees pointing out; and she jumps simultaneously, twisting in the air so that she comes down sitting on his right knee. The third and final jump brings him up standing, bending forward with feet together; and she lands just in front of his left foot, facing toward his right. The whole motion of her final jump carries her along into the familiar back dip, in which she rests on the boy's left arm and is held by his right.

It's a question of timing and balance, but if you do it correctly you'll get the cup for the evening and maybe even a whole basket of big red apples to give you more energy for tomorrow night's dance.

THE END



Organ Grinder.

Susie Q.

Truckin'

Shag.

WILL YOU LOSE BIRTHDAY *Next Year*

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON is the only man known to history who had no birthday. For Miss Ives, his little friend, was born on Christmas Day. While other children had parties and presents twice a year, she had them only once. Stevenson listened to her sorrows and in a humorously solemn proclamation ceded to her his own birthday, November 13, which she always celebrated.

One year from now, millions of world citizens born on the 31st of March, May, and August may row in the same boat with Stevenson. For the Christian world, together with the Orient, may be standing on the verge of a change in the calendar, and those dates may disappear. If this change—the first since the Christian era began—occurs, the person most responsible will be Miss Elisabeth Achelis, a native and resident of New York, who is not even listed in Who's Who!

It wasn't until she reached middle age that Elisabeth Achelis became interested in improving our imperfect method of clicking off the hours, days, months, and years. "Before that," she herself has remarked, "I led as uneventful a life as any woman could wish to avoid."

All four of her grandparents came to New York early in the past century from northern Germany. And not in the steerage. Both families brought money, social position, high connection abroad. Elisabeth Achelis was born and reared in an atmosphere that was cultivated, gracious, conservative, probably a little stuffy. The brain which she has since unveiled rated a higher education. But the ultraconservative set from whom she had sprung still held that attending college marked a girl as queer. So she ended her education in a young ladies' finishing school, made her debut, and passed on to a life of easy affluence on upper Fifth Avenue.

For years Miss Achelis was just a wealthy and leisured maiden lady who managed a fine house with a retinue of servants, trod a social round among friends whom she had known since childhood, "kept up" with literature, current affairs, and the theater, did her part as a good churchwoman, and took an inactive interest in such organizations as the League for Political Education.

In 1929 she found the clue by which she found herself. At Lake Placid she attended a lecture on a new thirteen-month calendar which George Eastman, the camera manufacturer, was just then trying to force upon the world. As the speaker pointed out the absurdities in our present method of reckoning time, they struck her forcibly. One year of 365 days—366 in leap year—cannot be divided into halves and quarters containing an equal number of working days. That makes much unnecessary work for statisticians; and more and more, in this modern world, statistics serve as the eyes of business. The Hebrew institution of the week, warped by the early Christians into the Julian scheme, goes its own sweet way, oblivious of months, so that any given date falls on Sunday this year, Monday next year, Tuesday the next. Then there is Easter.

Away back in 325 A. D. a church council adopted a complex formula based on the moon formula which the Hebrews used for determining the date of Pentecost, and made it a "movable festival." As a result, Easter varies, in various years, from March 22 to April 25. The other movable feasts, or holydays, like Ascension, Ash Wednesday, and Whitsunday, are calculated by their distance in time from Easter; and they shuttle back and forth with the same irregularity.

This peculiarity of Easter, the lecturer made plain, had become a special perplexity of business. The whole Christian world tends to buy its new and gay spring clothing to display at the glad festival of the Resurrection. The eccentric shifts of date disturb not only the garment trade but the seasonal labor behind it.

So far, Miss Achelis agreed with him. But when he came to Mr. Eastman's substitute, she found herself growing cool. The French philosopher Auguste Comte proposed this calendar nearly a century ago. It divides the year into thirteen months of twenty-eight days. Each day of each month would fall always on the same day of the week. Between June and July would come a new month, named from the sun—"Sol." That makes only 364 days. After December 28, however, would come a "Year End Day," belonging to no day of the week. Every four years a "Leap Year Day," similarly nondescript, would come between June and "Sol." And there would be a fixed Easter.

Several things were wrong with this picture so far as Miss Achelis was concerned. First, thirteen is about the oddest of all odd numbers. It cannot be halved or quartered. Yet everywhere, and especially in Europe, business uses half or quarter years as units for payments and statistics. She also found herself disliking that new, invented month, "Sol." And she believed that people in general would feel the same aversion. Further, she knew the curious superstitious fear, as old as recorded history, of the number thirteen.

She might have dismissed the whole thing but for a brief communication which appeared just then in the New York Times. This writer also disliked the thirteen-month plan. But he proposed a substitute of unknown origin, proposed to the Vatican over a century ago. This, since called the World Calendar, retained the twelve-month scheme. The first month of every quarter would have thirty-one days; the other two, thirty days each. Each quarter year and half year would begin on Sunday and each would have an equal number of working days. It embraced a Year End Day between December and January, and a Leap Year Day between June and July; these were to be extra Saturdays. Any given date would fall on the same day of the week year after year. Christmas would always come on Monday. Finally, it proposed a fixed Easter. Going ahead of the story, the New World Calendar now adheres to the date of April 8. That is the best modern guess at the real anniversary of the Resurrection.

Suddenly Miss Achelis found herself an enthusiast on the subject. She spent her days in the Public Library studying the structure and history of calendars. It was perhaps characteristic of her at this period of her development that she first unloaded her ideas and purposes on her pastor. He saw nothing irreligious in calendar revision. Many clergymen of all faiths, he said, were girding against the idea of movable feasts. No layman could know what confusion they caused in liturgies. She laid the scheme before her lawyer. "Heavens!" he exclaimed. "What this would do to straighten out terms of court!" She called on the president of her bank. "Whoever thought of that calendar should have the blessing of every accountant!" he said. She tried it on business men among her friends. They liked the idea, unanimously. But no one was doing anything about it.

YOUR ?

Some of you will, if this little-known American woman wins her remarkable fight to change the world's calendar

BY WILL IRWIN

FIRST QUARTER

	S	M	T	W	T	F	S
JAN	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	29	30	31				
FEB				1	2	3	4
	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
	26	27	28	29	30		
MAR						1	2
	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30

SECOND QUARTER

	S	M	T	W	T	F	S
APR	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	29	30	31				
MAY				1	2	3	4
	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
	26	27	28	29	30		
JUN						1	2
	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
							**

THIRD QUARTER

	S	M	T	W	T	F	S
JUL	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	29	30	31				
AUG				1	2	3	4
	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
	26	27	28	29	30		
SEP						1	2
	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30

FOURTH QUARTER

	S	M	T	W	T	F	S
OCT	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	29	30	31				
NOV				1	2	3	4
	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
	26	27	28	29	30		
DEC						1	2
	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
							*

*YEAR-END DAY, December Y or 31, an extra Saturday, follows December 30th every year.
**LEAP-YEAR DAY, June L or 31, another extra Saturday, follows June 30th in leap years.

The whole world may be using this calendar in 1939.

Miss Elisabeth Achelis, the force behind the new calendar.

Whereupon she made a decision. She would first blot George Eastman's thirteen-month calendar from the picture, and then do her best to cram this more sensible calendar down the throat of the world.

She knew enough to realize that the job would require a steady flow of funds for many years. So she revised her life, gave up her house with its cost of time and energy, moved into an apartment hotel, and set aside a substantial part of her capital as nucleus for an endowment fund. Wealthy friends, whom she had fired with her own enthusiasm, put in still more money. The result was a rather modest but assured income for an organization called the World Calendar Associates.

She could block Eastman's plan only by showing that her own had important support. So, by personal contact and by circular, she began to pick off the officers of the body politic—"the big names." Thrown on the table before the League of Nations, these names would offset the endorsements Eastman had carried to Geneva. With each circular went an invitation to join the World Calendar Associates at dues of nothing a year.

These circulars were not dropped unopened into wastebaskets. The recipients joined in surprising numbers.

When the Committee on the Calendar met in Geneva in 1931, Miss Achelis made the opening address of the session. Logical, sensible, delivered with authority, it hit hard.

The thirteen-month plan began to lose ground. The deep superstition against the number thirteen was still working, and no one seemed to like the idea of "Sol."

By the time the League got ready for action, the World Calendar had the field almost to itself.

Meantime the agitation had grown and spread. Miss Achelis made annual voyages to Europe at her own expense, inspiring and organizing World Calendar associations, maintaining touch with governments. On one tour she covered eleven countries between Turkey and England. A handsome woman with a fine aquiline countenance, snow-white hair, a humorous mouth, and clear direct gray eyes, she walks in on premiers, prelates, and potentates with the air of an equal—and the world has a way of taking you at your own valuation. Above all, while advertising her cause she has taken the greatest care not to advertise herself—ego has wrecked many a reformer.

By 1935 so many world figures had become enthusiasts over the new calendar that open leadership passed, without protest on her part, from the hands of this selfless American woman. She is, however, still the quiet inspiration of the movement. Long before, she had made one of her most valuable converts in the influential Dr. I. Gajardo Reyes, astronomical expert of the Chilean navy. When last year the preliminaries were finished, it was Chile which put before the League of Nations a proposed treaty establishing the World Calendar, to take effect on January 1, 1939.

It is provided that the treaty shall not hold unless three quarters of the nations in the League, plus the United States, decide to sign it. While the League is politically impotent just now, while Germany, Italy, and Japan have withdrawn, nations on the outside still cooperate with it on agreements which do not involve national interest. South America will probably vote for the proposal almost as a unit. Great Britain has been waiting impatiently for calendar reform. China, struggling along with an outdated "cycle" calendar, would have changed to our Occidental scheme years ago but for the imperfections of the Gregorian calendar. She will support this better plan. No other nation is, as a nation, openly unfavorable. Some of the powers involved can accept the treaty on the sole volition of a dictator; in others, it must run the gantlet of the national parliament.

If Miss Achelis and her associates succeed in stirring up public opinion before 1939, our government has two possible ways of dealing with an unprecedented situation. The administration, through the State Department, may accept the proposed international treaty and pass it up to the Senate for ratification. Some doubt whether this would make the change mandatory except for federal transactions, federal courts, and perhaps national banks. However, the rest of the nations will not endorse this proposal unless the churches fall into line. If they do, it seems a certainty that the American churches will follow. It would have, also, the general endorsement of our governing commercial bodies. And that would be enough. Or the administration may prefer an act of Congress; which would have exactly the same effect.

The new calendar is coming; if not in 1939, then sometime. Should the European nations and the churches adopt it, we Americans must accept it eventually whether or not we like the change. And it is so much more convenient than our present system that after the period of readjustment we are bound to like it. Experts on international affairs rate the chances of the treaty as fair to good. Of course this movement, in common with most other progressive causes, will be paralyzed if the world goes to war before 1939.

But if the World Calendar does win out this year, her triumph will leave a great void in the life of Elisabeth Achelis!

THE END

PU YI AND HIS WIFE

Manchukuo's Emperor Kang Teh—more widely known as Henry Pu Yi—and his disputed Empress Yueh Hua.

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

WHEN I saw him for the first time, he wore a ready-made American suit which was a little too short and much too wide. He was so tall and thin that only a custom-made suit would have fitted him, and for that he had no money. He excused himself politely because he had no chair to offer me that was not rickety. Unfortunately he had had to rent the cheapest cottage in the neighborhood. Also it was a long time since he had invited guests to dinner. But if I would be satisfied with ham and eggs and a piece of apple pie, there was probably a little left from yesterday.

Ham and eggs and apple pie taste very good when the conversation that accompanies them is as lively as our discussion of new automobile models and the development of the radio, the travels of the Prince of Wales, and the outlook for the American opera. Especially the last subject seemed to interest him. He admitted shyly that he had a pleasant singing voice. That, at least, was the conviction of his wife, the Empress. What were the prospects on the American operatic stage for a young man who could dance adequately as well as sing? In the dance contests at the hotel he and the Empress were always awarded first prize.

That was in March, 1931.

The second time I saw him he was wearing a yellow silk robe richly embroidered with golden orchids and green dragons. His high black cap, adorned with a pearl as large as an egg, made him appear supernaturally tall. His guests were not offered chairs. There were no chairs in the room; only a red lacquer throne, which he occupied himself. According to the three-thousand-year-old court ceremonial, visitors must remain standing. And so, standing, they helped themselves to the hors d'oeuvres that were passed on trays: sharks' fins, swallows' nests, octopus tentacles, green tea sweetened with honey.

He did not speak to the gentlemen who stood gathered about him in evening clothes at midday. He looked over our heads into space. Most of the Occidentals in the assemblage found his gaze arrogant. To me it seemed only helpless. For, in honor of his coronation, they had taken away his glasses. An imperial demigod is not allowed to be shortsighted.

So his gaze wandered about, timid and uncertain. Nowhere did it find refuge or support. The place at his side was vacant. Her Majesty the Empress was not allowed to be present at his coronation. And yet, in all this world that once more revolved about him, he had no one but his wife. The rest of mankind consisted of slaves. Among these slaves, who bowed down nine times before they dared address their lowered voices to His Sacred Majesty, were his pitiless masters, the Japanese advisers.

That was in March, 1934.

I will never see him a third time. He no longer receives his old friends. His deferentially whispering masters in their Japanese officers' uniforms do not allow him to converse with white men about radios and automobiles. At our first meeting he was eager for details of the Empire State Building and the belt in the Ford factory. But such interests do not befit an emperor. And since he has been crowned he has been drawing back ever deeper into his golden shell. Not only because his advisers demand it but also because he is going through a strange process of retrogression.

THE playboy whom I visited seven years ago in his cottage in Tientsin will probably remount the Dragon Throne in the Forbidden City of Peiping within the next six months, or even sooner. There is little doubt that the Japanese are intending to turn the North China monarchy into a dominion of their own. But let no one be deceived; he will return to the Imperial City of his ancestors not as a Japanese marionette but as an Oriental sovereign fully persuaded of his mission.

The veneer of Western culture that he acquired during his years of exile has peeled away. He himself wants nothing more to do with the white world. He is not only an Oriental: he is the very incarnation of the Orient, in all its strength and weakness, its savagery and civilization, its melodrama and its tragedy.

Twice they have enthroned him in China and once in Manchuria. When he is consecrated a fourth time, a phase of world history will have been completed—and the strangest adventure story of our age will have come to an end.

The hero of the story is just thirty-two years old. His name? He possesses half a dozen terms of address but no true name. All his life he has personified a symbol. He has never been allowed to be simply a man. The white world calls him Pu Yi, not knowing that Pu is the family name that indicates his clan and Yi means only that he is

THE WALLIS SIMPSON OF ASIA

The intimate, amazing inside story of Manchukuo's puppet ruler—Will Japan put him back on the throne of China?

BY "ENVOY"

male. He himself once selected the name of King Henry from a list of British monarchs presented to him by his English tutor, Sir Reginald Johnston. That is the origin of the combination Henry Pu Yi, which is as world-famous as it is without meaning.

His Chinese honorific name is Pu Hao Yen Hsi; in the Manchu dialect he is called somewhat verbosely Ai Hsin Chueh Lo Pu Yi, and, since he has become Emperor, simply Kang Teh. Now, Kang means tranquillity, and Teh virtue. These are the two attributes that Confucius considers most important in a ruler. It is formally correct to speak of his reign as the age of Kang Teh, but not thus to designate the Emperor himself. This would be as inaccurate as to call Roosevelt Mr. New Deal. The man who today sits on the Orchid Throne of Manchukuo and tomorrow will occupy the Dragon Throne in Peiping is called officially the Emperor, without personal appellation.

The first time that he was crowned, at the age of thirty-three months, the astrologers selected as his imperial name Hsuan Tung, which means Harbinger of Universality. That was on a November night in the year 1908. Two deathbeds had been set up in the Forbidden City, the court quarter of Imperial Peking. In one lay, feverish and gasping, the Mighty Widow Tsu-hsi, the aged Empress who was called also the Living Buddha. A Queen Victoria of the yellow world, she had reigned over the Middle Kingdom longer than half a century. Now she was engaged in a desperate duel of death. For Kuang-hsü, the nominal Emperor, a weakling liberal and admirer of the West, was also about to die. If the Emperor died first, then it was she, the Mighty Widow, who would be privileged to name the successor to the throne.

By a last gruesome effort of will, she held out a few hours longer. Of course, the fruit juice that his doctors gave the feverish and thirsty Emperor had been poisoned by her instruction. Half conscious, she received the announcement, " The Emperor has passed away." And, with eyes already grown dim, she mustered her last strength to name in a whisper the oldest son of Prince Chun as heir to the throne.

Thus she violated the family law by passing over two legitimate successors. But this offense was inspired by a heroic and lifelong passion. For the oldest son of Prince Chun was, on his mother's side, the grandson and the only male heir of the courtier Kung Lu, who had been the sweetheart of her youth.

The baby of thirty-three months, snatched from sleep, struggled helplessly against the strange men who hauled him from his cradle in the middle of the night. He cried as they set him on the already prepared throne and honored him with the kowtow. But Tsu-hsi, the Mighty Widow, could not hear him cry. With a satisfied smile on her wrinkled face, she had drawn her last breath.

Well might the infant Pu Yi have been weeping in despair! His first reign lasted three years, his second two weeks. In 1911 the revolution broke out. At the beginning of February, 1912, his father, Prince Chun, signed the abdication of the six-year-old Emperor.

In true Chinese fashion, the dynasty was allowed to save face. They continued to live in the palaces and parks of the Forbidden City. The boy Emperor was assured a yearly grant of four million dollars silver. Sun Yat-sen, the founder of the Chinese Republic, wanted to fulfill this obligation. But Yuan Shih-kai, his rival, a dismissed court functionary who had been made Premier under the republic, found ways of stopping payment of the promised sums. Already as a child Pu Yi had experience of gilded poverty, of hunger, of marble palaces in which not a piece of bread was to be found.

In 1917 the monarchist General Chang Hsun succeeded in a counterrevolutionary uprising. For the second time Peking paid homage to the boy Emperor, who was then eleven years old. But two weeks later the capital was taken by the soldiers of Feng, the " Christian Marshal," and the newly crowned little sovereign was placed under arrest in his apartments.

That was the beginning of a period of trial and suffering. At all the entrances to the palace and under all the windows stood the soldiers of General Feng with cocked guns. Every one knew that they were only waiting for a " misunderstanding " to put the boy Emperor out of the way. To this tyranny there was added the despotism of the Queen Mother, the Princess Chun. She opposed the revolution with a fanatical resistance, of which the little ex-Emperor was the innocent victim. Of course he must not wear glasses, although his eyes were already weak. An emperor might be blind, the fond mother explained, but if he wore glasses he was no emperor. Of course he must not cut off his pigtail. Of course he must marry a young lady of equal rank, and that at the age of fourteen. The Princess Shu Fi was selected, the daughter of the Manchu Prince Tuan.

The Emperor has apparently not recovered today from the psychological effects of this unhappy child marriage. Dr. Freud would undoubtedly attribute to it many disturbances in his psychic balance that are noticeable to guests and visitors.

Unquestionably the formative years which Pu Yi passed in the gilded cage of the Forbidden City made him old before he was grown up. And yet those years brought him great happiness: his meeting and his marriage with Kuo Chin Si, who today stands at the side of her husband as the disputed Empress Yueh Hua.

THIS young lady is in certain respects the Wallis Simpson of Asia. She is the bourgeois daughter of a respectable merchant. The Emperor fell head over heels in love with her, and refused to give her up in spite of the opposition of the entire court—in this case the Japanese court.

The acquaintance began in a highly unromantic fashion. According to Chinese custom, Pu Yi was allowed several wives in addition to the legitimate but insufferable Princess Shu Fi. In the autumn of 1922, at the age of sixteen, he organized a photograph competition to help him make a selection. From hundreds of pictures of young women who were ambitious to become his secondary wives, he chose one. When the lady of his choice, Kuo Chin Si, was invited to the palace, however, she declared that she had been taught by her American governesses, the sisters Miriam and Isabel Ingram of Philadelphia, to believe in monogamy, and would consider no marriage but one after the Christian model.

The marriage took place on November 30, 1922, and it will last until it is dissolved by death. It is a completely happy marriage. True, it has not been blessed with children and it is viewed disapprovingly by Pu Yi's Japanese protectors, who hold that the wife of an emperor should not come from the middle classes. So the Japanese consistently deny the lovely Yueh Hua the title of Empress and accept her only as "His Majesty's Consort." They have tried repeatedly to persuade the Emperor to divorce her. But he has always replied that he would sooner commit suicide, and the suicide of their royal ally would be most annoying to them.

Yueh Hua, the former Kuo Chin Si, is a typical Manchu beauty. She is delicately formed; her silken black hair, which she wears in heavy braids, sets off her golden complexion and dark almond-shaped eyes. She has a constant cough, and her precarious health is a continual source of worry to the Emperor. But it has never hindered her in the exercise of a remarkable energy. When she was not admitted to the coronation at the new Manchurian capital of Hsinking, she revenged herself on the following day by giving a tea for the ladies of the Manchu and Mongolian nobility to which no Japanese were invited. In the Orient these questions of etiquette are taken very seriously. Her slight was a gesture of open defiance to Japan. But that powerful nation gave way without a word before the fragile, silken-haired Yueh Hua.

Immediately after her marriage she had insisted that her husband break off marital relations with his first wife, the Princess Shu Fi. It is not difficult to understand that this lady resisted. However, the newly married couple were left alone with their happiness. That early happiness lasted for three months.

One morning in February, 1924, when the eighteen-year-old mock Emperor was seated with his wife at breakfast, the military governor of Peking forced his way with his soldiers into the dining room. In the name of Marshal Feng, and without any explanation, he gave the royal couple four hours in which to leave the Forbidden City.

"I have a fine new American stop watch," the general said amiably. "As soon as its hands have moved forward four hours, my men will march into the palace and destroy whatever living thing they find."

Whereupon he made a deep Chinese bow and disappeared.

A few eunuchs who were unable to escape in time were killed. The royal couple, however, found refuge in a palace in Tatar City, a suburb of Peking.

Refuge? From that moment on, Pu Yi could not be sure of his life for a single instant. The waves of the revolution still beat high and the Bolshevist emissaries who overran North China offered a reward to the "hero of the people" who would deliver up the eighteen-year-old traitor Emperor, dead or alive. It was at this time that the Emperor conceived the flaming hatred of Communism with which he is filled today.

HIS flight from Peking is a story in itself. He found shelter in the German hospital, then at the Japanese embassy. In a crowded third-class compartment of the Southern Express he was able finally to get to the Japanese concession of Tientsin. Rebel coolies and soldiers searched his train, but none of them recognized the young beggar in rags who howled with the crowd, "Death to the traitor! Hang Pu Yi!" Pu Yi, you may be sure, will never make peace with the revolution which once forced him to save his life by losing face.

Nevertheless, he has remained Chinese through and through. To this day he still speaks only Chinese, he feels Chinese, presumably he dreams Chinese. His Occidental polish, acquired in the free life of Tientsin from 1924 to 1931, soon wore away.

During those seven years he had discovered American cooking, English literature, and the civilization of the white world. Six of those years were fat years. His faithful tutor Cheng Hsiao Hsu succeeded in smuggling through a quarter of a million silver dollars' worth of money and jewelry for the Son of Heaven to live on with his wife, who soon followed him into exile. In addition, his father-in-law, a rich merchant, looked out for the young couple. Pu Yi led an easy, unreal existence devoted to polo, riding, tennis. He painted charming flower compositions, wrote complaining verses that appeared over a pseudonym in Chinese papers, cultivated his naturally melodious voice.

Externally he was a young man of the world, so modern that he did not disdain to join an insurance company that wanted to promote business between Asia and America. He was unanimously elected president of this new corporation. Then the American depression reached out and embraced Tientsin, whose business life was bound up inextricably with that of the United States. His Majesty's newborn insurance company had to suspend activities, and a bank scandal turned his wealthy father-in-law into a beggar overnight.

Pu Yi lost everything except his collection of Imperial Chinese furs, with which he refused to part. He gave up his princely villa for a small teahouse that was filthy and rotten but cheap. He brought suit against the art gallery of the Chinese Republic for the restitution of his ancestral portraits, which experts appraise at two million dollars. He toyed with all sorts of fantastic plans for making a living, of which the idea of becoming an opera singer in America was one of the soberest. It was in this period that I first met him. He was then twenty-five, ready for anything, restless and unstable, a typical product of depression.

NOBODY knew that he was already entangled in secret negotiations and that his shabby teahouse received extremely curious visits. And yet it was just then that Japan and the new China were wrestling for his soul.

In China, Chiang Kai-shek had succeeded in clearing up the debris of the revolution. The exiled Emperor seemed to be the only danger that threatened the unity of the republic. So Chiang Kai-shek sent emissaries to Pu Yi. The past, they suggested, should be forgotten. The republic was prepared to pay the ex-Emperor the four million dollars silver a year that was his due, on the one condition that he relinquish all political activity. Twice Pu Yi received the delegates from Nanking. Then he dismissed them with the words, "Tell Marshal Chiang Kai-shek that if the republic has more money than it needs, he should give it to the flood victims." And, to show that he meant what he said, he gave up his precious fur collection. It was sold at public auction and the sum realized, a hundred thousand dollars, he devoted to the victims of the flood.

The secret negotiations with the Japanese were more difficult. Tokyo was in the process of preparing the invasion of Manchuria, and the idea was conceived of turning the legitimate Emperor of China into the puppet ruler of the new buffer state. Princes, ministers, diplomats, generals called at the teahouse in Tientsin. Finally rumors found their way into the newspapers. Then the impoverished Son of Heaven gave out a single statement: "Under no circumstances will I mount a throne that is erected by alien bayonets." He was so obstinate, so proud, and so Chinese that only a bomb could move him.

It was a real bomb. It came, beautifully packed in an expensive garland of flowers, from an ostensible Chinese loyalist. Its explosion was prevented only by the great caution of the Japanese secret police who received the package. Conjecture has it that the would-be assassin, who was never caught, was a Japanese provocateur and that the whole plot had been carefully prepared to convince Pu Yi of his dependence upon Japanese protection.

Whether this is true or not, when the Japanese Ministry of the Interior advised him that it could be responsible for his safety only if he left Tientsin and proceeded to territory under Japanese rule, Pu Yi surrendered. A Japanese cruiser brought him secretly to Dairen. Even his wife learned of his departure only after he had gone, through a letter stating that he would arrange as soon as possible for her to follow "to the place where duty calls me."

The protection of the Japanese secret police did not prevent further attempts on his life. In Harbin, at the beginning of 1934, forty Russians and Chinese were imprisoned for plotting to blow up the Sungari River railroad bridge and derail his train. On September 4 of that year a fire broke out in the private apartments of the palace at Hsinking and surprised him in his sleep. On November 27 five Chinese were waiting with bombs when he went to visit the tombs of his ancestors at Mukden. Toward the end of December, a group of conspirators succeeded in infecting him with typhus. That makes four assaults on his life within a year.

Eight months ago, on June 22, 1937, a patriot managed to stab Kang Teh in the back. A high fever resulted. The court physicians gave him up. He was cured finally by a Chinese witch doctor, whom the Empress Yueh Hua engaged against the will of the Japanese advisers and to whom she promised fifty thousand dollars and safe-conduct to Hsinking. Most of the attempts on Kang Teh's life have never become known to the public. Their frequency, however, is an indication of the deep hatred that the Chinese bear the man whom they call the Traitor Emperor.

This hatred is both justifiable and unfounded. It is justifiable in that the Emperor of Manchuria has provided Japan with the desired pretext for playing off northern against southern China. It is unfounded in that he has been inspired through all the changes in his existence by a burning eagerness to serve China, his inalienable fatherland. They say that he is a puppet in the hands of the Japanese. Can he not answer that the situation is the other way around? Are not the officers and soldiers of the Kwangtung army working actually for the benefit of the Chinese when they return the Emperor to the Middle Kingdom and make him ruler today of Hsinking, tomorrow of Peiping, and sometime in the future of the whole united country?

Four thousand years of Chinese history have shown that alien aggressors are invariably absorbed and end up by becoming Chinese. Is it so important whose hands crown the Son of Heaven, so long as he succeeds once more to power?

THIS is the Emperor's argument. Only a psychoanalyst can decide how much it is an attempt to rationalize his alliance with the traditional foe of his country. He is influenced not only by the usual considerations of advantage and justice; he is subject to the wishes of his ancestors, which he tries continually to ascertain through solitary meditation. In Pu Yi we see an Oriental Hamlet.

The following chapter in his life story has never to my knowledge reached the public. And yet it is the most stirring episode of his life:

When he arrived in Dairen, he declined to play his part. In a final attempt to shake himself free, he refused to accept his throne from foreign hands.

Then the Japanese shut him up in the insane asylum at Port Arthur. They published a laconic statement: Pu Yi had suddenly been taken ill; it was impossible to predict how long the indisposition would last. Pu Yi had the choice of obeying or dying. And without a qualm they would have watched him die. His younger brother, Pu Chieh, they had placed in a military academy in Tokyo, and they had no difficulties to fear from this

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
IN ST. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA
CHUBBINS, WE'RE ABOUT TO PASS THROUGH THE ANCIENT GATES OF THE OLDEST CITY IN THE UNITED STATES
FORT MARION IS A PERFECT EXAMPLE OF MEDIEVAL FORTIFICATION WITH MOAT, DRAWBRIDGE, AND ANCIENT CANNON! THESE OLD STONE WALLS WITHSTOOD EVERY ATTACK FOR TWO CENTURIES
IS THIS REALLY THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH THAT PONCE DE LEON DISCOVERED?
TRADITION HOLDS THAT IT IS, CHUBBINS. AND BECAUSE THE WATER IS DIFFERENT FROM THAT IN NEAR-BY WELLS, MANY BELIEVED IT TO HAVE MAGIC POWERS
THIS IS KNOWN AS THE OLDEST HOUSE IN THE UNITED STATES. IT WAS USED BY FRIARS WHO LIVED IN ST. AUGUSTINE ABOUT 200 YEARS BEFORE THE REVOLUTION!
WHAT A MAGNIFICENT BEDSTEAD—JUST LOOK AT THAT CARVING! THERE'S NOT A PIPE IN MY COLLECTION WROUGHT MORE SKILFULLY
YES, IT'S LOVELY, DAD. BUT LET'S GO BACK AND HAVE ANOTHER LOOK AT THAT COZY LIVING-ROOM
YOU'LL LIKE THIS, DAD
ONE OF OUR MEN DUG UP THIS ANCIENT PIPE. WOULD YOU CARE TO EXAMINE IT, JUDGE?
BY ALL MEANS—I HAVE ONE SOMETHING LIKE IT IN MY OWN COLLECTION
I'VE OFTEN WONDERED IF THE TOBACCO WE'RE BOTH SMOKING WOULD BE AS ENJOYABLE IN OLD PIPES LIKE THAT AS IN OUR MODERN ONES
WELL, I'VE TRIED PRINCE ALBERT IN HUNDREDS OF PIPES, NEW AND OLD, AND IT'S NEVER FAILED TO GIVE THE SAME MILD, RICH-TASTING SMOKE. WE'RE BOTH ENJOYING RIGHT NOW!

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BUILDER

SO MILD! THE BIG 2-OUNCE RED TIN

PRINCE ALBERT CRIMP CUT LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

I'M CLOSE TO THINGS THAT GROW. I KNOW P.A. MUST BE **BETTER TOBACCO** TO START WITH. THAT'S ANOTHER REASON WHY IT SMOKES **SO MELLOW**

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THERE'S A **RICH, FULL-BODIED TASTE** TO PRINCE ALBERT THAT MAKES IT WORTH FAR MORE THAN IT COSTS. AND P.A. IS **NEVER HARSH**

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TRY P. A. AT OUR RISK!

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. *(Signed)* R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

boy, the legitimate successor to the throne. The bombs, daggers, and typhus bacilli of Chinese assassins do not threaten the life of the Emperor of Manchuria as much as does the existence of this younger brother, who would offer his Japanese masters no resistance.

On March 1, 1937, this Japanese Lieutenant Pu Chieh, brother of the childless Emperor of Manchuria and himself Crown Prince of Manchuria, was married to the daughter of the Marquis Saga, an influential diplomat of the Japanese court. If something should happen to the present Emperor—and everybody knows how delicate his health is—a much more serviceable substitute stands ready to hand. And the future also is provided for. Court announcements reported that a happy event was expected early this year in the household of the Crown Prince.

Nothing happened to Pu Yi in the Port Arthur insane asylum. They had to keep him there only nine days and nights. At night he held secret converse with the spirits of his ancestors, and during the day he negotiated with Lieutenant General Doihara, chief of staff of the Kwangtung army, who had conceived the whole Manchurian adventure. Doihara is the mystery man of Asia. The terms to which he finally persuaded his sanatorium prisoner to agree, however, were highly realistic. If Pu Yi refused to accept his crown from foreign hands, he could take over the government of the buffer state simply as chief executive, after the American model. The proud spirits of his ancestors could have no objection to the activities of a plain Mr. Pu Yi, even under Japanese protection.

Of course the civil list, originally fixed at five million dollars silver, would be reduced to a million and a half. A chief executive does not have the ceremonial duties of a king. And Mr. Franklin Roosevelt, his model, managed comfortably on a great deal less.

This measure of economy, incidentally, was not of much use to the Japanese. Their public debt—apparently also on the Roosevelt model—has doubled since the entry into Manchuria. The investments required have exhausted Japan's finances without so far yielding any return.

According to the proclamation that Pu Yi finally issued from the asylum, the spirits of his ancestors agreed to the arrangement. The new executive proceeded by armored train to the ancient capital of Changchun, renamed Hsinking in honor of his arrival. Manchuria was declared independent. A state had been artificially created.

In reality there is no such country as Manchukuo. There is only a province with a population of thirty-five million, of which twenty-nine million are Chinese, two million are Mongolians, two million Manchus, and of the remaining two million the majority are White Russian refugees. A generation ago the country was almost uninhabited; after the construction of the great railroad it was flooded with immigrants from the Middle Kingdom, and now it is almost as Chinese as any other province. The new ruler's power does not extend far beyond the railroad tracks. American visitors are strongly urged not to leave the three large cities. The safety of foreigners cannot be guaranteed elsewhere, for the countryside is overrun with "bandits"—Chinese rebels.

Pu Yi chose the building of the Salt Tax Commission for his residence, a simple one-story house with a modest flower garden. From here he directed the business of the country. He established schools, built roads, organized an army, a police force, and even a miniature fleet. His administration was composed of Chinese and Manchu mandarins. The Prime Minister was his former court chamberlain, the faithful Cheng Hsiao-hsu. The real power, however, rested from the first moment in the hands of a council composed of Japanese experts and advisers. And every measure that the Chief Executive signed had to be approved by the Japanese ambassador in Hsinking.

This function of hidden ruler was performed first by His Excellency Takashi Hishikari, a polished and amiable Asiatic diplomat. He was later replaced by the bluff, blustering General Jiro Minami, a soldier who would suffer no contradiction. Some time afterward Pu Yi's Japanese supervisors forced a change in the government: the Chief Executive had to part with his former chamberlain and establish an administration composed entirely of tools of the Japanese. Now he was completely isolated.

I have never seen a more striking picture of utter loneliness than that presented by Pu Yi on the 1st of March, 1934, after he was finally crowned Emperor. An altar with three steps had been erected outside the city, five miles from his palace. At eight o'clock on a clear icy morning he ascended it utterly alone. Not even his Empress was permitted to be with him in this fateful hour.

The capital was deserted. An army of fifty thousand heavily armed soldiers closed off the streets. To every three Manchu warriors there was a Japanese, who kept close watch on his neighbors.

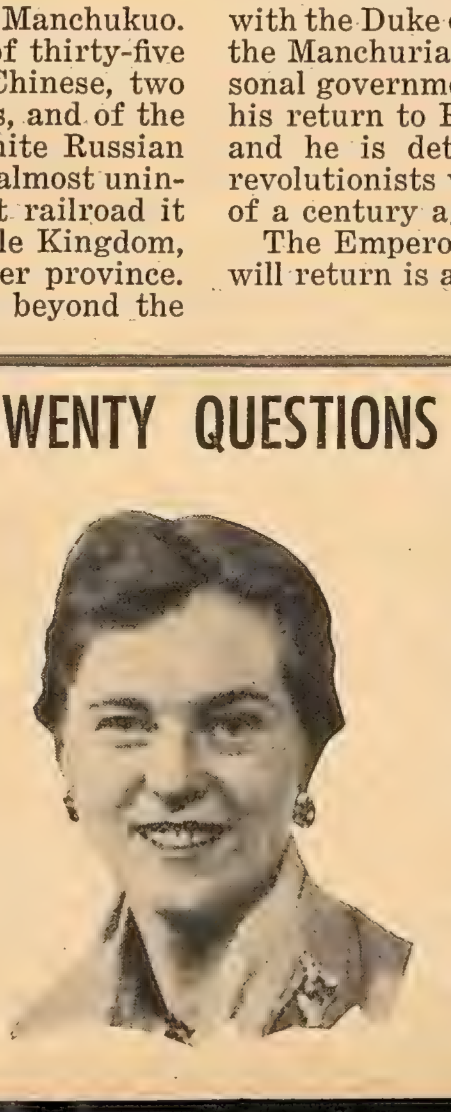
For three days the Emperor had eaten nothing and spoken to no one, in order to prepare himself. Now he stood there in his yellow silk robe scattering offerings on the altar and murmuring prayers, and appearing to the distant spectators like a sacrificial offering.

Later, at the reception in his palace, he said hardly a word—and, truly, he is forgetting how to speak. An occasional phrase indicates his views. One gathers that he is an admirer of Mussolini; also that he sympathizes with the Duke of Windsor, because the Duke, according to the Manchurian interpretation, attempted to erect a personal government in Great Britain. He is quite sure that his return to Peiping will take place in the near future, and he is determined to settle his account with the revolutionists who hurled him from the throne a quarter of a century ago.

The Emperor whom they expelled was a boy. He who will return is an old man of thirty-two.

THE END

☆ TWENTY QUESTIONS ☆



1—Her poet-father was born at Liverpool in '66; in '99 at London she made her first public appearance. The lady of this week's who-is-it? photo, schooled in Paris, debuted in London, adopted and conquered New York, where she founded the Civic Repertory Theater. Who is this well known American player-manager?

2—Should a frostbite be rubbed with snow?

3—Which "black" republic has a population of nearly two million Negroes?

4—What liquor, also called Hollands, was first made in Holland?

5—When building a coal fire in the home furnace, should the bottom layer be coal, kindling, or paper?

6—The doctrine of laissez faire demands what?

7—What famed humorist heads the Department of Political Economy at McGill University?

8—Deer meat is called what by the butcher?

9—Which two lines follow:
"And now we are aged and grey, Maggie,
And the trials of life nearly done"?

10—If copper is usually soldered with tin, with what is iron soldered?

11—Why did Oliver Wendell Holmes write Old Ironsides?

12—In South America, it's the United States of what?

13—What oblate spheroid is fifth in size among the planets?

14—And, but, for, or, and nor are what kind of conjunctions?

15—What is the effect of drinking reasonable amounts of water with one's meals?

16—Chamoisette gloves are made of what?

17—Manuel Quezon is the President of which island group?

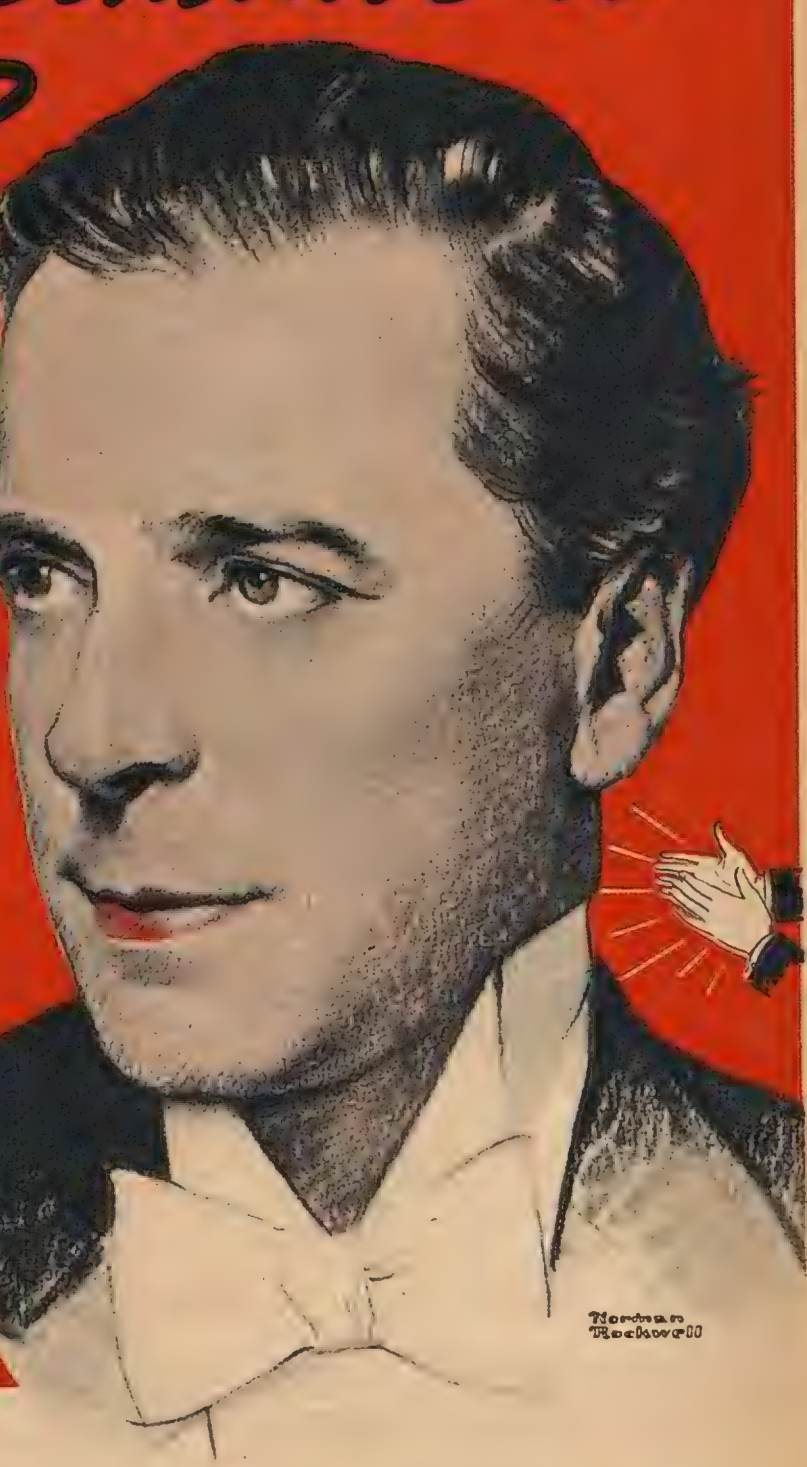
18—If slander is a civil proceeding, how may libel be classed?

19—Was "Stonewall" Jackson twice elected President of the United States?

20—Who governs the Bay State?

(*Answers will be found on page 60*)

Are your Ears sensitive to APPLAUSE?



The face of JACK BUCHANAN

Popular Musical Comedy Star

A singing-dancing-directing star who not merely possesses ears that are sensitive to applause, but who knows the way to *win* it. Co-starring this season with Evelyn Laye and Adele Dixon in the new Shubert musical play "Between the Devil" by Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz, he is greeted nightly in packed houses by *storms* of applause!

Ears Sensitive to Applause

Pale in color—set *low, well back* on the head and snugly against it. They stand in an *upright* position, as opposed to the frequently seen type which slopes backward. Although of generous proportions, they would not be classed as large, but are distinguished for their length rather than their size...being as long as or slightly longer than the nose. The lobes are full and fleshy.

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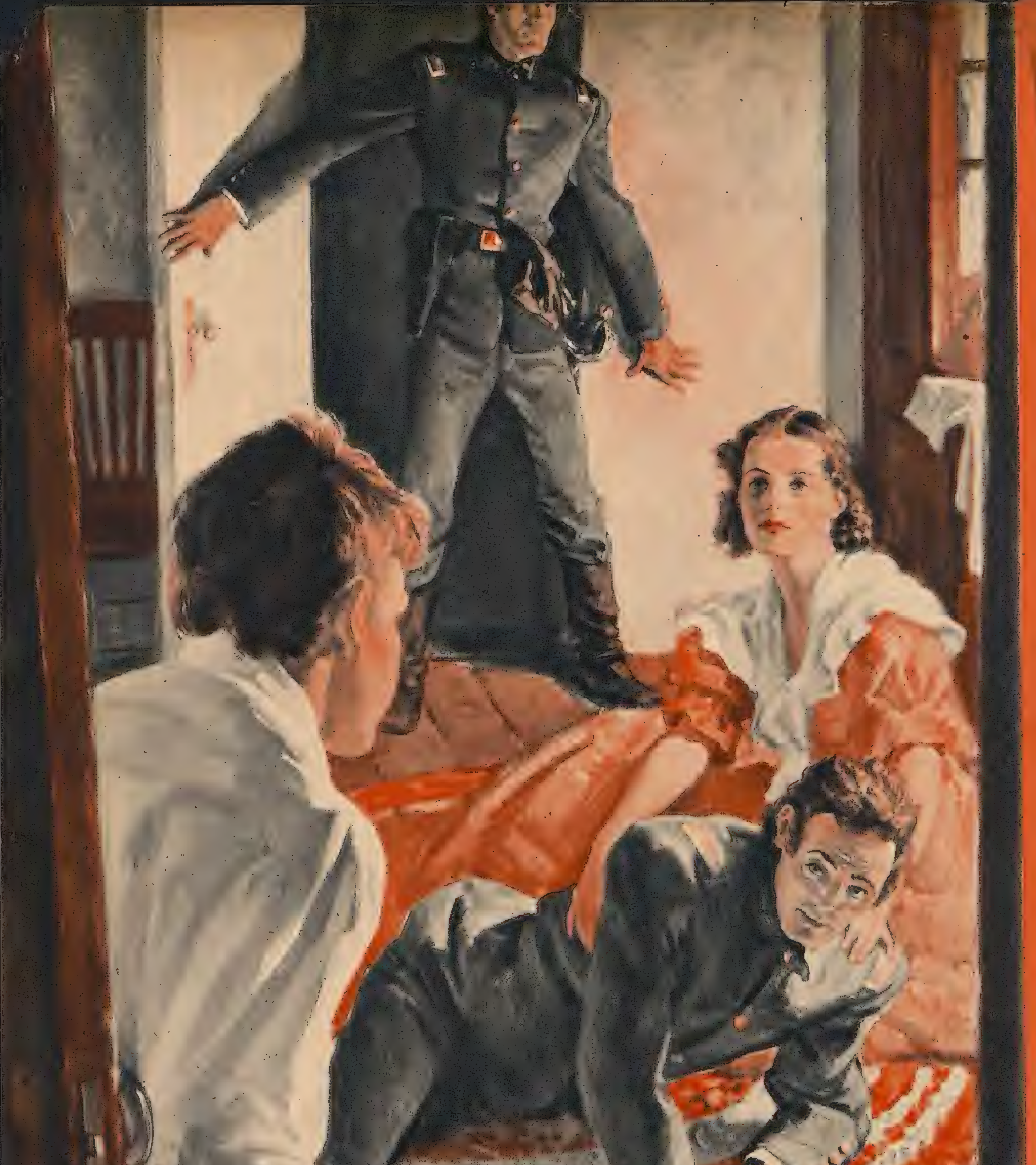

Then he closed his eyes. Mother was shaking her head, staring at me. I saw Lieutenant Curry at the door.

Tender and lovely and haunting . . . A tale of a boy and a war and a woman's heart, and a man we remember this month

MEN MUST FIGHT

BY HOWARD FAST

READING TIME ● 17 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

ILLUSTRATED BY E. F. WARD

CARSON waited for me, with Jimmy Murphy. I guess if it had been only Carson alone I could have licked him. I was good and beaten, and they told what would happen if I came up a Yank street again. I told Carson where all the Yanks could go.

It wasn't very nice to live in Maryland then—and not be a Yank.

I was coming home when the tall man stopped me. He was so tall and ugly, I just stood and looked at him. He was leaning up against the end of our picket fence, and he wanted to know what street it was.

"Franklin Street," I told him, "and you sound to me like a damned Yank."

"You're kind of small to swear," he said. He smiled, and that made me want to like him; only when he didn't smile his face wasn't much to look at.

"I don't swear but for Yanks."

"I'm a Yank, I guess," he said, drawling, and bending as if he didn't want to speak to me from a distance. It was getting toward night now, a little cold. He didn't have but an old coat, and he looked like he didn't ever get enough to eat.

"You hungry?" I asked him.

"Kind of hungry," he nodded, as if he was just remembering about eating.

"All right," I said. I took him around to the back door, and then called for mother. Meanwhile, the man was asking me all kinds of questions about why I wasn't a Yank.

"A Yank wouldn't feed you," I said. Then mother came to the door, and she looked a little disappointed, the way she always does when I bring tramps around.

Mother's beautiful. Maybe it was the way the man looked at her that made her come back with cold chicken and bread.

"He's just a Yank," I told mother.

"You were fighting again," she said.

The man was eating now, watching us.

"You don't ever *have* to fight," mother said.

I said, looking sidewise at the Yank: "Men got to fight. My pa ain't no fool."

Then mother went inside, and I waited. When the tall man gave me his plate, he held out his hand.

"I don't—with a Yank," I said.

His hand just seemed to hang there, a big bony hand; and then he dropped it, and something in his face made me feel worse than I had felt all day, even with being beaten. He stood up and walked away, slowly.

I went inside, hating, and I knew it was the tall man made me hate. I knew he was just a tramp and I shouldn't care, but I felt that way just the same. I went into the parlor, and I sat there thinking about different things; about how I would like to be with pa, not hanging around here. I didn't want to think too much about pa, so when I heard people speaking in the kitchen I went in there.

Mother was there, with Lieutenant Curry, the two of them leaning up against the old iron sink and talking. They didn't see me at first.

He was a Yankee, Lieutenant Curry, stationed out in North Meadow for weeks now. I never knew where he had met mother, but I guess he liked her a whole lot, he was at our house so often. I didn't speak to her a great deal about that, except once; then I said, if pa came back, he'd kill Curry.

Now the lieutenant was holding her hand, whispering. I just stood there. I didn't like Curry; but that wasn't easy, because he was the kind of man you want to like.

Curry said: "We're moving on. So can't I tell you now?"

"I can't listen," mother said.

"Because of him—because he turned you against everything that's good and decent. Why'd he go down there to them—and leave you with a kid? Why are they making this whole rotten war?"

Mother was shaking her head. Right then I thought I would kill Curry; I thought it was the only thing to do.

"You can't answer me. Three years—and no word, nothing. I love you, at least."

"Please," mother begged him.

I was watching mother, knowing how a man could love her, with all her light hair and blue eyes. But I was thinking that I would kill Curry.

Then he took her hand, swung her around, and I saw that he was going to kiss her. I walked into the room with my hands in my pockets, whistling. Curry started.

"You here?" I said.

"Hello, Ronny," he nodded, trying to make out that everything was all right. He bent over, patted my head.

Mother was just staring at me, and I think she knew I had heard more than I let on. I remember the way she was then, in the kitchen, wearing a blue dress that was all puffed out at the skirt, her face full of lovely lights from the lamp over the stove. But she was frightened, and I guess it was something in my face that frightened her; I guess that all at once I was a lot older.

"Ronny," she whispered—"you gave me a start."

"I guess I'll be going," Lieutenant Curry said.

I told him: "When you come back, *if* you come back, I'll kill you."

He tried to laugh that off and pat me on the head; but I pulled away from him. "Get out!" I said.

"Ronny—"

But he walked out of the room, mother after him, and then I heard him saying, "Tonight," and mother said, "No—please—"

I stood there, waiting for mother to come back. Inside I was all weak, but I tried not to show it.

WHEN mother came back into the kitchen, she just sat down and looked at me, seeming terribly tired. Then she began to prepare supper.

"I don't feel hungry," I said.

She stopped, turned to me. "You don't believe in me any more, do you?"

"I'm no Yank," I said. "When my father comes back—"

"Can't you forget this war? You're only a baby, Ronny, and it's eating into your blood and soul."

"I'm not a baby," I told her. "Men got to fight."

She said: "It's taken everything from me—you too.'

"I saw you here—before I came in."

She kept shaking her head. I had to walk out, because I knew that if I stayed there I'd break all over.

Our house was one of the big old ones. It was red brick with a white porch. Now it was quite dark. I sat down on the porch and tried to think about what I would do. I guess I sat there for a long time, just thinking and hating. It was a nice evening, the kind of an evening that's full of autumn smells. Across the fields I could see the Union camp lights. A lot of Yank soldiers came there to train, and then marched on South.

I was sitting there when the man I met on my way home came back up the street. You couldn't miss him, he was so big and tall and skinny—and he had a shambling way of walking. He came on until he was opposite the gate, and then he glanced at me. I nodded at him. Then he turned in and came up to the porch.

"Hello," I said.

He said: "Hello, Johnny Reb."

I couldn't be angry at him; he had a way of talking, and when he grinned, it was all over his face.

"You won't get nothing to eat now," I told him.

He sat down next to me, pulling up his long legs and

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winding his arms around his knees. Turning his head, he said to me: "Why'd you feed me, sonny? I'm a Yank."

"I guess I'm soft," I said.

"Or tired of war?" he asked softly.

"Hope it lasts till I'm old enough," I said.

He put his arm around me. "Don't hate—"

"You got to."

"You gave me bread," he said, but it didn't seem like he was talking to me, "and meat. Shall we be enemies?"

I didn't answer.

"What's your name, Reb?"

I said: "Mother wouldn't like me talking to tramps."

"I think your mother's kind of grand. Your father?"

"Pa's with Lee. My name's Ronny."

"Mine's Abe," he said. Then he uncoiled himself slowly, stood up, and held out his big bony hand. I took it this time. I stood watching him until he had disappeared down the street. I was hating myself because I had talked that way to a Yank tramp.

I went in, and mother was in the parlor, just sitting. I went to her, and she put her hand on my shoulder.

"Believe me, Ronny," she said, and then she began to cry. "I want your father. Don't you see how I want him?"

"He'll be back," I said.

"No—he won't."

"You got Curry," I said, and then I could have killed myself for saying that. Mother was staring—

I heard some one at the back door.

"I'll go," mother whispered.

I stood there after she went.

THEN I went upstairs. I went up thinking about Curry and the tall man and war—and I was twelve and it would be five years before I could go to war. And if I killed Lieutenant Curry, what would they do to me?

There was an old rifle musket in father's room. I went in and took it down from its rack. It was heavy for me. I knew what I was going to do; I knew it was a terrible thing. But I kept on telling myself that it was war—and men must fight.

I loaded the musket. I was awfully afraid; but I knew I would have to go through with what I'd started. When I went downstairs I didn't make any noise, just hugging the musket. Mother was in the kitchen. I saw from the door that a man was holding her in his arms.

Then he must have heard me, because he stepped away. He wore a Federal uniform, and I was half crazy when I flung the musket up and fired. Then I saw it was father!

I dropped the musket. I remember that mother screamed. And then I just stood there and wondered how I had come to kill my father, and about the smoke coming up from the barrel of the musket.

He was looking at me. He went down on one knee, and then lay out on the floor; but he kept looking from me to mother. Mother was next to him then—holding his head in her arms.

I guess I was crying. I went over to him, and he said: "Hello—Ronny."

I managed: "Hello, pa."

"Why—why?" mother whispered.

"I thought—"

Pa managed to smile. "You thought—a Yank?" He had hold of my hand, squeezing it, the way he used to. "If I was a Yank, Ronny—you'd like to take my head off with that gun—"

"Yeah—"

Then he closed his eyes. Mother was shaking her head, staring at me. And when I turned around and saw Lieutenant Curry at the door, that didn't seem unusual either; and I knew that I didn't hate him, the way I had hated him before. He seemed big, close, a lot like pa.

He came over. "Who is he?" he said.

Mother said: "Can't you see—he's shot?"

"He's my father," I said.

LIEUTENANT CURRY picked father up. Then I could see how thin and tired-looking father was, hardly any more than skin and bones. Curry walked into the parlor with him, laid him down on the couch. Mother followed him without seeming to understand what was going on. I followed, too.

"He's not dead?" mother whispered.

The lieutenant didn't answer. He was opening father's tunic. It hurt me to look at the wound in his side, but I had to look.

"Get some linen," Curry said.

When mother came back with it, he made a pad over the wound. Then it didn't bleed. There were some papers that had fallen out of father's tunic; now Curry picked them up and looked at them. Mother was kneeling next to father, caressing his face. I was standing there, all afraid inside and not able to speak. I wanted to tell mother what I had meant to do, but I couldn't speak.

"Why don't you get a doctor?" mother said. "Can't you see how hurt he is?"

Lieutenant Curry was reading the papers he had taken from father. His face was funny, all drawn and white. Without looking up, he said:

"I thought he was with Lee—in the South?"

"What does that matter? He's hurt so," mother pleaded. "Can't you see how hurt he is?"

"It might be better—he's a spy. You knew that."

"No—" Mother just shook her head. Then she stood up, straight and facing the lieutenant.

"You knew," Curry said. He was holding out the papers. "He's wearing the Federal uniform."

I could see that something was coming over mother. When she spoke, her voice was very even, like nothing had happened at all. She said: "You told me that if you loved a woman—"

"This is war."

"And a man is dying. God, what cowards you are!"

"But all the time you knew—"

"No, I didn't. I never told you I loved you. He's my husband." Mother was beautiful then; I guess I won't ever forget how beautiful she was. Her eyes were burning, and she made me feel small and useless but terribly proud. I think I understood then what men were compared to a woman like her.

"I'll go for a doctor," Lieutenant Curry said.

"And tell them?"

"I have to."

Then he walked out. I followed him. I was beginning to understand what it all meant. If pa was a spy—

"You go back," Lieutenant Curry told me.

I said to him: "You can go to hell, sir." I wasn't proud any more, only old all of a sudden. And understanding; just as if for the first time I knew what it meant for a country to be divided and destroying itself. I knew I wouldn't love war.

We were on the veranda then, just facing each other; and if he was a lot bigger than I was, it didn't make so much difference. He stared at me, then dropped his head. We walked in the direction of the soldiers' camp.

IT was the kind of night that you find in Maryland sometimes, and not often anywhere else—cool, with the smell of flowers and green things in the air. It made me feel we were walking toward something and hoping for something, but I knew there wasn't much to hope for.

Once Lieutenant Curry said: "Why'd he come back, the poor fool?"

I knew, but I didn't answer. I said: "I shot him—but I thought he was you."

Then we went on, silent, until we reached the camp. A sentry challenged us, but Curry said something and we went through. I had been to the camp once or twice, not too often because they were Yanks. Now, at night, it made a strange picture: hundreds of white tents popping out of the earth, fires glowing, and men around them.

We walked on between the fires until we came to an open pavilion tent. A lot of soldiers called after me: "Hey, kid, get to bed." But I didn't pay any attention to them.

We stopped at the big tent, and Lieutenant Curry went ahead to where some bearded men were sitting around a table. There was a lantern hanging over the table, insects beating themselves into the light. And there were papers and maps spread out over the table.

I hung back in the shadow. Curry went up, saluted one of the bearded men, and began to speak in low tones. I couldn't hear much of what he was saying, but I saw him point to me once. Then he opened some of the papers he had taken from father.

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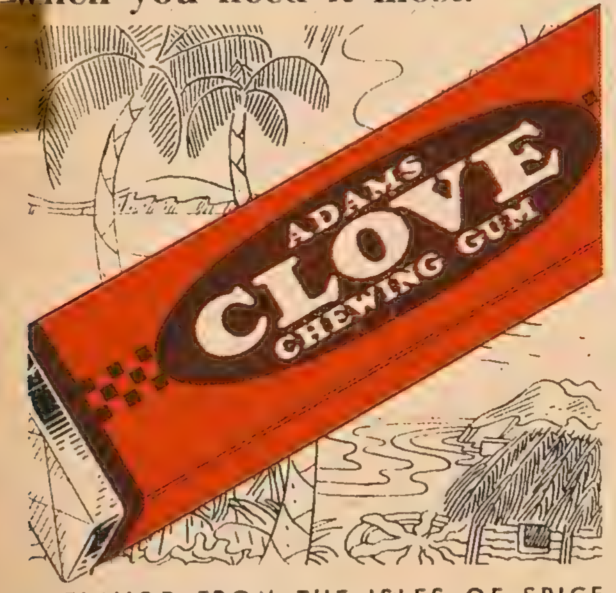

A FLAVOR FROM THE ISLES OF SPICE

I was thinking, He is a coward. And then I understood. How much I understood right then! I was crying softly.

One of the men at the table stood up, unwound himself. He was a good deal taller than the others. First I couldn't believe it; then I saw that he was the same tramp I fed that evening. There was no missing his face, it was so ugly and long. The only reason I hadn't recognized him at first was because he wore spectacles now—and he had an old shawl thrown over his coat. He took off the spectacles and placed them carefully in his breast pocket. Then he walked over to me.

I stood there with my head down; I didn't want him to see that I was crying.

"Your father, Johnny Reb?" he asked gently, bending down to me.

"I shot him—" I managed. I don't know why I told him that; I just had to tell him. I poured the story out. "I didn't know, sir."

"You call me Abe," he said.

"All right."

"You don't call a Yankee 'sir.' Is he hurt bad?"

"I guess he is. He needs a doctor. I guess I was afraid to stay with mother."

He said: "We're not afraid, none of us—just men."

Then he went back to the table, said something I couldn't hear. A short stocky man rose and banged with his fist on the table.

HOWARD FAST
is in his early twenties and has written since he was seventeen. Most of his life has been divided between his native New York City and upstate Greene County. He has studied drawing at the National Academy, and has been a shipping clerk, a lumberman, and a librarian.

"Gently—gently," the tall man said.

Lieutenant Curry went off then with another man—a doctor, I guess, because he carried a small black bag. I waited there; then the tall man came over to me and took my hand.

"We'll go together," he said.

I said: "You don't understand, because my father's a spy. They'll kill him anyway."

"Sometimes," he said, "you hate all men. You won't—"

Then we walked on, after Lieutenant Curry and the doctor. He didn't say anything more to me, and I didn't feel much like talking. I was just tired, terribly tired, and my head was numb inside. I guess I didn't care, because I didn't put a lot in this man with the old clothes.

We came home and went into the house. The doctor was already looking at father's wound. Lieutenant Curry stood at one side, mother opposite him. I slipped into a chair. The tall man stood next to the door, and I don't think mother noticed him at all.

I didn't want to watch the doctor now, but I had to. I guess I can't make you understand how I had to. I saw that Abe was glancing at me, but I don't think mother noticed me except once. Then she said:

"Go upstairs, Ronny."

"Let him stay," the tall man said, so softly that his voice was like running water.

That was the first time she noticed him. She turned to him, and he smiled. I don't suppose any one else could have smiled like that.

Then we remained there, not saying anything, until the doctor had finished. I won't forget that. There was a lamp burning on the table behind the sofa. It threw the light on father's thin, worn figure, and it made a black silhouette out of the doctor. Lieutenant Curry kept his eyes on mother. I wonder if you know what it is to be sorry for a man; because then I wasn't sorry for mother or pa but for the lieutenant. I think the tall man understood; you could almost tell what he was thinking from his face.

When the doctor finished he said to mother: "You know, it's not so much the wound—he's just worn out, been through hell. He needs rest."

"And he'll live?" mother whispered.

"He'll live," the doctor said. Then he went out. But Lieutenant Curry stayed there, just standing and looking at mother.

"Why don't you go?" she asked him. She was in between tears and something else, but holding herself back.

All I could think was that pa was alive.

"I have to tell you," Lieutenant Curry said. "I have to tell you that I gave him up."

"Yes—I knew."

"You hate me?"

"No—I don't hate you. I don't hate."

"I love you," Lieutenant Curry said. "Do you know how I love you? It's not him I'm killing, but me. Why don't you hate me?"

"I can't," mother whispered.

"But you love him?"

"I love him," mother said.

Curry said: "Some day—men will know about war."

They seemed lost in each other, pitifully lost, and then I knew I was older than either of them. I turned to the tall man, and I think that he knew it too. He had gone over to the side of the room, where there was a desk. He took a piece of paper, wrote a few words on it, and then handed it to me.

We went to the door together, and then he glanced again at Lieutenant Curry and at mother. Then he bent down to me, and something made me think he was crying. He wasn't—but his face was.

"Good-by, Johnny Reb," he said.

I said: "Good-by, Abe."

Then, when he went, I looked at the paper. It had father's name on it, and then: "Pardoned—by order of A. Lincoln."

I went over and gave it to mother. Then I left them alone.

THE END

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

WOMEN love men in uniform, as the whole world knows. Recently I decided it was high time to find out a thing or two about the way men's uniforms are made and how much we women have to say about the making of them. For information I went to James E. Stroock, lively young executive of an old established firm. Mr. Stroock said:

"Even the postman's wife usually tags along with him when he comes in to be fitted for a new uniform. Soldiers and sailors bring their wives, sisters, or sweethearts. Aviation pilots bring the air-line stewardesses who fly with them. You can't keep the girls away from a uniform shop, and they are most particular of all about the becomingness of their men's uniform hats. Young boys from military school don't very much like to have their fittings superintended by their mothers, but the mothers stay right on the job just the same."

Certain textile mills specialize in the manufacture of broadcloth for uniforms, which is from four to six ounces heavier than our ordinary broadcloth, with trimming material furnished in marvelous pastel shades such as *we* never can find. Fashions in uniforms change slowly but steadily, the newest silhouette featuring wide English shoulders and a nippy waist. Our most magnificent uniforms are those worn by hotel servitors and doormen at night clubs. Grandest military get-up Mr. Stroock's tailors have made in many a year was the $250 uniform they turned out for Colonel Hubert Fauntleroy Julian, colored soldier of fortune, when he returned from Ethiopia. . . . Several women are leading uniform designers, among them Marcia Connor and Mary A. Lindsley.

☆ Separating from his wife fourteen years ago, an affectionate father stipulated that he should not see his daughter and son again until they reached college age. He would permit no realization of the disrupted home to sadden their childhood. They knew only their mother. Now the time is up. The children are grown, and the father is meeting them this winter. . . . "I believe they like me," he told a friend of mine with whom he is associated in business. "For their sake," he said, "I've tried hard to stay youthful. I didn't want to meet them as an old man. Waiting for them has kept me young." . . . What a strange consequence of divorce!

☆ *Transparent Tortoise* is the latest word in handbag accessories. Smart compacts and cigarette cases are fabricated of composition simulating light brown tortoise shell; are mounted and monogrammed with gold metal. Little globes of this same tortoise-shell composition dangle by the dozen from newest necklaces and bracelets. The color is said to flatter any complexion.

☆ Have just heard a haunted-ghost story—a ghost story haunted for me, personally, by a recollection out of my own life. . . . The story was told to me by a Finnish lady who now resides here. As a bride in Finland, she went to visit her husband's family at a village near the Russian border. Late one afternoon she ran downstairs screaming that she had seen a man hanging from a rafter in the attic. Her in-laws laughed and showed her the *man* was only a tree shadow that was cast through the attic window at twilight.

But the vividness of the hallucination clung to her and stirred her curiosity.

She investigated and discovered the fact that a famous revolutionary priest *had* been found hanging from a rafter there in the attic during the terrible days of Czarist tyranny. . . . The story haunts me because I knew that priest, and because he told me, a year before his murder, that he was sure he would die *with a noose around his neck.*

☆ Letter from a Tennessee girl, with a description of what the young people down her way call *farming dates.* "The young farmer," she says, "invites you to ride with him all morning or afternoon over the widespread plantation where his field hands are at work. You hear them chanting their old plantation songs. You wear smartly rough clothes to harmonize with whatever informal working attire your escort may have on. If he is attractive the *date* can be wonderful! You get a luxuriant slice of nature inside the rind . . . and you get a mighty good idea of the young farmer's prospects, if you're that interested."

Romantic Southern gals—yet not entirely impractical, as this one admits. Nice letter!

☆ Two effective new books on the husband-and-wife situation: Marriages Are Made at Home, by Clarita de Forceville (published by Alfred A. Knopf); and Getting Along Together, by Marjorie D. Kern (published by Robert M. McBride and Co.).

Countess de Forceville, author of Marriages Are Made at Home.

☆ Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne contributed this elegant new hamburger idea to the booklet, Famous Recipes by Famous People, recently published by the Del Monte Hotel in California. . . . Put 1¼ pounds lean beef 4 times through grinder. Mix with 4 eggs, 2 tablespoons finely chopped onions, 2 tablespoons chopped pickled beets, 1 cup cream, salt and pepper, and 3 cups fresh-boiled potatoes, also finely chopped. Shape hamburgers about the size of a small apple. Fry quickly in plenty of hot butter—they should be very rare in the center.

Serve with fried potatoes and brown butter. Then listen to the applause. . . .

☆ As worthy of universal attention today as it was two thousand years ago is this proverbial saying from the Talmud, the great book of Israel: *"Do not confine your children to your own learning, for they were born in another time."*

New worlds need new thought.

"So You Married an Aviator"

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

It's thrill and shock, says one who did, but the glory you find is worth it all!

HOW does it feel to be the wife of a pilot?" "Do you ever get used to having your husband up in the air most of the time?" "Does hearing about crashes frighten you?"

These—and many more like them—are the questions flung at every woman who is married to a flyer. And I must confess that it has taken five years of stiff mental and spiritual training for me to get even to first base in the game of not showing all I feel. For the life of a pilot's wife is a constant whirl of shocks, with the throttle of life kept at top speed.

When I met Peter I was afraid of aviation and all it stood for. But falling in love with a flyer, listening to him expound his dreams of what flying meant to him, soon transformed me into one of the greatest boosters for the air.

Perhaps I was carried away by a pair of wings, as so many others are, for when Peter and I married, I found the hazards and irregularities of a professional flyer's life pretty hard to take. It meant a complete readjustment of my ideas of living. Just when I thought I had a husband, he was yanked out from under my nose, shuttled here and there. But I argued myself out of my feeling of rebellion. Who was I, I reasoned, to stand in the way of a career Peter loved?

Of course I had my hours of worrying. What flyer's wife hasn't? One of these times came when Peter was flying the mail between Los Angeles and Salt Lake City, a run referred to as "the graveyard." I shudder now to think of the chances they took in those days. No instruments to guide them, nothing but dead reckoning and Lady Luck!

Peter and I were planning a wedding-anniversary celebration and we calculated that he would be back from his trip on the morning of the party.

But the morning came—and went—and no Peter.

I telephoned the dispatcher at Burbank. He told me that the ship was still at Salt Lake City, "holding for weather." I wasn't worried because I had heard similar reports many times. The spring sun shone brilliantly as I went about my work, and such a thing as stormy weather elsewhere did not enter my mind.

A little after noon the dispatcher called to say the ship was on its way. At three he reported that it was fighting its way through severe storms.

I tried to stifle the fears tugging at my heart. But I was haunted by the thought of what news the next jingle of the telephone might bring.

When it came, I caught my breath. "They'll never make it," the dispatcher said. "Storms are growing more severe in those parts of the country they must fly through. . . . We believe—we hope—they have made a forced landing."

An agony of waiting, of pacing the floor as the hours dragged along. Then, at seven thirty, the telephone rang again. I flew to answer it, my heart pounding, my hand shaking as I lifted the receiver.

One of our friends was on the wire. He had been in touch with the airport all afternoon, and now he was telling me, "They've landed! The ship is just touching the ground. I knew you'd want to know!"

Want to know! Want to know, after hours of anguished waiting, that my husband was safe!

Another shattering experience came to me over the radio when Peter was flying the night mail.

I had seen him off at the airport, watched him take off, alone in the open cockpit of a single-motored ship. With the stars so close, it seemed as if he could have reached up and gathered a handful. I felt a sense of exhilaration as the ship soared. I get the same feeling to this day when I watch a plane take to the air. It makes me understand a little what flying means to Peter.

I couldn't sleep that night, and at two thirty in the morning I dropped my book and turned on the shortwave radio. I was startled to hear Pete's voice coming over the air waves: "Brinkerhoff calling Tucumcari. No report over my radio for forty minutes. Flying blind, running short of gas. I'll keep talking; perhaps some one will hear!"

A buzzing sound and then the voice again: "Brinkerhoff calling Tucumcari. I'm losing altitude. I'll give myself twenty minutes and then it's over the side."

After that, silence. I felt sobs tearing at my throat. Desperately I prayed for a miracle. A miracle was all that could save him now.

And the miracle happened. The voice came once more, this time eager, exultant: "I'm coming out of the fog. Pasture just below. Going to land."

Yes, a pilot's wife has her moments of suspense and anguish—many of them. That terrible night cured me of listening in on the shortwave radio. But nothing can cure me of the sickening sensation that comes when I hear the word "crack-up."

I REMEMBER the night the news came about Frank Perkins. Pete and I were at home, but five minutes after a telephone call had announced a crack-up on the line, we were bound for the airport.

I sat in the car while Pete went into the office. Only two nights ago Mrs. Perkins and I had waited in the same car to drive home with our husbands. And now Frank—

"Better go now, dear," Pete said when he came out. "Hard to say how long this will detain me. I may even take a train to Pittsburgh tonight. Anyway, I'll wire." And all the time I knew he was trying to tell me, "I'm going to fly a ship over myself. I'll fly through the same weather Frank did, but it's duty—duty—" A train? Never, with moments so precious!

So I drove home alone to the same bright living room where we had sat so peacefully scarcely two hours before. And I thought of Frank Perkins' wife, who would never see her husband again, never hear his gay infectious laughter. She would hold her head high, I knew; would carry on and think of the glory that was, and still *is*, if only she could see through the clouds.

And I thought, Shall we, the wives of these fortunate mortals, fret and nag them down from the clouds to some prosaic stuffy ground job, just because we may sometimes fear that Fate may snatch them from us?

For my part, I answer, No. For only those who have gone through dark hours can understand how danger can link two lives more closely, can understand the futility of pretending to be happy with a man whom you, his wife, forced to quit because you were a coward.

THE END

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READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 13 SECONDS

PENNANTS ARE WON IN THE WINTER

BY JOHN DREBINGER

A lively look at the David Harums of baseball—How today's master-minding paves the way for victories to come

HIS face wreathed in smiles, Mickey Cochrane came into the crowded hotel lobby with the air of a man who has every reason to feel justly proud of himself. The doughty pilot of the Detroit Tigers had just closed the first important deal of last December's meetings which opened in Milwaukee and closed in Chicago, and he felt reasonably certain he had made a ten-strike.

From Jimmy Dykes, manager of the White Sox, he had succeeded in obtaining Vernon Kennedy, a top-flight pitcher Dixie Walker, a fleet-footed outfielder, and Tony Piet, one of those Jack-of-all-trades around the infield.

To be sure, in return Mickey had to give up what the boys might call plenty. He parted with Gerald Walker, who is a very hard-clouting outfielder; he gave up Marvin Owen, ranked as the foremost defensive third baseman in his circuit, and a rookie catcher named Mickey Tresh. Still, from Cochrane's viewpoint it really was a very swell trade.

Then, a day later, Detroit newspapers came pouring into Chicago, and the reverberations of the blast which that notable transaction set off are still rattling windows in the motor city. In brief, Detroit did not like the deal at all and said so. As they did in Brooklyn a few years ago in the case of one Babe Herman, the fans in the motor city had come to idolize Gee Walker. What if occasionally he did reveal singular talents for running or throwing a ball to the wrong base? Herman used to do the same thing for those dear old Dodgers. But when a fellow can do that and yet hammer that apple, it somehow makes him twice as fascinating.

And now Gee Walker has gone from Detroit to Chicago—for what? Well, in the opinion of Cochrane, a pretty first-class pitcher. But Mickey is no longer smiling about it. Plainly, he is a bit worried, champing for the next season to provide his only means of vindication—the standing of the clubs next July or August.

In the meantime he can do little else besides worry, which is about what the other fifteen major-league managers also are doing as they reflect upon the deals they already have made or such other transactions they may still be holding under advisement.

Most folks have a notion baseball goes into moth balls with the last out of a World Series, and remains there until the athletes start migrating South the following February. Actually, there is no end of master-minding going on during these so-called "quiet winter months," and perhaps more pennants have been won—and lost—in December and January than in August and September.

How will some of the deals made during the current off season pan out? Viewing the Detroit-Chicago swap from an absolutely neutral corner, it looks as though each side benefited, with the White Sox getting a shade the better of it. The Sox, sorely in need of a third baseman to replace Manager Dykes, gained a high-grade third sacker in Owen, and Gee Walker is certain to give Chicago more batting punch.

To give up those two players must have caused Cochrane many a sleepless night. But Detroit simply had to pick up another top-ranking pitcher to take up the slack caused by the defection of Schoolboy Rowe last summer. Hence the gamble.

Among the first to spring a deal after the last World Series were the Dodgers, who obtained the veteran shortstop Leo Durocher from the Cardinals. The move did not inspire much enthusiasm in Brooklyn, for Lippy Leo admittedly has slid, as we say, over the hill. But old hands who have outlived their usefulness in one spot often can be employed with beneficial results elsewhere.

In granting Tony Lazzeri his unconditional release so that he might embark on what he hopes will be a successful managerial career by accepting a coaching job with the Chicago Cubs, the Yankees did a rather sporting thing but one that may yet prove costly. For years Tony has been the keyman of the Yankee infield, the fellow the others looked to for advice in the tight spots. Replacing old Tony will prove no simple matter even though the Yanks have got a brilliant prospect in the youthful Gordon coming up from Newark.

There is, in truth, no telling what far-reaching influences a trade may have upon a ball club's future destinies. After the 1927 season, for reasons believed to be more political than otherwise, the Giants shipped off both Rogers Hornsby and Burleigh Grimes. Whereupon, in 1928, the Rajah led the league in hitting and Grimes won twenty-five games for the Pirates. As the Giants that year blew the pennant by only two games, one needs to be no mathematical wizard to figure out how far off the mark those two swell deals strayed.

The late Miller Huggins once said that the key to managerial success lay in the ability to make fine trades.

"The proof of that is," he said, "you rarely see a successful manager who is not also a successful and shrewd trader."

The Little Miller modestly excluded himself, though actually the Hug rated as one of the best David Harums in the game. So much so, in fact, that during his last years he found it almost impossible to swing a deal, so profound was the respect his rivals entertained for him. For it had become a generally accepted fact that a player let go by Huggins rarely if ever amounted to anything after that.

McGraw was a crafty and utterly fearless trader. True, he made many mistakes, but that was because he was always in there swinging, and the continued presence of the Giants in the thick of nearly every pennant fight during his thirty-year reign was largely attributable to his skill as a dealer in baseball ivory.

It takes cunning and courage for a major-league manager to swing a big deal with a strong rival club, plus a certain hardening of the heartstrings as well. For among ballplayers thrown together for many years on one ball club, along with a manager who perhaps rose from their very ranks, there often develop lasting friendships.

Few observers consider Bill Terry very long on sentiment. Yet last summer Bill confided to me that the

White Sox Piet, Kennedy, and Dixie Walker (l. to r. top), who were exchanged for Tigers Tresh, Owen, and G. Walker (bottom) in the season's first big swap. Manager Jimmy Dykes (left center) took a bow. Detroit's Mickey Cochrane heard from the fans.

toughest job he ever had to undertake since becoming manager of the Giants came when he had to tell Freddie Fitzsimmons he had just been traded to the Dodgers.

Fitz, Terry, Carl Hubbell, Freddie Lindstrom, Mel Ott, and Travis Jackson had all been reared under McGraw, and under the regime of the Old Man had traveled pretty much together. Lindstrom and Terry had been great pals, but a rift set in when Terry got the managership upon McGraw's retirement in 1932. Before the close of the year, however, the two had patched up their differences. They even shared the same apartment in New York. But the following winter Terry decided it would be best for all concerned if Lindy went elsewhere and traded him off to the Pirates. Now Lindstrom has come back to Terry, but only to help out the Giants' farm club in Jersey City.

Ballplayers themselves take these shifts in their fortunes more or less philosophically. Terry a few winters ago caused a furor when he frankly confessed he had been trying to trade the great Hubbell to the Pirates for Larry French and Lindstrom, whom he had sent there only the year before.

The strategic idea behind this was to prevent the Cubs from getting French, Terry feeling certain the acquisition of this left-hander would surely win a pennant for Chicago. By taking French himself the Giants would have a southpaw who would take up some of the slack caused by Hubbell's departure, and then there would be Lindstrom to offer in another deal.

For some peculiar reason, the Giant offer fell flat. French did go to the Cubs and actually fulfilled all of Terry's fears. Larry did pitch the Cubs into a pennant in 1935, and Lindstrom's hitting also played a vital part in that memorable stretch drive of twenty-one straight victories.

As for Hubbell, he was asked some time later what he would have done had the Giants traded him to the Pirates. Whereupon the placid ol' Hub merely shrugged his shoulders and replied:

"Why, nothing, I guess, except put on a Pittsburgh uniform and pitch the best I know how. It's all part of the game."

Clubs well stocked with hitting talent but short on pitching material will try to do business with teams equipped the other way around. Charlie Grimm of the Cubs had that in mind last winter when he traded Lon Warneke, one of his ace pitchers, to the Cardinals for Jimmy Collins, long-distance-hitting first baseman, and Roy Parmelee, a rather uncertain pitcher.

As it turned out, the trade failed to win for either party; for, though Warneke did have an exceptionally fine season, the collapse of both Deans eliminated the Cards. And just as the Chicagoans were moving to the height of their pennant drive in August, Collins fractured a bone in his foot. Things like that will gum up the finest calculations.

What tickles managers most is when they pluck a rather obscure player from some rival club and by giving him regular work develop him into a first-class performer. Terry pulled two such deals on the Cardinals in the winter of 1933, when he obtained Gus Mancuso, second-string catcher, and Burgess Whitehead, utility infielder. Both have been vital factors in bringing three pennants to the Giants in the last five campaigns.

Joe McCarthy, headman of the Yankees, rates as an extremely sagacious trader. Preparing for the 1936 race, he obtained the right-handed pitcher Irving Hadley from the Senators, and shipped the brilliant but temperamental Johnny Allen to the Indians for the more tractable Monte Pearson. Temperament also prompted him to trade fiery Ben Chapman to the Senators for the less dashing Jake Powell, and the combination of Pearson, Powell, and Hadley helped the Yanks roar through two straight pennant and World Series triumphs.

The building up of all-star casts by way of player transactions and purchases is another illusion of which most managers have become painfully aware. Tom Yawkey, philanthropic owner of the Red Sox, has spent more than $500,000 to acquire such stars as Jimmy Foxx, Bob Grove, the Ferrell brothers, Joe Cronin, and the like. But the Sox are still chasing that elusive pennant.

The Giants in 1928 had a team "on paper" that looked practically unbeatable with an infield consisting of Terry, Hornsby, Jackson, and Lindstrom. But the team never did win until Terry came along with a pair of eyes that could see beyond the glare of shining stars and focus on such lesser lights as the Mancusos, Whiteheads, Blondy Ryans, and Kiddo Davises.

A precarious business, this trading in baseball ivory, and as one old-timer once remarked at a major-league winter meeting when somebody said nothing was going on: "No, not much. Only over there are two managers, Bill McKechnie and Casey Stengel, hatching up a trade which may cost the one or the other his job."

THE END

That's Another Story

BY PHYLLIS DUGANNE

Liberty's SHORT SHORT

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 4 SECONDS

SPIKE CARTER told me this himself, and I wouldn't know if you'd call it comedy or tragedy. Spike was a little drunk when he told it, but then, he was a little drunk when it happened. Spike was mostly a little drunk, which didn't keep him from being one of the best newspaper reporters on either side of the Atlantic.

Every one knows who Mildred Adams is—every one who can read or listen to a radio. Primarily, of course, her work has been for children—child-labor legislation, child welfare, education, what have you—but any good cause is Mildred's meat. She can get money and publicity and influential backing for a project quicker than Congress can increase taxes. That Garbo reticence of hers isn't an act, but it adds up.

Well. Most people who know Spike know that Mildred is his pet hate, but a lot of them don't know that once he was married to her—back when he worked on the old World in New York and she was a sweet kid with hardly a thought reaching beyond the walls of their three-room apartment on Perry Street. Spike told me what he told her when he left: Marriage bored him, she bored him, and the baby bored him, and he was getting out. He plunked half the family capital—around a hundred dollars—down on the gate-leg table, and went to Europe.

About a year later he came back to New York and was going to look her up and see how she was and maybe help her some, and already she was doing nicely. He never could do anything to clean the slate, so he took it out by hating her. Whenever he'd see her picture in a paper—hair parted in the middle, brow serene, nice steady eyes, a kind of Madonna face—he'd say things. Actually, she wasn't smug or complacent or self-satisfied or holier-than-thou, but there wasn't any use in trying to tell Spike that.

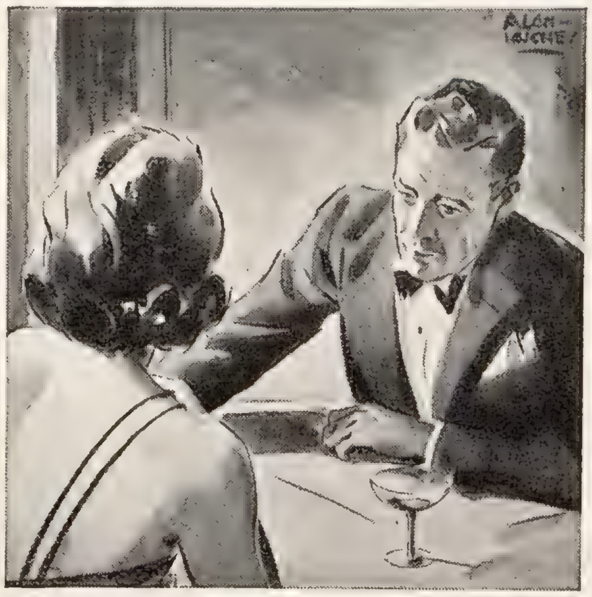
HE was in Biarritz that July, and drove down with a bunch to a night spot south of Saint-Jean-de-Luz.

When he saw her he couldn't believe his eyes. Her hair was curled, and there was mascara on those fine eyes and rouge on that sympathetic mouth. Not too much, you understand. She was wearing an evening dress that glittered and slippers with rhinestone heels.

The man she was with was good-looking, younger than Mildred, and Spike, who has one of those photographic memories, knew he'd seen the guy but couldn't place him. He was slim and dark and so tall that Mildred, who is a little woman anyway, had to tilt her head way back to smile at him when they danced. And apparently she tilted her head plenty.

Spike watched for a long time and put two and two together.

Then she looked across and saw him and turned white, and the guy with her leaned forward and took her hand and said something, and she shook her head and then nodded, and right away they got up and went out. Spike got a car and told the driver to follow them. And when they drew up at a quiet little hotel in Saint-Jean, Spike ambled into the lobby behind them and watched them get a key—one key—and go on up in the elevator together.



He strolled into the café and sat there, chuckling to himself, and whether he really meant to make something of it or not, I don't know. I guess he doesn't, either, but he had a fine time playing with the idea, seeing it in the tabloids and picture papers: "Miss Mildred Adams, well known welfare worker, economist and authority on child legislation . . ."

Then she said, "Hello, Spike," and sat down at his table, and he grinned.

"You followed us, didn't you?" she asked.

He nodded. "Naturally I'd be curious."

He was still grinning; and then, he said, the grin just suddenly stopped. He was looking at her, and she was looking straight back at him, and he said it came over him that she wasn't smug or complacent or holier-than-thou. She was what she had always been, sweet and gentle and so very dull.

This was probably her last fling at romance. She certainly hadn't gotten much romantic satisfaction out of her marriage with him.

"Please go away, Spike," she said. "This is—being a very special time for me. Please don't spoil it."

"You really care for him, don't you?"

"Care for him!" she repeated, and he interrupted her. She still bored him. He didn't want to hear about how she felt.

"Skip it, Mildred," he told her brusquely. "I haven't seen you. In fact, I wasn't here."

She put one hand out, like a child, and she didn't seem ashamed or defiant at all, just helpless and grateful. She started to say something, but he cut her short, so she stood up and said, "Thank you, Spike," and went away.

He started to go out, but before he reached the door curiosity got the better of him.

He went over to the desk and asked to see the register. It jumped out at him, and he started to get mad. Mildred and this guy using his name. "Mrs. Mildred A. Carter—Mr. William Carter—Suite 7-C."

There was a mirror over the mailboxes, with the back of the night clerk's head reflected in it, and Spike looked up and saw his own reflection. Hair getting just a touch gray, dark eyes a little pouchy from liquor, but he's still a handsome man. I said he was one of those newspaper reporters with photographic memories. He had known, back there in the night spot, when he saw them dancing together that the young guy's face was familiar. He stood there so long, staring, that the clerk got jittery.

"Monsieur wishes something?"

It was 1919 when he left Mildred. That would make the kid nearly twenty years old. William Carter, eh?

For just a minute, I guess, Spike came close to getting sentimental. But it was a little late in the day for that, and anyway Spike isn't the sort of guy to get sentimental.

He looked away from the mirror, back at the clerk.

"Yeah," he said. "I want to get a car to take me to Biarritz."

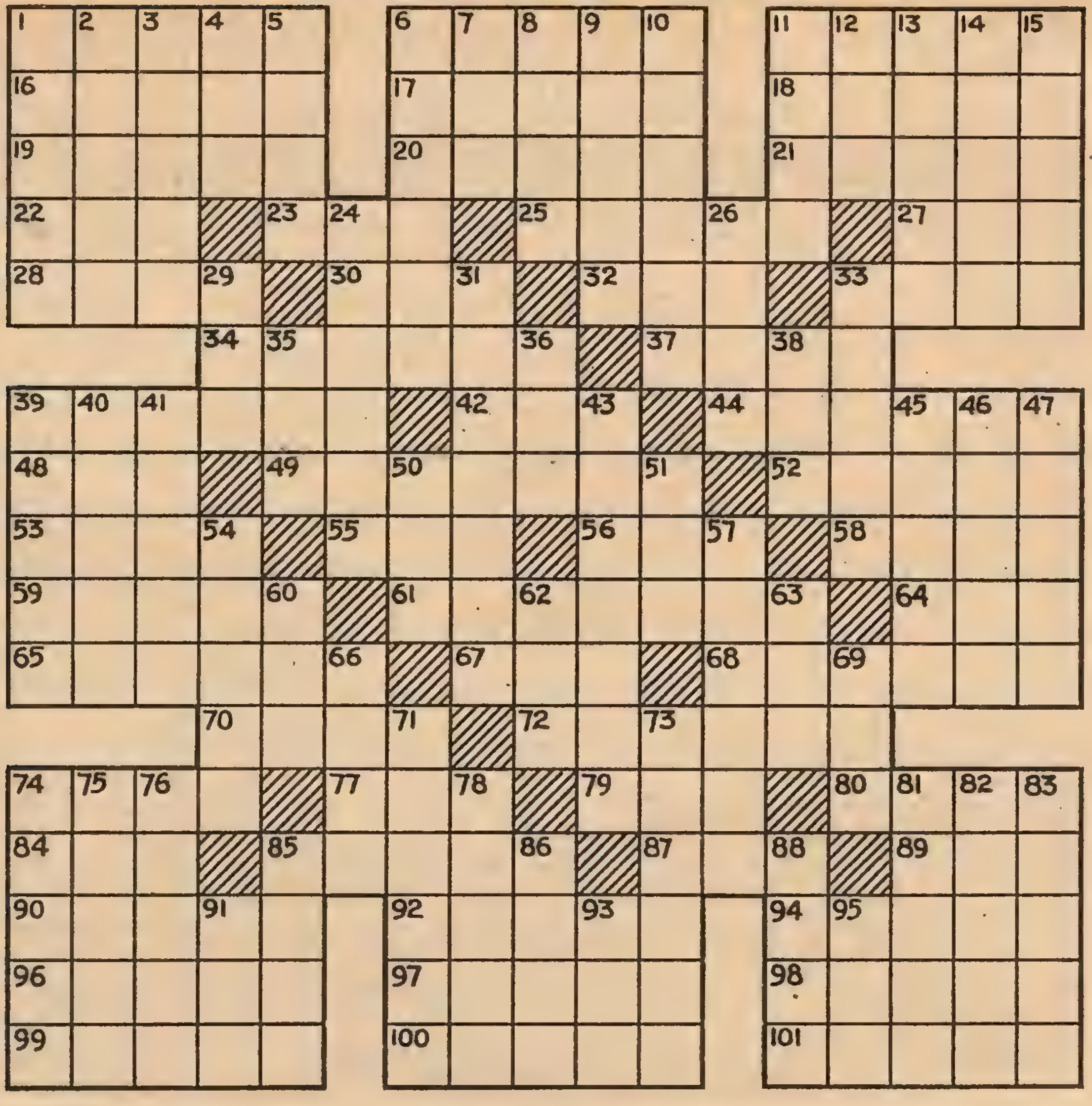
THE END

ON THE AIR

Like Liberty Short Shorts? They're on the air three times weekly over WLW, Cincinnati; WHN, New York; WFIL, Philadelphia; WLS, Chicago, as a feature, That's My Story. Each week three complete dramatizations.

TUNE IN!

CROSSWORDS



HORIZONTAL

1 Part of a flower
6 Principal
11 Slave of Sarah (Bib.)
16 Bring into line
17 Angry
18 Elliptical
19 Ties
20 A brush of twigs
21 A fruit
22 Poem
23 Latchet of a shoe
25 Wished
27 Point of the compass
28 Try
30 Free from deductions
32 Man's nickname
33 Increased
34 To give
37 Mature
39 Globe
42 Slight bow
44 Recount
48 Definite article
49 Oriental
52 Severity
53 File
55 American general
56 Row
58 Soft, fluffy feathers
59 Something of value
61 Enveloped completely
64 Born
65 Pared
67 Slight taste
68 Molds
70 Join to the end of
72 Ancient priests
74 Rotating pieces
77 Plunder
79 Underworld god
80 Frayed

		X	M	A	S	J	E	W	E	L	R	Y		
	F	I	A	C	R	E	■	H	A	B	E	A	S	
M	A	I	N	E	■	S	K	I	■	S	A	C	K	S
I	R	I	S	■	S	T	E	P	S	■	P	H	E	W
A	M	I	■	W	H	E	Y	■	L	A	■	T	I	E
M	E	■	S	E	E	R	■	P	U	P	S	■	N	E
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		R	A	P	■	A	L	E	■	M	U	G		
S	C	A	R	■	S	L	Y	■	F	I	G	H	T	S
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	T	U	M	B	L	E	■	T	E	U	T	O	N	
		B	I	C	A	R	B	O	N	A	T	E		

Answer to last week's puzzle

84 Peer Gynt's mother
85 Phoebe
87 A tree
89 Pastry
90 Range of hills
92 Woman's name
94 Alert
96 Notions
97 Agitated
98 Tuned
99 Animal
100 Burns
101 Pitchers

VERTICAL

1 Wooden shoe
2 Strike out
3 Longs for
4 Conjunction
5 Unless
6 Lied
7 Anger
8 Daring
9 Backless seat
10 Frame of mind
11 Grasp
12 Hail!
13 Pluckier
14 Expiate
15 Refresh
24 Make enduring
26 Arab commander
29 Three (Ital.)
31 Cloth stretchers
33 Frozen
35 Sooner than
36 Fish spawn
38 By
39 To flog
40 Appearance
41 German state
43 Let fall
45 Past
46 Drying cloth
47 Birds of prey
50 Stitch
51 Short sleep
54 Hides
57 Lax
60 Beverage
62 Indisposed
63 Small mark
66 Dreadful
69 Moisture
71 Depresses
73 Food (pl.)
74 Brazilian Indian
75 Off the main way
76 Greek enchantress
78 Give the lie to
81 Suppose
82 Stream
83 Requirements
85 Nuisance
86 Woman's name
88 Dislike ardently
91 A fuel
93 Ever (poetic)
95 Animal's call

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

HENRY FONDA IN NEW ROLE GIVES STAR PERFORMANCE

Henry Fonda, as a college professor, takes an altogether different part in "I Met My Love Again", a Walter Wanger Picture.

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FOR ALL GEM AND EVER-READY RAZORS

THE UNBREAKABLE Mrs. Doll

READING TIME ● 31 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

GLORY PITCHER, brought up by Sam Doll as his daughter, in the deserted hotel in the Colorado mountains where he is hiding to escape arrest for a crime he did not commit, marries Jefferson Doll, Sam's son, after the older man's death.

The two set out for Texas to seek their fortune in the oil fields, and Jeff makes a strike. He immediately takes Glory to Dallas and, with the help of Gilbert King, a wealthy oil man, introduces her to the luxuries she has lacked all her life. Jeff is proud of his beautiful young wife and his one aim is to shower on her the best that the world has to offer.

Glory is terribly excited at her first glimpse of a real city with glittering hotels and shops full of clothes. Two things trouble her, however. One is her deep and passionate feeling for Donald Frick, a young engineer from the East—a feeling so different from the quiet, almost protective love she feels for Jeff. Donald is present always in her thoughts, even though, at the time, he is far away from Texas, at the bedside of his sick wife.

The other thing that bothers her is that she and Jeff have had no children. When she talks to Jeff about this he is embarrassed and evasive. Glory goes to a doctor to find out if she is capable of having a child. On her first visit, she sees Jeff going into the office just after she has come out, but she does not let him know she has seen him.

After several visits the doctor tells her that there is no reason why she shouldn't have as many children as she wants.

PART SIX—A WOMAN BETWEEN TWO MEN

MY husband has been coming to you, too," Glory said to the doctor.

"Yes."

"What for?"

"Mrs. Doll, it is contrary to the ethics of our profession to discuss a patient."

"But he did come as a patient, huh?"

The doctor nodded, his face freezing unpleasantly.

"And at that rate you haven't discussed me with him. Right?"

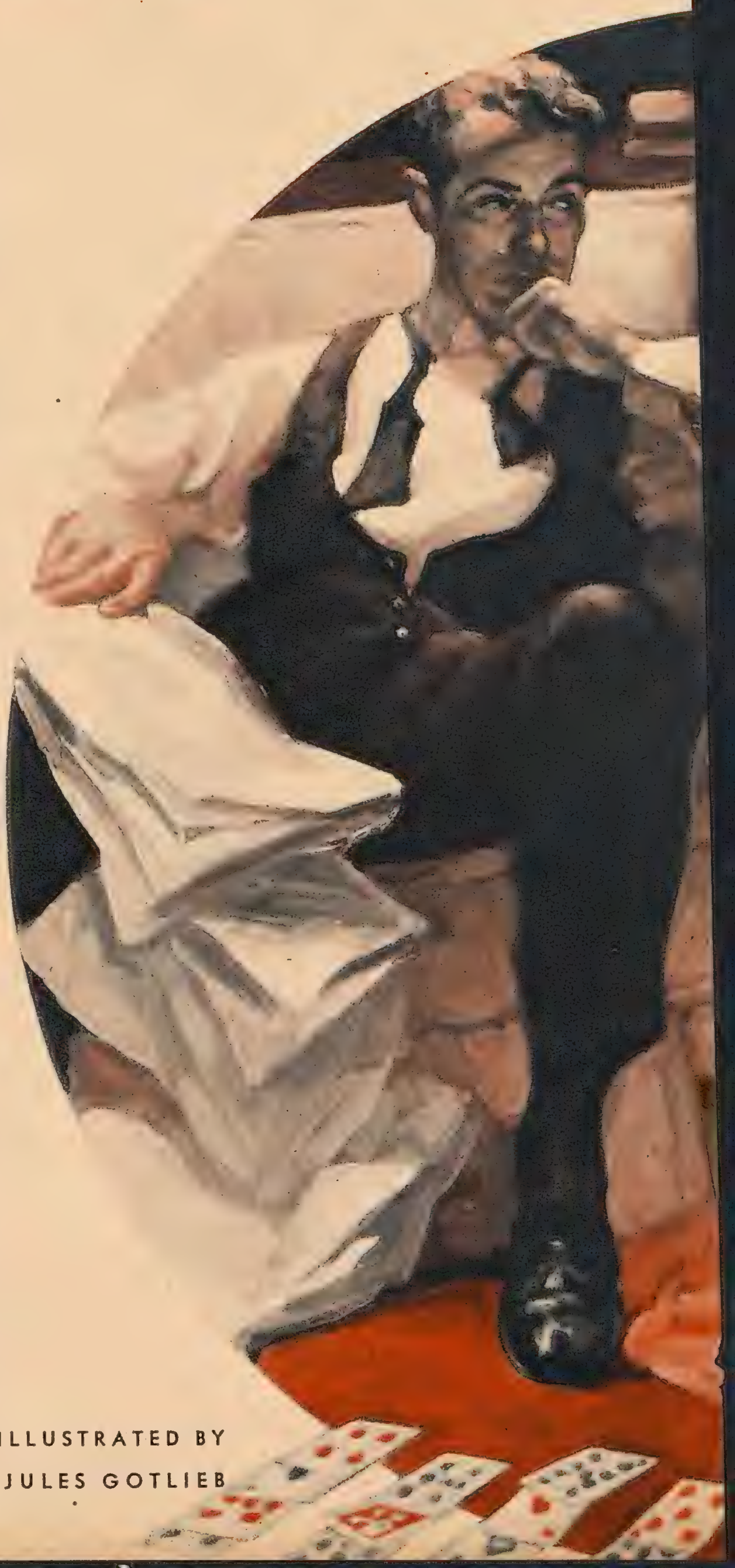
"Absolutely."

"O. K."

In the outer office she wrote, as she had been instructed, her first check. The doctor's bill was a whale of a sum, but she felt she had had her money's worth and it was great fun to write it off like that and blow it dry. Yes, her money's worth, she repeated over and over to herself when she had time to think: sitting at a table while Mr. King and Jeff and other men talked business over their coffee; lying back in a fine sudsy tub. Because that check had bought her ease of mind. The trouble was not with her. She could look at her long body in the full-length bathroom mirror, rub her hands down the full stretch of her sides, and know she was all right.

But did Jeff know that? Was he waiting for her to tell him? Or did he even know that she knew? And when, if ever, was he going to do a little explaining on his own?

His laughter, booming out in the room beyond, warmed her. He was so good to her, so sweet, so very happy these



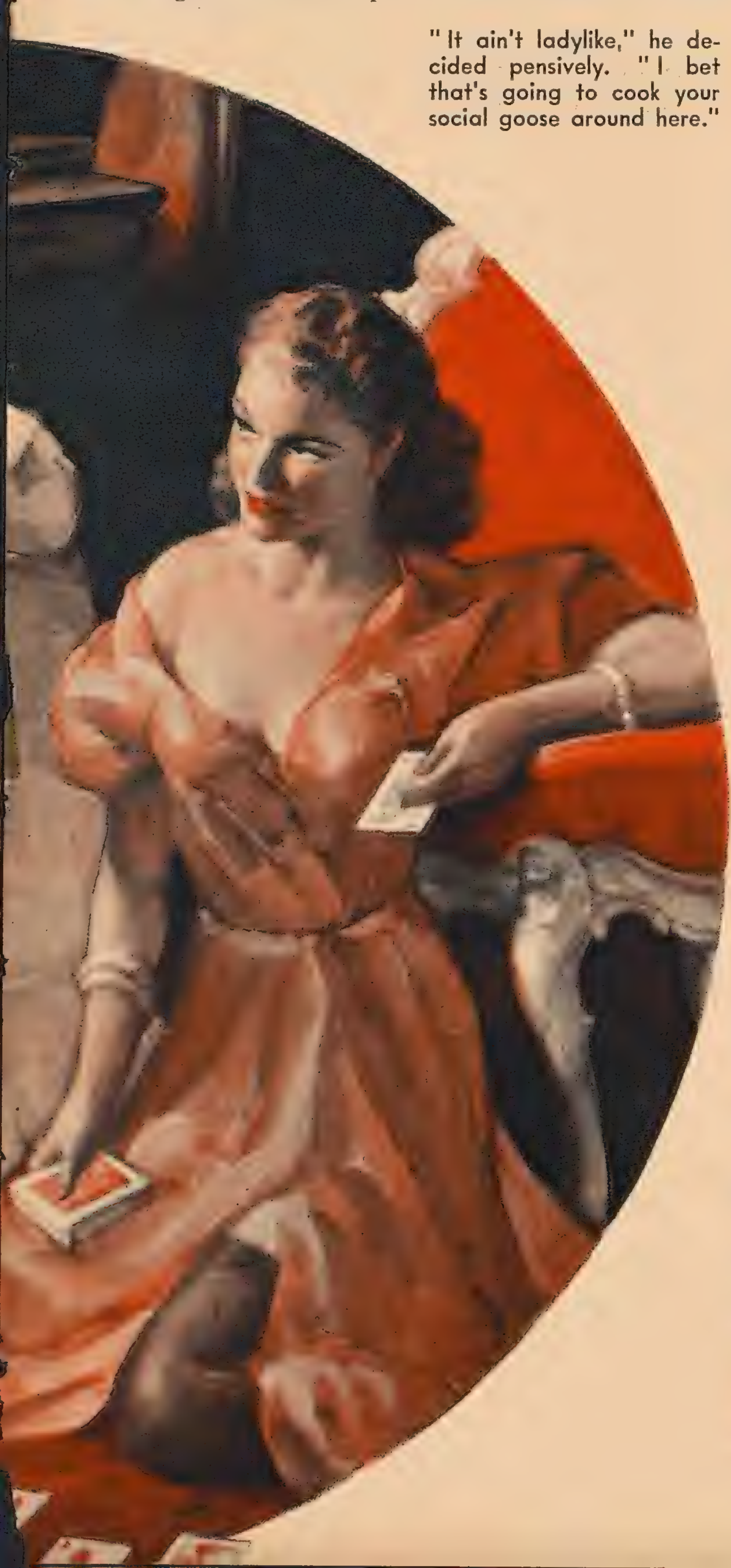
ILLUSTRATED BY JULES GOTLIEB

days. He reveled in seeing her in her velvet negligees, her cloth-of-silver lounging pajamas. He loved to fasten with his own clumsy fingers the big diamond brooch he had bought for her throat, the diamond bracelet for her still coarse wrist.

He looked pretty cute himself these days. His big homeliness was magnificent in a tuxedo, which somehow made his great lumbering steps boyish and endearing.

" Shucks, they'll have me wearing plants in my buttonhole next," he growled. " I'll keep these duds in town and wear 'em only here."

He made this decision at the end of a day when he had seemed oddly high-pitched throughout, and his chunky features looked drawn with an expression of forlorn self-consciousness. Glory giggled and made a running spring at him, landing with the neatness of long practice with legs around his hips and arms around his neck.



"It ain't ladylike," he decided pensively. "I bet that's going to cook your social goose around here."

" You big goof! " She rubbed his cheek with hers. " You hate all this. Tomorrow, if you're a good boy, I'll take you out and let you buy some guns and a horse and a swell saddle and a couple of gross of poker chips—and—O-o-o-oh! "

She screamed as he marched over and dumped her sprawling on the bed. But she caught at him and pulled him down beside her. After a little roughhouse they lay quiet, and she asked with a sort of dreamy wonder:

" What *do* you want, Jefferson, my man? "

Without moving he talked up to the ceiling, his voice strained and dry:

" I want to go back to Ceres, where I belong. And I want you to stay here and be a lady for me. And I want to come up and watch your show every so often. Very often. And I want you to be glad you're mine. That's all."

She moved only her hand, clasping his.

" There's a lot of things happened lately I ain't told you," Jeff went on, and she held her breath, waiting, knowing he had found the moment of courage. But she hardly expected his next announcement: " Donald Frick will be here tomorrow."

" Oh? "

" Yes; he's flying down with Mrs. King. And he'll be at that little dinner at the Kings' house. You know, the dinner when they won't dress."

She giggled responsively at Jeff's sarcastic tone. Her little informal costume for that dinner had cost eight hundred dollars.

" His wife died."

" *What?* "

She sat up with a jerk, and was instantly sorry. For, without moving, Jeff's eyes focused with deep understanding on her face.

" I said his wife died. Didn't want to tell you, because you were so happy and gay and all, having such a good time for once. Thought maybe it would upset you."

" Well—I'm sorry."

" Are you? "

" Well, of course. I'm sorry for any man . . ." She broke off and swallowed, flushing.

Jeff raised himself to one elbow, his sharp blue eyes probing her.

" You know he's crazy about you? "

" Yes. I know."

" And you—like him? "

She nodded, not looking at him.

" Well, Glory—what about it, now he's free? "

" That's a fine question," she said angrily. " I'm married to you."

Her eyes were fired with rage.

With a short laugh, Jeff leaned over and kissed her, his hands grasping her shoulders so tightly they hurt.

Then he got up and began undressing for bed, whistling softly Glory, Glory, Hallelujah. She wondered dully how long Jeff had known about her and Frick. And how much. He had seemed so unsuspecting, and Glory had never dreamed Jeff capable of any subtleties or artfulness. Watching him now at the dresser, winding the big tin watch he insisted upon carrying in the face of handsome wrist watches the jeweler tried to sell him, she marveled and admired. He was some man, her Jeff. Greater than she had imagined, by a long shot. He had stature.

He smiled at her in the mirror, and she smiled gratefully back, and rose to prepare for bed.

Waiting ends . . romance begins . . and a tense, glamorous novel of tempest and passion soars to thrilling heights

BY GRACE PERKINS

Author of Modern Lady, No More Orchids, etc.

They had lain silent a long time in the darkness before he spoke: " Mrs. Doll."

" Yes, Mr. Doll? "

" Remember—your telling me what you wanted most in the world? "

" Sure," she said faintly.

" I think, perhaps, in a year or so . . . do you mind waiting that long? Because—the doctor says we haven't any in stock right now, but they're on order."

She caught her breath. *Poor Jeff!* That time in the desert when he almost died . . . Of course! She knew he had been hit hard, but she hadn't appreciated before the toll. . . . She remembered the fall, his horse on top of him . . . and she realized for the first time how long and how slow his recovery was. . . .

She turned her head slightly, enough to see the outline of his dear face. He was lying so tense, keyed to the need of facing things honestly.

She'd match him. " I wasn't in any hurry, Jeff." She managed to sound casual.

" Good. You can put your mind on having a whale of a fine time for a year or so before you settle down. He says—the medicine man—it might take a year, or a little longer, or—well, if it isn't then, guess it never would be. But I don't believe that. But I just want to know—that you'll stick."

She lay very still while one tear rolled down her cheek and hit the pillow.

" Don't worry about my sticking," she vowed solemnly, speaking from her heart to the man she knew wanted to give her everything. " I'm Mrs. Glue. Because, hang it, I love you, darling."

GLORY knew, before the King dinner party was half over, that she was a pain in the slender white neck of her hostess. Jeff and Donald Frick were her loving allies, and Gilbert King himself was definitely lined up with her, moving bag and baggage into her camp as the evening matured.

But the ladies were another shade of cheval. The little dinner of four had become a little dinner of six, to provide a suitable balance to the presence of Donald Frick. Her name was Constance Brimmer, and her game was pretty apparent to any one who was not blind. For quite clearly Miss Brimmer was gladder than decency permitted that Donald Frick was a widower. Years of intimacy of perhaps the nobler kind were nicely stressed by Miss Brimmer's every word and gesture. And if Miss Brimmer did not become Mrs. Frick in a year flat it would be no fault of Miss Brimmer nor of her loyal friends.

Right smack from the first moment, Glory sensed that she herself was overdressed. That nice Sadie Cartwright had warned her, but Jeff and Glory had gone in for glitter nevertheless. Those who say redheads can't wear red would admit themselves liars on seeing Glory in a high-necked and long-sleeved tunic of red sequins over a long black skirt. She was stunning. But hardly appropriate for a little Sunday-night dinner. At her throat was the ruby-and-emerald cross that Joe Lopez had given her. It seemed garish in comparison to the delicate strings of pearls the other ladies wore.

Mrs. Gilbert (Kitty) King had been dressed correctly in the cradle. She was small, slender, and reminded one of oil paintings in dark halls. Her prematurely white hair was swirled softly around her fine head. Her dark-blue dinner dress was faultless. She went in for languor, a soft drawl, and heavy lids.

Constance Brimmer was one of those girls whose fathers had lost practically everything. He was going slowly around the world to forget it, and Constance had rented the duplex and was living off her friends. You know—a few weeks here, and a season there. She was blonde and young and mighty interesting. She drank with nice quiet frenzy, and it was unfortunate that Jeff tried to keep up with her. She had a darling way of pulling men's ears or pinching their cheeks, and an enviable technique in sprawling. There's nothing more effective than to sprawl elegantly. It's so exquisitely rude. Constance knew about everybody and everything, and her conversation cemented the evening. The only trouble was that Glory got buried in the cement and felt it harden around her so that she couldn't move.

It was best not to move anyway, she decided. She was conscious of legs and knees caught by her fine draped black skirt, and of high heels and of a murderously tight girdle. She realized Jeff shouldn't chat with the butler, light a match on his pants, nor smoke a pipe with cocktails, and she gathered there was no need for her to jump up and help a heavily laden servant with the door. Hors d'oeuvres got her down completely. But the dinner table did her in.

She frowned over her silver and turned to Mr. King.

" Where did you swipe these? " she asked cordially.

" What do you mean, Glory? "

" They're not your initials. K. A. W."

" Those are my wife's maiden initials. All women do that."

" Well, well," Glory marveled, and flashed a large smile down the table to her hostess. " Pretty cute. I bet they outwear many a husband."

Kitty King's expression iced.

" That may be a score," she said slowly. " But we don't play those rules."

Glory, baffled, gazed from Frick to Gilbert King.

" I'm Kitty's fifth husband, my dear," he said.

" Oh, heavens! " Glory gasped. " Gee, don't mind me, Mrs. King. I not only don't know silver styles but I don't know anything about your past. And besides it wouldn't matter to me. My father was married so many times I got fed up and ran away."

" Indeed? " Constance Brimmer chirped, spoiling for fun. " And who *was* your father? "

Glory studied her for a moment.

" He was a bum," she said brightly. " Sometimes he sold goat's milk, and sometimes he sold the goats. Mostly he just went from place to place, sponging off people."

Constance Brimmer put her glass down smartly.

Both Gilbert King and Donald Frick applied themselves to their soup.

And Glory, conscious that again she had said something wrong, threw discretion over her spangled shoulder.

" You couldn't come from poorer white trash than I did," she boasted honestly. " But I ran away, and I was brought up by Jeff's father."

" Yesh," said Jeff, with an owlish nod of affirmation.

" Is that so? " Mrs. King's voice was strained honey. Very strained. " And what did *he* do? "

" He was a fugitive."

Gilbert King guffawed—and was immediately silenced by his wife's flashing eyes.

" A fugitive? " Kitty King echoed.

" Yes, ma'am. You know—from justice. We hid out together for years."

" Yesh," agreed Jeff again, in case any one might doubt his beautiful wife.

THE whole thing was very sad," Glory continued, conscious of interest, however varied. " He thought he had killed a man, and the law thought he had pulled a robbery. Come to find out, he didn't do either. Only, poor old Sam, he never knew."

" He died before he found out? " Frick was genuinely interested. He had always wanted to know that story.

" Yup. It was dreadful. Either Jeff or I shot him."

" *What?* " demanded Constance.

" Oh, it was an accident. We never knew which of us shot him."

" I think," said Constance pointedly to the man who was pouring champagne, " that I've had enough."

" It's quite possible that Mr. Doll feels the same way? " said their hostess acidly.

Glory flushed and decided she'd make the woman pay for the hurt shamed expression with which Jeff looked around, abashed.

" Didn't any of the five husbands teach you not to spoil a man's fun? " she marveled softly.

" Really! " gasped Kitty. " I've had about all I . . . ."

" *Kitty!* " Gilbert King's voice was like suède. " We're entertaining."

" Thash right." Jeff agreed. " And you're doin' it real pretty, Mshsh. King. I hope you teach my li'l' Glory to do it ash pretty. My Glory wansh learn everything fine. And you know what I think, Mshsh. King, do you? *I* think you're the finesh lady I ever met and come closh to bein' a *queen.*"

"Good going, buddy," Connie giggled beside him. "Why don't you drink a toast to it?"

"Yesh," Jeff agreed. "I drink to the privi—the privi—"

"Privilege," Connie prompted.

Jeff patted her black-laced shoulder.

"Do as much for you some day," he promised. "Drink to the privilege of being entertained by a queen. In her little palash."

He sat down again, beaming.

"Isn't it a beautiful housh?" he smiled over at Glory.

"It's a dream," she nodded.

"We had it especially copied," Mrs. King explained, fully possessed of her poise again, "to the last detail, from the small summer palace of the Cardinal of Milan."

"It's pretty slick, all right," Glory agreed.

"Would you like a house like thish one?" Jeff demanded.

"You bet!" said Glory.

"O. K.," said Jeff, and pulled out a notebook, licked a stub of a pencil, and made a note.

Constance, tipping the book so that she might see, read, laughed inordinately, and then read aloud:

"Build house like Kings' for Glory."

HE started the house the next day —which was like Jeff. By sundown, with the approval of Gilbert King, Jeff had bought twenty acres which were to be the park he had promised his wife, and he had engaged the architect who had done the King house.

"Got to get back to Ceres soon," he explained briefly, "and want to get things started for Glory."

At luncheon Frick listened to the building plans and smiled wickedly.

"Why don't you engage the same interior decorator?" he suggested dryly.

"What's that?" Glory demanded.

"An interior decorator?" Gilbert King held up his glass of acidophilus milk and studied it. "Why, he's a man who provides background for women who haven't any."

"That's me," agreed Glory amiably.

"I'll buy you one, dear," said Jeff, and made a note in his book.

Frick and Gilbert King exchanged glances, the older and the younger man both bitten by the same dog. They could envy Jeff and despise him, but they could not hate him. They could warm themselves meagerly at the bright blaze of his wife, yet, because of his extravagant love, they could not poke the fire; they could feel only a sort of idiotic godfatherly attitude toward his feverish devotion.

Glory, watching Frick covertly, could figure none of these things. She watched him daily, nightly, for some cue, and found him strange.

Yet he was ever-present. In the

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Royal Hotel, Glory and three men lunched regularly enough to cause talk: Jeff, Gilbert King, and Frick. And at the same hotel Glory and two men dined, or joined in the lobby to go out to dine: Jeff and Frick. But though Frick was around for some eleven meals a week, he seemed far away. His eyes never sought hers, his voice held no curtained meaning; he could help her with her wrap and never touch her; he could talk and laugh and listen and never address her.

Proportionately, Jeff grew content and Glory bedeviled with irritation. Frick's behavior could mean only one thing. Long ago Glory had told Jeff that she and Frick were like an eagle and a sparrow. Evidently Frick, as a free man, saw the difference clearly. Surely all of society was hell-bent on showing him. Only once, in those first grueling social weeks of being introduced to Dallas, did Frick toss Glory a prop. And she had to ask for it.

“Is this the right sort of thing for the Hunt Club dance?” She held up a cloth-of-gold gown. “I wish you'd tell me, Frick.”

He stared long at the shimmering dress and his eyes rested briefly on her clear young face.

“For the love of Mike, Glory!” His voice was harsh. “Rules aren't for you. I thought you knew that.”

“Sounds like a crack. What do you mean, Frick?”

He made a vague gesture and walked to the window, his back to her.

"Oh! I suppose this means I've got to make my own supper!"

“I mean you're yourself,” he told the busy street below. “Stay that way. Wear what you want.”

“Wear what I want?” she echoed, frowning at his neck just above the herringbone collar. “I *will!*”

She wore a white velvet slack suit to that dance, with Jeff's big diamond brooch at the throat of a thin white cashmere sweater and a diamond clip in her gleaming red hair. She didn't know how to dance, but she did sing. She was sitting on top of a moose head on the wall of the billiard room by midnight, singing. There were might few dancing partners left up in the ballroom because of it. But Glory had a lovely time. Toward sunrise she went with a bunch of the club members down to the shooting box, and because Jeff had laid bets on her she put her mind and eye on it and copped the highest score.

The society reporter got a raise, but Glory muffed a little of his aura by making front-page headlines a few days later. She was seated in her bank, trying to understand the involved explanations that an earnest vice-president was giving her about her account, when a hold-up was staged. Glory, raising her hands as she was gruffly bidden, shot both the gangsters dead. It seems there was a gun in her handbag and she had pulled the trigger through the velvet.

“I always carry a gun,” she told the reporters. “I learned to shoot in the cradle, firing at the slats.”

Jeff, reading the newspapers that night, frowned doubtfully:

NOT THE FIRST MAN I'VE KILLED, SAYS MRS. DOLL

He rubbed his jaw and regarded Glory, who was playing solitaire on the floor.

“It ain't ladylike, Glory,” he decided pensively. “I bet that's going to cook your social goose around here.”

“Goose is just the word.” She threw back her head and laughed. “That's about all I've had from society.”

“Well,” he yawned, “there's other towns. What's Dallas, anyhow? Never heard of it a year ago.”

“Dallas is fine,” Glory said firmly. “I've lived tougher lives—don't forget that, my little millionaire. The business of society isn't going to break me. I'm the unbreakable Mrs. Doll, I'll have you know. And I'll be a lady yet, and Kitty King will boast of knowing me.”

He grinned and ruffled her red ringlets.

“Be sure I'm in town; I'll want to hear her,” he drawled. “Now that the house is started, I'm going back to Ceres. Going tomorrow.”

“Maybe I'll go with you.”

“Hey. What am I building a house for, if you ain't here? I'll be back every few weeks or so. Couldn't stay away from you long.”

WITH Jeff gone, Glory was keyed to high expectancy. Surely, surely Frick would break through his stony reserve now. If he didn't she'd make him.

The night Jeff left, Frick was to escort her to a dinner at the home of the mayor. Mrs. Doll was a heroine now, in line for a medal, a reward, and cameramen. All that excited Glory, however, was that Frick was calling for her, and she dressed with extravagant care.

He arrived—with two other gentlemen. What's more, the president of the Chamber of Commerce drove them home. And that's all the evening meant.

It continued like that until Glory caught on. Donald Frick was just not seeing her alone. She sensed a lashed tenseness in his manner. The knowledge salved her pride a little. It did mean something—it *did* mean something to him to be near her. He couldn't keep away. But he was controlling himself . . . and what a job of it he was making!

She thought wickedly: “All I'd have to do is reach up—right now—and kiss him. He'd fall to pieces.”

And then she decided, pacing up and down her hotel rooms, smoking far into the night: “All right; I'll give him the sister act to a fare-ye-well. Now that I've come to town, he can see I'm not in his class. He's sticking around, evidently, to try to cure himself. All right, Frick. I knew in my heart you weren't big. You're making it easy for me, all right, because you're no temptation at all. And I hope you marry Constance Brimmer and have a nightmare of a life.”

So she showed him very definitely in the next few weeks how completely she didn't care and how very little he mattered. She was oh-so-busy, and oh-so-startled when she forgot to keep a date and stood him up.

Frick took as much of that as he could swallow. Then one afternoon they had a short snappy scene, and he took the next plane up to New York. And Glory set about to forget him—phoning Jeff in Ceres that maybe it was about time he came up to see how she was doing.

He did. And he thought she was doing fine.

Just why it should upset Kitty King to have her house copied, when she herself had copied it from some cardinal's, was beyond Jeff. But it seemed Dallas hid its laugh behind its hand at Kitty King's expense, and the lady was whitely furious. A frigidity grew between her and her husband, who was lending amused aid to the Dolls, and who argued that, after all, a house was not copyrighted.

Because Jeff's business associates insisted, the required number of dinners were given for the Dolls to be introduced, and Jeff was put up at and joined all the best clubs. Harder and clearer with each occasion, however, the women drove it home to Glory that she was the famous Mrs. Doll, perhaps, growing more famous every time she opened her mouth—but that she was Mrs. Mud as far as they were concerned.

When her home was finished and the Dolls ensconced, the women of Dallas delivered their ultimatum. Glory, with careful social advice, planned a housewarming. She gazed long at the invitation addressed to Frick, and wrote impetuously at the bottom:

> How could the Dolls hope to warm this house without you? Come and light our first fire. JEFF and GLORY.

She stuffed it guiltily into its envelope and shot it into the mail chute before she could change her mind. He wired his answer:

> FLYING DOWN FOR THE BIG AFFAIR

Just what did that mean? Was there a hidden message? When she had written, "Come and light our first fire," had he wondered the same thing? The word "affair" snagged her, and she welcomed the challenge. It meant excitement, at any rate, and that lent color to Glory's days.

She had planned a dinner for forty. Twenty guests came. All men.

If the women of Dallas thought they would thus erase Mrs. Doll from existence, they found they only added to her growing reputation. A reputation which, of course, they wouldn't want, they told themselves in hard tones—but a reputation that landed her fair face in many social columns and coated magazines. Her dinner was extraordinarily gay, developing into one of her old singing bouts as the hours grew, with a happy table of poker at which Jeff presided.

Glory was hurt, though. The women managed that, as women always do. But nobody—not even the personal maid which she seemed suddenly to have—could ever guess that she was wounded. Nobody except Frick, who waited until Jeff went back to Ceres and then rang her bell.

SHE was in pajamas before a roaring fire, playing solitaire. She received him without rising. Her face tilted up questioningly until the servant had closed the door. Then she said: "At last."

He sat across from her on the arm of the divan.

"You don't have to take the dose that they're giving you here, Glory," he said with controlled indignation. "You can come up to New York and do it right. I'll show you. I'll put you in the right hands."

She leaned back in her blue velvet chair, staring at him.

"Your little finger is worth more than the flock of those females lashed together. I can't stand by and let them scratch you."

"Is that all you came to me about?" Her voice was muted with disbelief. Her eyes compelled him to meet her look.

He stood up. "Don't bedevil me," he warned quietly. "I'm trying to play fair. Haven't I made it clear?"

"Yes, you've shown me," she said angrily. "Just what you think of me. I was something in the desert. I was great in an oil town. I don't rate here at all—I could never be like Connie Brimmer, could I?"

"It's a good thing. What has she got to do with it?"

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"You must have been nuts about her once, Frick."

"All right, I was. That was before I ever met you. But what are we discussing Connie for?"

"You still like her."

"All right. I like a number of women."

She covered her face with her hands for a moment, and then looked dully into the fire.

"You're right. I don't know what's the matter with me, Frick. What difference does it make?"

"It makes one big difference," he said earnestly, but without moving, without coming to her. "That you misunderstood my attitude. That you thought my behavior meant criticism when it only meant keeping my end of the bargain."

When those words seeped through, she glanced up at him. "Your end of what bargain?"

He frowned. "Why—with Jeff."

He gave a low oath of exasperation at her expression. "I guess he said nothing to you!" Then he laughed shortly. "The old all-is-fair gag! I thought surely you knew. That we three were playing it out decently."

He thrust his hands in his pockets and went over to the fire. "I went to Jeff almost as soon as I got back from New York," he explained slowly. "No—it was the night after that first dinner at the Kings'. I told him, straight out, how I felt. I said I wanted him to know how matters stood and that I felt it ought to be put squarely up to you. I knew he cared enough to want you to be happy. You could get a divorce quietly. We could be married in about a year's time. Do it all decently between us—no fireworks."

She leaned back in the blue velvet chair, closing her eyes, her hands clenched tightly in her lap. Frick had meant marriage, then. But he had proposed to her husband instead of to her!

The fire crackled noisily and the flames were harshly stage-whispering.

"He told me everything then!" Donald said.

She opened her eyes and gazed at Frick's back.

"I could see what it cost him to tell me. Any man who put himself through that—any man who loved a woman enough to do that—deserves a break. It cut me from under, as he probably knew it would. It was his way of fighting. A sort of last stand. I—I gave him my word I wouldn't speak to you. For two years."

With her knuckles she impatiently scooped away the tears that were clouding her eyes. Two years! And Jeff had told her one. Poor Jeff! Stretching it hopefully. She felt a sudden wave of loneliness for him, and got to her feet impulsively. She rang the bell, and Frick turned quickly. She met his inquiring glance with her largest smile. But her eyes still glistened. . . .

"You promised to teach me how to mix cocktails; remember, Frick?" she said brightly. "You said we'd start with a champagne cocktail and work our way down. I ought to learn that and a lot more—in two years."

TWO years are not long when you keep busy. But they can seem long when you are lonely most of the time. Not that Glory was alone. For intimates she had Elsie, her maid, and old Maxie, her chauffeur, and Steve, her cook, who worshiped her. And half the town she called friends. Or maybe that percentage isn't right; maybe less than fifty per cent of Dallas is male. Many of her male friends would bring male visitors to Dallas who wanted to meet Mrs. Doll; and she was interested always, whether they were movie stars, professors, politicians, or visiting firemen. On every Thursday, the servants' day out, she would herself cook the dishes she had been famous for in the oil towns. It became an accepted thing that Gilbert King or Frick—when he was in town—would steward the wine cellar, and that Steve, her chef, would stay on and help her. It was this same cook who one day was to open one of the most successful restaurants in the South, putting up the sign:

STEVE'S EATS
Taught to Cook by the Unbreakable Mrs. Doll

making himself a minor fortune, and furthering the

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legend of the lady who was his best customer when she was in town.

Jeff came to town once a month or so, and stayed a few days. Approving the thousand dolls that Glory gave away at Christmas, approving the children's ward she endowed at the hospital, approving of everything his Glory did. She sent sewing machines and lovely materials to every woman back in Ceres, and ordered a playground equipped for their children. Jeff grew with pride as she made him visit his former home and settle on his mother a handsome trust. But Glory would not go with him—and Jeff was not crass enough to ask her.

It pleased Jeff that distinguished men from all over the world came to Dallas to meet Mrs. Doll. Texas was really too small for Glory, he explained back in Ceres over beer. It never surprised him to meet a famous aviator, a foreign scientist, a prince incognito, or a racetrack owner. He was not surprised at the Catholic priest playing billiards in his game room, nor at the chief of police drumming on the piano. He was used to Glory's three-ring circuses. But, boasting back home, he couldn't know how often the rich Mrs. Doll sat alone in a movie house, chewing caramels.

In a town named Watching, Jeff struck a new well. Then he and Glory flew up to New York and spent a month doing the town under Frick's attentive guidance. And Glory returned home with new thoughts—new dreams of the world's grapes within her reach.

But she said nothing because it was so close to the date line, and because she sensed a growing agitation in both herself and Jeff. She felt so insupportably unhappy for Jeff, marking the defeat in his blue eyes. And she waited, knowing he would never dodge a crisis. He would face it his own way, when he was up to it.

One morning when he walked into her sun porch with a telegram in his hands, she sensed immediately that Jeff was set to speak. He laid the telegram open in her lap, and she read it without stirring:

I KEPT MY WORD HOW ABOUT YOURS DONALD

"Do you know what that means?" he asked dully.

She nodded, feeling herself trembling.

"If you cry," Jeff said curtly, "I'll go off on a bat."

She managed to look up steadily.

"But I'm so—*sorry*, Jeff."

"That's what I don't want. I don't need pity. I'm a man to be envied. I've had you for years. I'll always have you, really, to think about. Always love you in my way. But I won't be unhappy. I told you I'd always be in the oil fields, working in the earth. That's my meat, Glory, and I'll be there—and happy—till I'm too old to scratch."

She forced a tight smile, nodding, her chin up.

"I couldn't go this life." He gestured vaguely. "Don't mean a thing to me. And the way it is now, you can't go it, either. You've been powerfully lonesome here. Frick showed me that—when we talked up in New York. You need a man who can show you how to live this life and live it with you." He stopped and wet his lips. "I just don't think Frick is the man."

She caught her breath. "What do you mean, Jeff?"

"Do you really love him, Glory?"

"Passionately!" And when he winced she hurried on: "But I love you too, Jeff. So very much. Perhaps more, really . . . I get so confused."

She stood up, moving in a sort of torment of restlessness.

"But this isn't a full life, Jeff. I mean—I'm nothing. I'm not even complete. I don't belong. You belong in the oil fields, and you don't really *need* me. I need something more—I think perhaps a family . . ."

She cut short, realizing how she was hurting him. Seeing the white line of his jaw.

She lit two cigarettes and handed him one.

"I know," he said. "You don't have to tell me. Only, Glory, I'd like to see you do it right the next time. Don't make a mistake. It's not easy to give you up. I don't want to do it for nothing. I want you to be happy—not unhappy. Just don't rush it with Frick. Take your time and make sure he's man enough for you."

He blew a cloud of smoke.

"Get a divorce here in Dallas, or anywhere you want," he said. "As far as I'm concerned, Glory, it won't change anything, really. I'm still going to work for you all my life. Our joint accounts can stay as they are, and you can always draw the whole thing any time you want. You can come to me, no matter what or when. Jeff will always be waiting."

"Darling, darling!" she sobbed, and wept uncontrollably.

"That settles it," Jeff said. "I'm going out and get drunk."

She heard the door slam, and when she looked up the room was empty. She stared around through her tears in a daze. Her cigarette burned her fingers.

Freedom at last to follow her heart, to fly to Donald Frick. In next week's chapter a surprise awaits Glory, and she embarks on a new and exciting life—but it is a life she had never dreamed of back in Dallas.

A DOCTOR'S LIFE STORY

When you read the extraordinary biography which begins in Liberty next week—the life story of an average M. D., which he calls Doctors Don't Tell—you will realize that here, at last, is one man with the courage to tell what he thinks a world of sufferers should understand. This is not an attack on the medical profession—not an exposé—but a frank self-telling of a career—the career of a medical man who began the study of medicine late in life. He was thirty-three years old, and was married and had two children, when he entered a small medical college to begin training. He was filled then with ideals and a great dream. What happened to him is what happens to many idealists who encounter the amazing tangle of obstacles that stand in the way of the idealist who would be a true healer of the people. He will show you the glories and the tragedies of the most important of all professions. The things that doctors do not tell—the things that he feels should be told. In organized medicine itself there is revolt today. The rebels in the American Medical Association are among the most respected and competent of American physicians and surgeons. They have recognized the need for change and for wide reform. This is not an attempt to tell these rebels what they should do. It is one plain doctor's story of what he was up against, of why he left the profession finally, and also why he is educating his daughter to be a physician. Here is a living document important to every one who ever has had, or ever expects to have, need for a doctor's services.

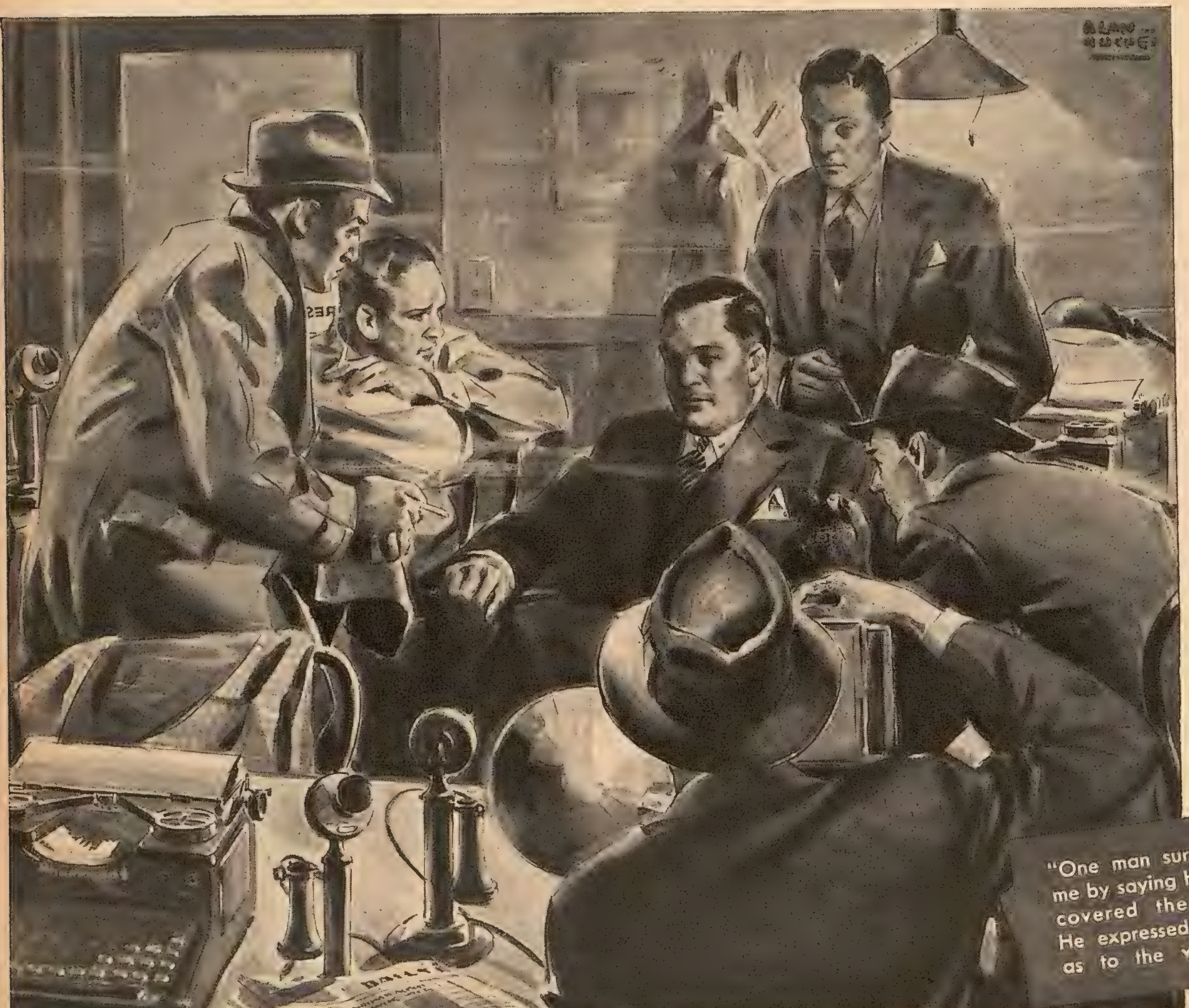
Don't miss next week's Liberty containing the first installment of this new serial

DOCTORS DON'T TELL

What Was Wrong with the Lindbergh Case?

THE CRIME-THE CASE – THE CHALLENGE

by Former Governor **HAROLD G. HOFFMAN** of New Jersey



"One man surprise
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READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

FORMER Governor Hoffman last week completed his disclosure of his talk with Hauptmann in the death cell. He repeated the condemned man's explanations to him concerning the Condon phone number found penciled in a closet in the Hauptmann home; the kidnap ladder, the plane marks on it, and the famous "rail 16"; the handwriting and spellings of the ransom notes; the ransom money, which, according to Hauptmann, had been left with him—to his subsequent astonishment—by Isidor Fisch; and the identifications by Doctor Condon and others. Hauptmann told the Governor he had been given a "terrible licking" in a New York City police station, and Mr. Hoffman quoted from a medical report to the effect that the prisoner evidently had been severely beaten. When the Governor left him, Hauptmann reiterated his own questions: Why didn't his accusers account for the Faulkner deposit slip, the alleged lack of fingerprints on the ladder, the balance of the $50,000 ransom?

PART FOUR—"HOW CAN WE GET THE TRUTH?"

"GOVERNOR, have you seen Hauptmann?"

It was that question, demanding a yes-or-no answer, that played an important part—at least as far as I was concerned—in the hectic, dramatic aftermath of the Flemington trial of Bruno Richard Hauptmann.

After I left the New Jersey State Prison late on the night of October 16, there were many haunting recollections of the interview with the man who was then under sentence of death for the brutal kidnap-murder of the Eaglet. There had been little sleep that night, for until dawn I had made notes of my conversation with him—my questions, his answers. And I had written, too, the questions the death-cell convict had asked. I could not write the answers then. Today I know some of the answers and I propose to give them. Some of the questions, though, may never be answered.

The following day I obtained a copy of the State of the Case, the transcript of the testimony at the little Hunterdon County Courthouse—the eleven volumes to which Hauptmann had so often referred. I barely had time to glance at the books containing so much that would later challenge my interest and intensify my doubts. There were important matters of state demanding attention, and I left early in the afternoon for New York, where I was to attend a dinner at the Lotos Club given in honor of Colonel Frank Knox, later to become candidate for Vice-President of the United States.

I had several appointments prior to the dinner, and early in the evening I talked with a member of the Bronx County Grand Jury of May, 1932, the jury that conducted the investigation just after the body of the Lindbergh baby was found. In the course of our conversation he told me of an incident that aroused my interest, particularly in view of the things I had heard in the death cell. He said that during the hearing Doctor Condon spent a great part of his time at a blackboard, drawing symbols of all kinds and trying to describe them.

"The Doctor spoke," said the former juror, "about 'Indian high signs,' the secret Italian Trigamba, triangles, and a lot of other things that didn't seem to me to have any important bearing on the case. I interrupted him and said, 'What we are interested in, Doctor, is a description of the man to whom you paid the $50,000.' 'I am not sure,' he snapped back at me. 'His hat was pulled down and his coat collar was turned up over his face.' Later he did partially describe the man—I remember him saying that his eyes were 'separated a little from the bridge of the nose, such as Chinese or Japanese, and they were almond shape and bluish gray in color.'"

My informant said that after the verdict at Flemington he had gone to the office of the Bronx District Attorney and asked to read the record. He could find no record of the question he had asked, but did find the "Chinese eyes" description was incorporated in the record. It was, of course, possible that in the excitement of examining the Doctor the question went "off the record." I have often wondered if other members of that Grand Jury recalled the incident, and what they must have thought as they compared the good Doctor's answers with his testimony against Hauptmann.

Two days after this interesting episode, on October 19, a stay of execution was granted so that Hauptmann's attorneys might carry an appeal to the United States Supreme Court. There had been a prior stay so that the case might be argued before the New Jersey Court of Errors and Appeals; but that court, on October 9, just a week before I had my death-cell talk with the German prisoner, had upheld the death verdict.

At this point, may I make what seems to me to be an important observation touching upon something that has been apparently overlooked by the caustic critics of my personal and official actions in the Lindbergh case? When I subsequently granted Hauptmann one reprieve, under dramatic circumstances that have never been given to the public but that will later be revealed, I became responsible for a stay of *thirty days* in the execution of the prisoner. *The courts kept Hauptmann alive for over eleven months.*

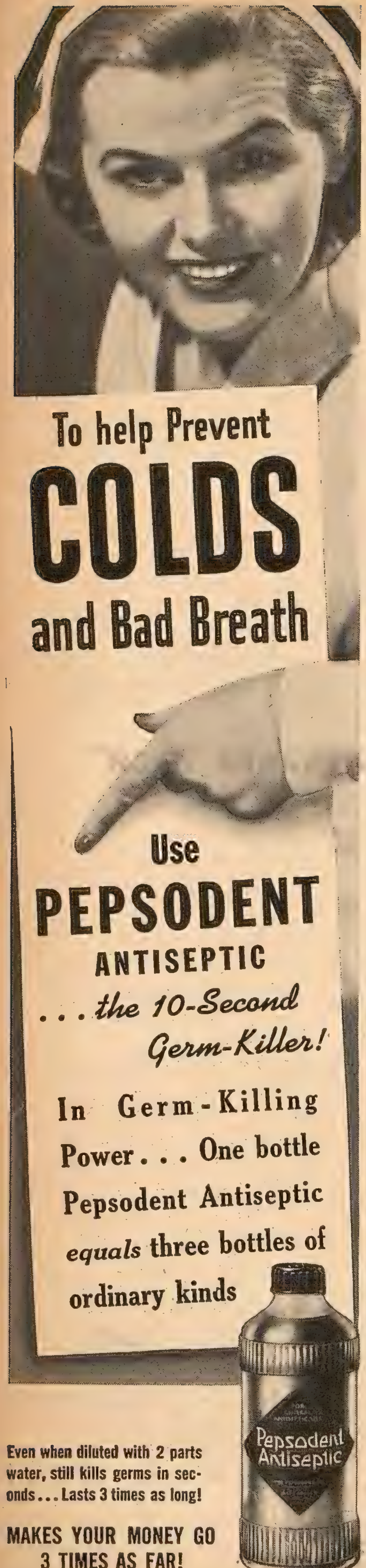
On October 29 the New Jersey Court of Pardons met in what is known as the final session of the September term. After disposing of the cases before the court, applications for pardons and paroles, there was a period of informal conversation. Under the practice and rules of this court a committee of judges frequently visits the State Prison to interview prisoners who have made applications for clemency. Several incidents of such prison visits were discussed, and in the course of this discussion I mentioned the fact that I had visited the prison and had interviewed Hauptmann.

"This case will soon be 'in our laps,'" I said. "Frankly, I'm puzzled about a lot of things in connection with it. I wish that some of you judges, when you are at the prison, would talk to this man. I'd be interested in having your opinion."

It was the first time I had told any one, other than one or two intimate friends and associates in the executive office, of my Hauptmann interview. As far as I know, none of the other members of the Court of Pardons ever talked with the doomed man.

I continued quietly to read the trial testimony and to obtain answers to some of the questions in my mind. I had several talks with Lloyd Fisher and several with Ellis Parker, then, as now, insistent that Hauptmann was

Here at last is the story, now for the first time revealed, of what went on behind the scenes during the drama of Hauptmann's last days on earth


To help Prevent
COLDS
and Bad Breath

Use
PEPSODENT
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. . . the 10-Second
Germ-Killer!

In Germ-Killing Power . . . One bottle Pepsodent Antiseptic *equals* three bottles of ordinary kinds

Even when diluted with 2 parts water, still kills germs in seconds . . . Lasts 3 times as long!

MAKES YOUR MONEY GO
3 TIMES AS FAR!

not, and could not have been, the sole participant in the crime. Parker went further than that. He insisted, as did Fisher, that Hauptmann was innocent.

November of 1935 was a busy month and I had little time to devote to the study of the matter. Three governors were wanted at the annual dinner of the Ohio State Chamber of Commerce in Cleveland. Governor Alf Landon was picked to represent the West, Governor Martin Davey of Ohio represented the Midwest; and I was selected to represent the East. From Cleveland I went to upstate New York to speak at the Niagara Falls Chamber of Commerce and to keep three speaking engagements, made many weeks before, in Buffalo.

In Buffalo I stopped at the Ansley Wills home, the historic residence in which Theodore Roosevelt had taken the oath of office after the beloved McKinley had died from an assassin's bullet. This home was rich in the memories of old " T. R.," idol of my boyhood, the man who had said, " Aggressive fighting for the right is the noblest sport the world affords."

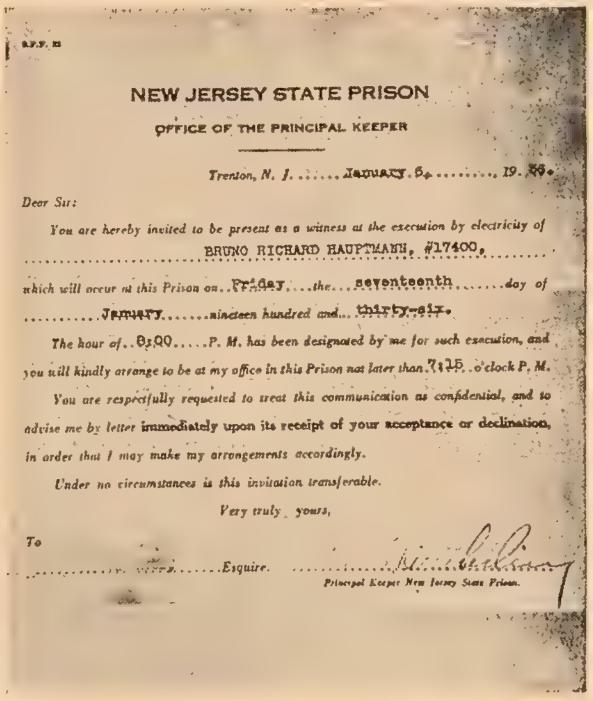
On December 5 I was scheduled to make an address at a luncheon of the New York Advertising Club. After completing a speaking engagement in New Jersey on the prior evening, I went to New York to attend the six-day bicycle races as the guest of Frank Kramer. I had been watching the pedalers in their dizzy whirl around the Madison Square Garden track for about an hour when Harry Mandel, one of the officials, came to my box and asked me to come to the press room to meet some of " the boys."

I went with Mandel rather reluctantly, as my preference remained with the racers; but in the smoky camaraderie of the press room I became absorbed in the stories of the sports writers. I told a few of my own favorite yarns, there was general discussion of bicycle racing and other lines of sport, and the talk suddenly centered on the much discussed Hauptmann case. I do not recall just how the case came into the conversation; I know that I did not initiate it.

One of the men whom I had assumed, quite naturally, to be a sports writer surprised me by saying that he had " covered " the Flemington trial of Hauptmann. He expressed doubt as to the justice of the verdict upon the testimony that had been given. He told me of something—just what I do not remember—that had impressed him as being " phony." I replied that Ellis Parker had expressed the same thing to me. The writer asked me if Parker was investigating the case, and I told him that he had been working on it since a few days after the commission of the crime.

I went back to watch the races for a short period and then to a New York hotel. On the following morning I was handed a metropolitan newspaper containing a two-paragraph story and the rather modest headline, Lindbergh Case Reopened. The story quoted me as saying that Parker was investigating the case, and inferred that I had engaged him to conduct the investigation—which was in error.

Thinking little about this incident, I went to the New York Ad Club at noon. Seated with me at the head table was Colonel Henry Breckinridge, who had acted as Colonel Lindbergh's friend and adviser. I was presented by Leonard Dreyfuss, and my talk was upon the economic situation and the influence of advertising. I did not say a single word about the Lindbergh case.


NEW JERSEY STATE PRISON
OFFICE OF THE PRINCIPAL KEEPER

Trenton, N. J. ...... January 6, ... 19 36.

Dear Sir:

You are hereby invited to be present as a witness at the execution by electricity of BRUNO RICHARD HAUPTMANN, #17400, which will occur at this Prison on ..Friday.... the ...seventeenth...... day of ....January...... nineteen hundred and ...thirty-six.

The hour of ..8:00..... P. M. has been designated by me for such execution, and you will kindly arrange to be at my office in this Prison not later than 7:15 o'clock P. M.

You are respectfully requested to treat this communication as confidential, and to advise me by letter immediately upon its receipt of your acceptance or declination, in order that I may make my arrangements accordingly.

Under no circumstances is this invitation transferable.

Very truly yours,

To
.................................Esquire.
Principal Keeper New Jersey State Prison.

An invitation to the execution when Hauptmann was to die on January 17.

As I left the dais I was surrounded by ten or twelve reporters from New York newspapers and the press services. They requested an interview, and we went into another room, where they started to fire questions that arose from the little story in the morning paper.

" Is it true that Parker is investigating the case? " " Did you engage him? " " What has he found? " And then came the question that really tumbled the Lindbergh case back on the front pages with screaming headlines.

Had that question not been asked, or had it not been answered truthfully, there might have been a different ending to the Lindbergh case. Or, rather, there might have been a different ending to the chapter of the Lindbergh case that closed with the death of Hauptmann, grimly silent, in the electric chair at Trenton. The ending of the Lindbergh case has not yet been written.

It was asked by Pat McGrady, a reporter of the Associated Press:

" *Governor, have you ever seen Hauptmann?* "

" Yes," I answered; " once."

" Where? "

" In the State Prison."

There were a few more questions, which I answered, and then a sudden scramble for telephones. In spite of my newspaper training, I did not realize that the simple question and its direct answer would create such a furor. My newspaper apprenticeship had been served in the city room of the Perth Amboy Evening News, where placards had been posted over the desk of every reporter, bearing in three-inch type the word ACCURACY as a reminder of a quality of news reporting that was then essential. I had never covered a Lindbergh case. I did not understand that my visit to the prison, with its wealth of opportunity for misrepresentation, would give to such newspapers as desired it a long-sought chance to keep the story —and circulation—alive until Hauptmann was dead.

Before I returned to New Jersey the papers were carrying garbled accounts of the happening and fantastic stories of the intensive "investigation" I had ordered for the purpose of saving Hauptmann.

Reporters from all parts of the country hastened to Trenton. The New Jersey State House correspondents, many of whom made no attempt to conceal the fact that they were incensed over the action of the Governor in "going to New York to give out" a choice bit of news, and were covering up their chagrin at their own failure to ask the question—which would have received the same honest answer—started in upon a campaign of hounding, heckling, and misrepresentation. There were, of course, exceptions, but the abuse was quite universal.

My old paper, the Perth Amboy Evening News, in an editorial outburst of shocked sensibilities, pointed to the "impropriety of Governor Hoffman going to the New York Advertising Club to make a speech about the Hauptmann case." (The "accuracy" signs must have been taken down.) Generally the press accused me of seeking "publicity."

WHEN it was pointed out that I had visited the prison on October 16 and it had not become publicly known until December 5—something that would hardly be expected of a seeker for publicity—the press suddenly veered to the designation of my visit as "secret," "stealthy," and "clandestine." The same editors who had raised the cry of "publicity" now seemingly took me to task for failure to take reporters, cameras, and newsreel men along when I went to the prison.

Standing out in my memory of these mad days following December 5 is an editorial from the Newark Sunday Call, sounding a lone and undeniable expression of truth and sanity: "Governor Hoffman's visit to the convicted murderer of the Lindbergh baby in the State Prison death house was an action entirely within the authority of the Chief Executive, and for which he is required to answer to no one. . . . Governors times out of mind have exercised this prerogative as a duty. . . . It is a dreadful responsibility to determine whether a man should live or die.

"u-m-m-m...Mister!

. . . I like your Barbasol Face"

Sweet young things and fond fraus don't like ancient-looking hides on the faces of their swains.

So if you're still not too old or have young ideas, throw away old-fashioned shaving methods that dry and tighten and tend to wrinkle the skin.

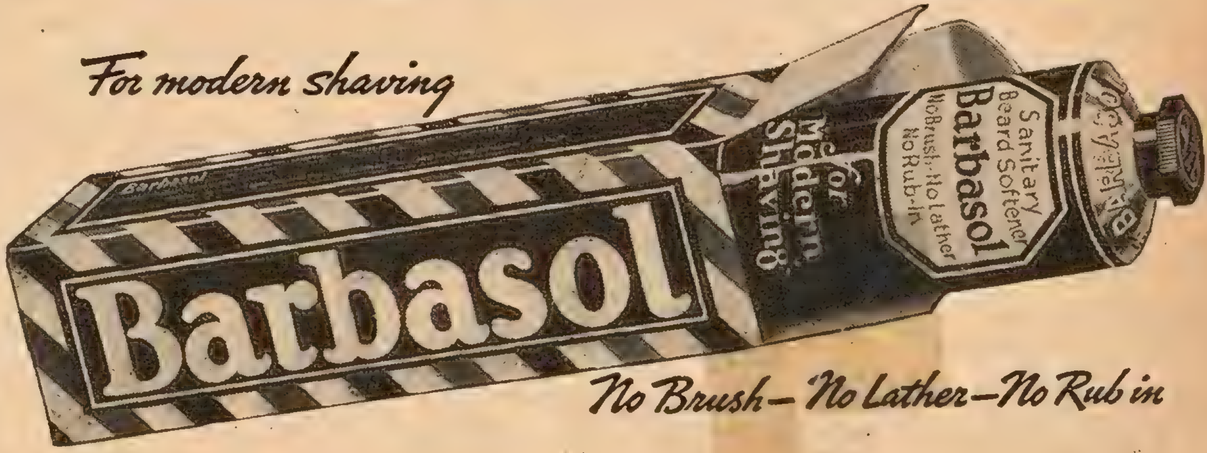
Get yourself a thrifty big tube of Barbasol—get yourself a youthful Barbasol Face—get in good with the ladies—and here's the why of it—

Barbasol is a cooling, soothing shaving cream—refreshing to the skin.

Quick as thought to use, Barbasol not only gives the cleanest, sweetest kind of shave—its bland oils also help to make your face smoother to feel, more handsome and youthful to look at.

Why wait longer to turn back the years? Try Barbasol for ten short days. When you see what a difference it makes in your skin, you'll stay with Barbasol's clean-shaving goodness till grandpa thinks he ought to grow a beard. Large tube, 25¢; giant size, 50¢; family jar, 75¢. Five Barbasol Blades for 15¢. At all drug stores.

For modern shaving



No Brush— No Lather—No Rub in

HOW DO YOU LOOK IN YOUR BATHING SUIT

?
LIKE THIS?
OR THIS?

SKINNY ? THOUSANDS GAIN 10 TO 25 POUNDS THIS NEW EASY WAY

Posed by professional models

NEW IRONIZED YEAST ADDS POUNDS

– gives thousands natural sex-appealing curves

ARE you ashamed to be seen in a bathing suit, because you're too skinny and scrawny-looking? Then here's wonderful news! Thousands of the skinniest, most rundown men and women have gained 10 to 25 pounds of firm flesh, the women naturally alluring curves, with this new, scientific formula, Ironized Yeast.

Why it builds up so quick

Scientists have discovered that hosts of people are thin and rundown only because they don't get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Without these vital elements you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat. Now you get these exact missing elements in these new Ironized Yeast tablets.

They're made from one of the world's richest sources of health-building Vitamin B—the special yeast used in making English ale. By a new, costly process this rich yeast is concentrated 7 times, taking 7 pounds of yeast to make just one pound of concentrate—thus making it many times more powerful in Vitamin B strength than ordinary yeast. Then 3 kinds of strength-building iron (organic, inorganic and hemoglobin iron) and pasteurized English ale yeast are added. Finally every batch of this Ironized Yeast is tested and retested biologically for its Vitamin B strength. This insures its full weight-building power.

No wonder these new easy-to-take little Ironized Yeast tablets have helped thousands of the skinniest people who needed their vital elements, quickly to gain new normally attractive pounds, new pep and new charm.

Try it without risking a cent

To make it easy for you to try Ironized Yeast, we do better than offer you a small sample package. We offer you a FULL SIZE package, and you don't risk a penny. For if with this first package you don't begin to eat better and get more benefit from your food—if you don't feel better, with more strength, pep and energy—if you are not convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you the normally attractive flesh you need—the price of this first package will be promptly refunded. So get Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today.

Only be sure you get genuine Ironized Yeast. So successful has it been that you'll probably find cheap "Iron and Yeast" substitutes in any drug store. Don't take substitutes.

Special offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this valuable special offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 22, Atlanta, Ga.

Anticipating the necessity of undertaking this responsibility, the Governor's duty to seek every possible bit of information is obvious, and the presumption is that he is doing so with a proper sense of his heavy obligation to the cause of Justice."

On December 7, pressed to make a statement as to my position, I said, in part:

"The case of Bruno Richard Hauptmann is one with which the dimensions of American justice will be measured by all Americans and by the world. Because of the unprecedented prominence given to the trial of this man there have been thousands of rumors in circulation. Some of these rumors allege the existence of evidence not presented at the trial. Some of them allege other conditions disadvantageous to either the prosecution or the defense. . . . The offense charged was a dastardly crime, threatening our whole system of living in mutual confidence. No person participating in this crime can be allowed to escape the full penalty. . . . If the defendant in this case is guilty beyond a reasonable doubt, he must pay the penalty demanded by law. That is required for the protection of society against the criminal. If he is not guilty, he should not be punished. That is required for the protection of society against itself."

In spite of this statement of my position, which I challenge any one to disprove as to soundness, and which I reiterate today with all the force at my command, the newspapers and some sections of the public were insistent upon their own interpretations of the things that were in my heart and mind. I was "intruding," they said, and "interfering with the orderly processes of law," challenging "Jersey Justice," and "trying to save a murderer."

I was not doing any of those things; I had never thought of doing any of those things. My family is an old one, as American families go. It dates back long before the Revolution and it has a lot of Dutch blood running in the veins of the family tree. Maybe that is stubborn blood. Whether or not heredity had anything to do with it, the criticism and misunderstanding and abuse did not have the effect of shutting me off from the course which I had determined.

I started to find out what I could about the trial and conviction of Hauptmann, and I continued trying to find out. I became the target of mysterious and whispering men with briefcases, of people who had received "revelations" in dreams and visions, of "experts" in this and "experts" in that. I was shadowed in every move, my telephone wires were tapped, and I was pulled and hauled between two violently opposed psychopathic factions. One demanded the execution of Hauptmann and condemned as an enemy of God and man every one who ventured to question the complete justice of the verdict. The other faction ranged from metaphysical belief in the entire innocence of Hauptmann through various stages of conviction down to a sane "reasonable doubt." Like Kipling's Servant, both sides "gave no heed to argument unless it proved them right."

During those hysterical weeks I received some 800,000 letters and telegrams from all over the world. There was one very interesting fact about those letters and telegrams. The writers knew about the case only what they had read in newspapers. The newspapers were almost unanimously opposed to what I was trying to do. Yet nearly a million persons read between the lines of those newspapers a story that contradicted their text, for in vast majority the messages approved what I was trying to do, as that thing appeared to the writers.

I had no funds to conduct an "investigation." It had cost, it is estimated, over a million dollars to put Hauptmann behind the bars awaiting death (no one will ever know, accurately, the cost) but I did not have a single dollar of state funds available. There were some sane and sincere persons working on this case. Once in a while, when it seemed warranted—and I think that any one who knows me intimately will vouch for the fact that, after twenty years in public office, I am still a poor man—I "staked" these investigators working "on their own" to small sums that would barely cover their ex-

WHY IS SCOTLAND YARD SUPERIOR?

ANTHONY ABBOT

Crime Commentator for Liberty, says:

Whenever crime is discussed in the United States, some people say:

"What we ought to have is something like Scotland Yard. The English police are much better than our own. We ought to study their methods."

Well, I for one have studied their methods; and the fact is that, when you compare the methods, equipment, and personnel of Scotland Yard with American methods, equipment, and personnel, we win. The American police are superior to the British. Why, then, is there less crime in England than in the United States?

The answer lies in the people's state of mind. In England, the public is determined to stamp out crime; there is no sentimental admiration for the lawbreaker; the public is always on the side of the police. Moreover, once a suspect is caught in England, his trial is swift and fair, but no sentimentality or lawyers' tricks are allowed; and when he is found guilty he is punished promptly and severely.

In these two points lies the great difference between the effectiveness of the police system of England and that of the United States.

Anthony Abbot's famous Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt is on the N. B. C. Network every Sunday from 2.30 to 3.00 P. M., E. S. T.

Tune in at Home or on Your Car Radio.

penses—sums taken out of my own meager resources.

This additional handicap was placed upon me in my efforts to determine the truth: when it became known that I was looking into the Lindbergh case, there were many people, chiefly private detectives, who had been investigating the case, and who, whether they reached me or not, gave out unauthorized statements that they were "working for Governor Hoffman." Some sold stories, generally fantastic, to the newspapers, and I was charged with believing and fostering incredible things.

Typical of the misrepresentation of press and radio is this little incident: I wanted one morning to verify some information given me and this required the taking of a measurement on the Lindbergh estate. One of my friends, Frank Holmes, a Trenton business man, volunteered to measure the distance. In the early afternoon, with three other young friends, he drove to Hopewell, went to the door of the Lindbergh home, identified the party, and asked for permission to take the measurement. When my name was mentioned, the caretaker excitedly ordered the young men off the grounds. The party left; the caretaker hurried to the phone to tell Prosecutor Anthony Hauck of Hunterdon County about the visit. The afternoon papers and the evening radio commentators advised the public that "Four Hoffman Thugs Attack Aged Caretaker at Lindbergh Home."

But during all of this mad period the wheels of the law were grinding. On December 9 the Supreme Court of the United States declined to hear the case. Contrary to the statement so often made, the Supreme Court did not decide against Hauptmann. That court, within its privileges and without prejudice for or against the applicant, refused to hear the matter.

On December 13 Justice Trenchard set the new date of execution as the week of January 13, 1936. Three days later Hauptmann wrote me: "With clear conscience I have fought my case. In my heart I can not believe that this state will break the life of an innocent man. . . . I would be very thankful for permitting any able person, whom are free of any opinion in this case, to take a test with so-called lie detector, serum, or whatever science may offer. I hope for myself and in the course of justice that this, my wish, may inspire Dr. Condon to do the same. I have a deep interest in what kind of force made him change his saying. Because when he was visiting me in my Flemington cell, he said all excited to the prosecutor 'I can not testify against this man.' . . ."

IN Washington one day on state business, I seized the opportunity, in line with the request of the deceased former Vice-President Curtis, to call upon Mrs. Evalyn McLean at her beautiful and historic home Friendship. Colonel Lindbergh had been a guest of Mrs. McLean during the period of the trial of Gaston B. Means, and she told me many interesting things in a spirit of confidence that I may not violate. These things may some day be part of Mrs. McLean's story.

I did learn this, which I have her permission to state: That the call which came to me from the former Vice-President had been prompted by a gathering held one evening at Friendship. There were several United States senators in the party, and according to Mrs. McLean they were unanimous in agreeing that the trial had not been fair and that the solution was not complete. Mrs. McLean told them that she intended to present some facts to me and would ask me to investigate.

"They told me," said Mrs. McLean, "that Governor Hoffman wouldn't dare to go into the matter—that the forces at work in this case would ruin him. I said, 'Well, if Governor Hoffman won't, I'm going to the President.'" Then she added, bringing to my attention something I had almost forgotten, "You will recall, Governor, that I called you and warned you that my friends had said the case should be investigated, but that any one who had nerve enough to do it would ruin his political career."

I returned to New Jersey with new information to check. It became known that Hauptmann was to die on January 17. Then things began to happen with startling rapidity.

On December 23 it became known that Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh, with their little son Jon, had secretly

stepping Out?

Guard your Freshness with a Cigarette that's always *FRESH*

WAY back in George Washington's day, Lorillard was noted for fine tobacco products. Still keeping faith with that reputation, Lorillard uses only long-aged, prize crop tobaccos in Old Gold Cigarettes.

But you'll like Old Golds for still another reason. Buy them where you will, in any climate, anywhere, Old Golds are always FACTORY-FRESH . . . thanks to a special, *weather-tight, double Cellophane* package.

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CIGARETTES
Outer Cellophane Jacket Opens From the Bottom Sealing the Top
The Inner Jacket Opens At the Top, sealing the Bottom

"Raw" Throat?
Here's Quick Action!

ZONITE WINS GERM-KILLING TEST BY 9.3 TO 1

Don't waste precious time on ineffective remedies if your throat is raw or dry. Use Zonite. Because Zonite acts fast in killing the germs that cause a miserable cold.

Standard laboratory tests prove that Zonite is actually 9.3 times more active than any other popular, non-poisonous antiseptic!

Zonite benefits you in four ways: (1) Kills all kinds of cold germs at *contact!* (2) Soothes the rawness in your throat. (3) Relieves the pain of swallowing! (4) Helps Nature by increasing the normal flow of curative, health-restoring body fluids. *Zonite tastes like the medicine it really is!*

Get Zonite at your druggist immediately. Start gargling at once with one teaspoon of Zonite to a half glass water. Gargle every 2 hours. Zonite's quick results will please you.

GARGLE WITH ZONITE AT THE FIRST SIGN OF COLD OR "RAW" THROAT

INVENTORS

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sailed on a freighter for England. Various reasons were given, although most of the papers tried to convey the impression that I had driven the noted flyer out of the country. The Colonel, who voluntarily sat before the jury at Flemington in the spotlight of the world for forty-two days, was seeking to escape publicity. Before sailing he had called in "Deak" Lyman of the New York Times, and had given him the whole story, not to be released until the Lindberghs were upon the high seas. Some mention was made, too, of the fears entertained by the Colonel for the safety of his child.

Two days before Christmas, Hauptmann filed an application before his last earthly tribunal of hope—the New Jersey Court of Pardons. Asking clemency, he stated, "I am not guilty of the crime charged." On New Year's Day he issued a statement from his cell reiterating that he was innocent.

On January 7, 1936, Principal Keeper Mark O. Kimberling, in line with the New Jersey statutes, issued invitations to eighteen persons to witness the execution on January 17.

Just a week before Bruno Richard Hauptmann was slated to die, the evening newspapers and the radio brought the word that Doctor Condon—"Jafsie" who had thrust himself into the Lindbergh case, "Jafsie" of the Bronx who had contacted the kidnaper through inserting an ad in a neighborhood newspaper, "Jafsie" of the safety pins and the sleeping suit, "Jafsie" who had talked for over an hour with "John" on a bench in Woodlawn Cemetery, "Jafsie" who had handed the $50,000 over the hedge at St. Raymond's, "Jafsie" who had finally identified Hauptmann and sent him on the way to the chair—had suddenly sailed, with his daughter, for Panama.

The United States Circuit Court of Appeals denied Hauptmann's application for a writ to stay the execution. On January 11 the New Jersey Court of Pardons, of which I was a member, had refused to grant commutation to life sentence in prison. The proceedings of that court are kept secret, but it is a well understood fact that I was the lone member, in the body of eight, who voted to keep Hauptmann alive behind prison bars.

January 17 approached.

The so-called investigation, conducted without funds, handicapped by merciless ridicule, blocked at every turn by the police agencies who should have been aiding in the search, at least to the extent of finding the other persons who were involved in the crime for which Hauptmann was to die, was in feeble progress.

But this fact, burning deeply in my mind, stood out:

On the day when Bruno Richard Hauptmann was scheduled to die—January 17—*there was not a living person in the United States who had been at the tragic Hopewell home on the night the crime was committed.*

The kidnaped baby, its body found, after a world-wide search, in a clump of bushes four and one half miles from the home, had been cremated.

The father and mother, after secretly sailing from the United States, had taken up residence in England.

The butler, Ollie Whateley, had died in a Princeton hospital.

Betty Gow, the nurse, was in Scotland.

Elsie Whateley, the housekeeper, was in Wales.

In addition: Mrs. Elizabeth Morrow, grandmother of the dead baby, was in London.

Violet Sharpe, maid in the Morrow household, had died by her own hand as she learned that she was about to be questioned again by the police.

"Red" Johnson, Betty Gow's boy friend, had been deported to Sweden.

Doctor Condon, principal witness for the state, was in Panama.

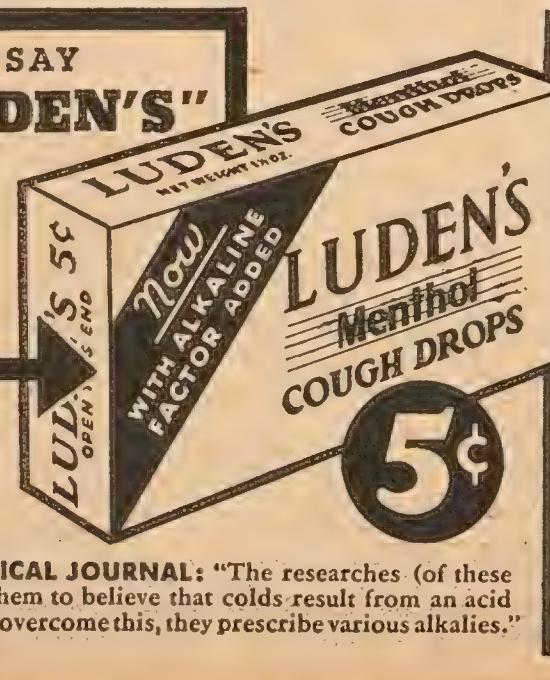
On the night of January 15 I went to New York. Several people had expressed a desire to see me in relation to the case. Accompanied by R. William Lagay, who was then my secretary, and who has now succeeded Colonel Kimberling as the principal keeper of the State Prison, I took a suite at the Hotel New Yorker.

Harassed and tired after weeks of abuse, my office swamped with the daily receipt of thousands of letters and wires, almost worn out with efforts to dodge reporters, photographers, private detectives, and "cranks" who seemed to encounter me at every turn, the evening held promise, in spite of the few appointments I had made, of being fairly free for relaxation and thought. I needed it; on the following day I knew I would face the necessity of making an important decision.

But there was no relaxation, no opportunity for seclusion and thought.

My friend Vernon Taylor, assistant manager of the hotel, dropped in to see me. We chatted awhile, and he happened to mention casually that Dave Wilentz was downstairs in the Terrace Room having dinner with some friends. Whether I asked Taylor to tell Dave that I was in the hotel, or whether Dave learned of my presence and came up to see me, I do not

SAY "LUDEN'S"



From a MEDICAL JOURNAL: "The researches (of these doctors) led them to believe that colds result from an acid condition. To overcome this, they prescribe various alkalies."

BECAUSE . . . THEY ACT 3 ways

① Soothe inflamed membranes.

② Menthol helps clear the head.

③ Build up alkaline reserve. (Important to cold resistance)

recall. I do know that, without prearrangement, we got together for a talk about Hauptmann.

It was a long, earnest, important talk. The Attorney General and I have known each other for years. We managed the same basketball team at different times; we worked for the same newspaper; he became Democratic County Chairman of Middlesex County; I became Republican County Chairman of that county at the same time. Wilentz became Attorney General; I became Governor. There is little difference in our ages. I respect his ability, his successful fight against odds to make a place in the world. He has done many things that reflect friendship for me.

Dave Wilentz and I do not have to "pull our punches." We never have done that. We have disagreed in politics; we have certainly disagreed, without any personal feeling, on the Hauptmann case.

That night I expressed to the Attorney General the doubts I entertained about the case. I gave him frankly my appraisal of the value of the testimony of the state's identification witnesses, the things that I considered evidence that should have been presented, the position in which I had been placed by misrepresentation.

There were some things I could not tell him, facts that will be given later in this series; but I gave him what I felt then to be the important reasons why the man should be permitted to retain life and the investigation, with all the resources of the police, continued.

The Attorney General was just as frank in his expression to me. He felt that if I had wanted information I should have called upon him, as Attorney General, to help me. Even assuming for the sake of argument that the state's principal witnesses were untruthful, he felt that there was sufficient physical evidence—the Condon phone number on Hauptmann's door, admittedly written by him; the "b-o-a-d" spelling of the word boat in the ransom notes and in Hauptmann's diary written long before the Lindbergh crime—to warrant the conviction.

"But," I argued, "that evidence would support only the crime of extortion. Even if it were unanswerable, it would not put Hauptmann at the scene of the kidnap and murder."

"Then why in hell doesn't he tell the truth?" asked Wilentz.

That opened the way for agreement—and for a plan.

He and I agreed upon this one thing: That it was more important to society to get the complete story—just how a man could conceive and execute such a ghastly plan singlehanded—than it was to take his life.

Dave expressed the thought that my visit had given Hauptmann encouragement; with a governor apparently interested in him, he was stiffened in his resolve not to tell the truth.

"How can we get the truth?" I asked.

And then, between us, we evolved a plan to secure a confession, if there was a confession to be had. I gladly agreed to carry out faithfully my part of the scheme, although it placed upon me an unpleasant burden.

Wilentz left, and I had another visit to make. J. Edgar Hoover, I had learned, was in the hotel. This, too, was a coincidence. I wanted to have a chat with the Chief of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, so I went to his room, and we talked long after midnight.

With less than three hours' sleep, I left New York on the seven-o'clock train for Trenton. I had an important mission; it must, under the terms of the plan, be accomplished early in the morning.

I was to see Anna Hauptmann. The thing I was to tell her would bring her, at first, suffering and despair. But, finally, it was to open up the possibility of saving her husband's life. I made my visit to the grieving woman. That visit was marked by drama and intensity of emotion that I shall never forget.

The facts—in distinction from the wild conjectures circulated at the time—about the Governor's talk with Anna Hauptmann and her reaction to his call for her help in a last effort to get her husband to tell the whole truth, will be revealed by Mr. Hoffman in next week's installment of this series.

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(From a letter by Mrs. W. T., New York, N. Y.)

DID MY EARS BURN— WHEN I HEARD GUESTS WHISPER THAT MY TOWELS WERE STAINED WITH MAKE-UP! NEW KLEENEX LIPSTICK TISSUES NOW END ALL THAT!
(From a letter by Mrs. H. E. B., Pasadena, Calif.)

● Adopt the habit of using Kleenex in the Serv-a-Tissue box that ends waste and mess . . . boxes of 200 sheets now 2 for 25c. It's the handy size for every room in your home, for your office and your car. During colds, see how Kleenex soothes your nose, saves money, reduces handkerchief washing. Use each tissue once—then destroy, germs and all.

I USED TO BE A TISSUE FUMBLER ...BECAUSE OTHER BRANDS HAVEN'T THAT PEACHY KLEENEX PULL-OUT BOX THAT MAKES IT EASY TO GET ONLY ONE DOUBLE-TISSUE AT A TIME! NO MORE FUMBLE AND JUMBLE FOR ME!
(From a letter by Mrs. W. P. S., Chicago, Ill.)

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Pull a double tissue...
next one pops-up ready for use

KLEENEX* DISPOSABLE TISSUES
(*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Patent Office)

Emil Ludwig's Life of
ROOSEVELT
A STUDY IN FORTUNE AND POWER
by the author of Napoleon, Lincoln, Cleopatra, etc.

Why Roosevel

READING TIME • 21 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

MR. LUDWIG offered in last week's installment some firsthand impressions of the Roosevelts in the White House. He has gathered that their natural mode of life there has become " a model for the whole country," though " the horror of all Yankees." He pictured the President at work at his desk, both in Hyde Park and in the Oval Room of the White House, and gave glimpses of his brief friendly talks with several callers: a solemn congressman, an earnest young official, two Chinese, and an elderly gentleman full of tariff questions.

PART ELEVEN—" I'D HATE TO BE A DICTATOR! "

NOW there sits before the President a man with a request. He has brought with him from some journey a piece of multicolored tissue. Exchange of views on China and Japan. This man belongs to the type which does not thrust itself forward but lets itself be questioned; but you can always hear the heavy creak of their footsteps when they come to the threshold of their request, the real purpose of their visit.

" Everything is correct," answers the President. " My only objection would be this one." And thus he has not said no, and yet the whole thing has gone overboard, for it is just this one objection which destroys the plan.

Telephone. The visitor wants to leave. The President signals to him to stay. At the telephone Roosevelt always speaks more loudly, he also gesticulates with his hand, which otherwise remains at rest; he becomes more eager. That is because he is not able to influence the invisible participant by means of his presence.

The picture vanishes. They are looking for a list of some kind. Three secretaries come and go, laugh loudly, find nothing. Also the senator who has been announced has not turned up, and the whole business has to be settled by two o'clock. A new list is ordered, and in the conversation he addresses the secretaries by their first names, while the lady secretary gets the more general appellation of " Missy." I see him, as he sits there, maintaining the utmost good humor and serenity; there is no abuse, no ordering about. All of them exert themselves doubly because they want to please him.

His thoughts take a leap, and he says to me: " People out there read only about social questions and foreign policy, because all that can more easily be grasped. They like to forget that the administration of the country has to go on."

As if to confirm this, there enters an old congressman without a vest and with a red tie, white hair, pince-nez. His good-humored slowness prompts the President, after greeting him by his first name, to bring up the business which brought him here—to wit, the replacement of a certain high official who has left office. The President reaches energetically for the telephone. " Senator X, please." I have often heard him ask for a number, never without the " please." In a minute the man is on the line. Roosevelt speaking! Very loud.

" Hello! How is it today? That was fine business yesterday! That man should be replaced on account of age; it's obvious he wants to stay on until his hundredth birthday. Pension. Can it be done? Yes, soon, when you have time. Is the man clean? And are the other things getting along all right? "

The voice dies; the invisible apparition at the other end dies.

A telegram is handed to him. He reads out: " Six hundred years ago—the greatest freedom men have ever achieved—Princess—" He looks up at his secretary with a grin: " Well, three minutes! "

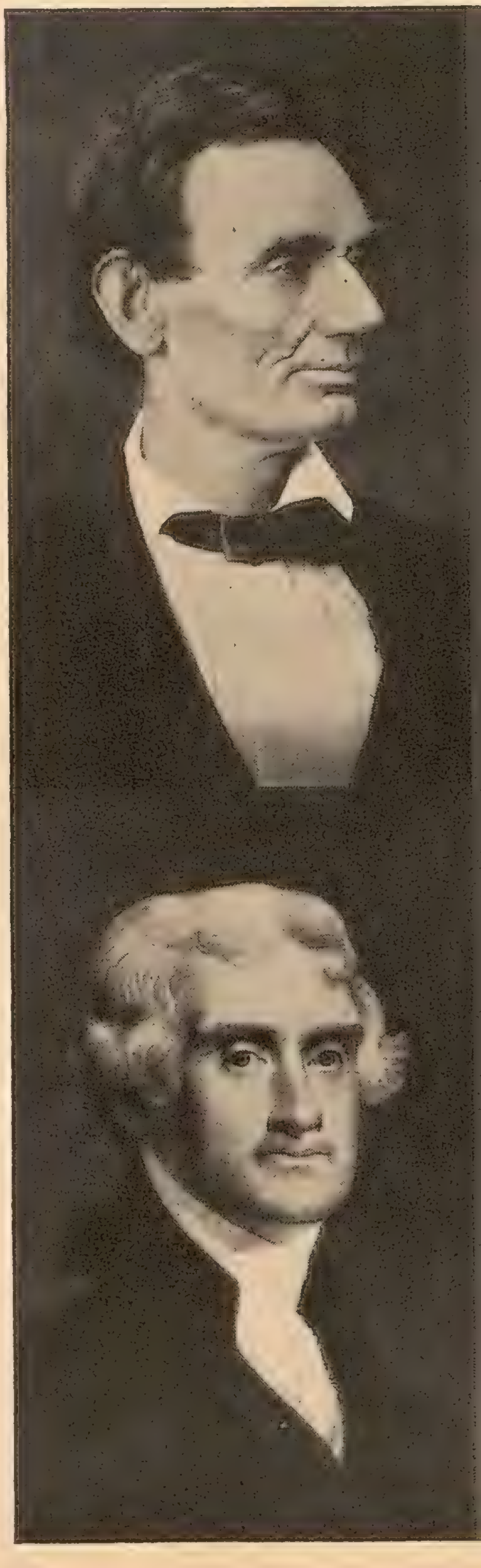
Three long feathers come bobbing in at the door. Here she is, the Indian princess in the red skirt, blue above with a green border and lots of beads and bracelets. The quiet, distinguished room has suddenly become colorful, for standing there she fills half the niche.

" I know your beautiful part of the country."

" Unfortunately it's very poor."

Both laugh, for behind this pointed response of the Indian princess lies the plaint of her people. The picture vanishes.

Four Russians stand around the President, the



"The beauty of his head is not in fashion. The tragic head of Lincoln speaks more strongly to people of today . . See Roosevelt in the White House and he resembles not at all modern types but rather the old-fashioned portraits of the former Presidents." At left: The "tragic head" and the head of Jefferson. At right: That of Andrew Jackson (above).

A brilliant biography gives the world a searching word-portrait of a man who "greets every living day with joy"

Can Be Happy in Spite of All

ambassador and three flyers. One of them, energetic but with dreamer's eyes, is the one who was at the controls when their plane made the first flight across the North Pole; the second one, cold, lucid, was the mathematician of the party; the third looks poetical, with features melting into each other. They stand in a half circle around him and tell him of their flight in their foreign tongue, the ambassador staying in the background and only interpreting for them. I seem to see King Ferdinand of Spain when Columbus came to lay new lands at his feet. Had they seen the camp at the North Pole? The Russians grin. Then they go; the ambassador sits down.

I see two men who, in this summery room filled with murmuring sounds, represent three hundred million people: the little Russian with his blue eyes, his broad, Slavic, observant face, and the big ears; near him the man with the broad shoulders and the vigorous chin. Their heads are separated by the big bunch of roses on the table.

The picture vanishes. The door creaks open. A young, very slender figure sweeps in—the wife of his oldest son. He stretches out an arm to her; she kisses him and goes. Not a word is spoken. The picture vanishes.

An elderly man with erect bearing enters. I see him stand for a moment before the desk with feet together, not exactly stiff yet somehow indicating respect. As he dresses officially in civilian clothes, no European would recognize him as an admiral. But the room has recognized him; in all the ships which fill the walls and niches, in the pictures and the models, there is a light stirring and whispering, there is a secret crackling in the air; the three steering wheels on the desk seem to swing over. At last! A man out of our world! The deep voice, the brief speech of the seaman, show the ships that they have not erred.

When the rear door, the creaky one, opens at half past five, there enters a silent man of medium size, rather bald, with the alert glance of the detective. This is Roosevelt's doctor, earnest, sparing of words, solid; a naval man. The last letters are being dictated; the President, in his shirt sleeves for the last hour, calls to me, with the sly expression of a schoolboy just before the bell rings: "Three minutes more—then I can go swimming!"

Now, in rapid tempo, four more letters are dictated, a big sheaf of papers is handed over to the woman secretary, and while Roosevelt is adding, "Paragraph . . . comma," the doctor walks with slow pace round the oval carpet.

Another moment or two and all the pictures have vanished; the summery room is flooded with late afternoon light, the woodcutters are gone, the birds are silent, the squirrels have vanished into their holes, far off on the river a steamer whistles, the ships and steering wheels have sunk into rest once more.

DOMINANT among the traits which make up the Roosevelt character is the joy of life. It is symbolized by his head.

The beauty of Roosevelt's head is of such a nature that his character may be read off from it, trait by trait; he need only be seen in many moods. But that beauty is not in fashion today. His regular Greek lines have less power to attract our contemporaries than the demonism of dual natures. The tragic heads of Beethoven and Lincoln speak more strongly to people of today than those of Alexander or Caesar, at least in Europe. See Roosevelt's portrait in the gallery of the White House, and he will resemble not at all Wilson or the other modern types but rather the old-fashioned portraits of former Presidents hanging all around. But in these confused and bewildered times there is a distrust of any harmonious nature, free from complexes; it is the problematic, the inhibited, the split character which passes for more interesting, even more distinguished.

Instead, Roosevelt presents to the world the decisively clear and calm features which bespeak a spirit at peace with itself; astoundingly enough, neither sickness nor party strife has left its mark on them. But the front face effect is quite different from the profile. The two forms of his joy in life find expression there: friendliness in the full face, energy in the profile.

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WHY HATE ROOSEVELT?
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Famous biographer-author of Ludwig's Life of Roosevelt now running in Liberty. Read it in

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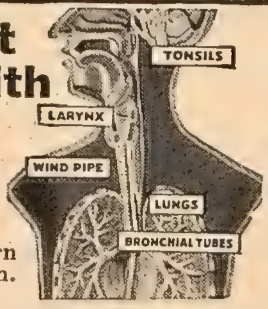
COUGHS...

Get After That Cough Today with PERTUSSIN



When you catch cold and your throat feels dry or clogged, the secretions from countless tiny glands in your throat and windpipe often turn into sticky, irritating phlegm. This makes you cough.

Pertussin stimulates these glands to again pour out their natural moisture so that the annoying phlegm is loosened and easily raised. Quickly your throat is soothed, your cough relieved!

Your cough may be a warning signal from your respiratory system. Why neglect it? Do as millions have done! Use Pertussin, a safe and pleasant herbal remedy for children and grownups. Many physicians have prescribed Pertussin for over 30 years. It's safe and acts quickly. Sold at all druggists.

PERTUSSIN
The "Moist-Throat" Method of Cough Relief

Since it is his habit to turn his face toward the person he is addressing, and since above all—and quite unlike the dictators—he looks openly at every man, the visitor always has him in front and sees the friendliness and amiability, easily missing that other, energetic Roosevelt whose strong chin is visible, all the more startlingly, only when he is seen from the side.

The privilege of remaining seated which every one concedes him because of his affliction starts him off with an advantage in his intercourse with others, in the same way as the smallness of Napoleon's stature compelled every one standing before him to bend his back a little. As Roosevelt looks up at every one standing in front of him, he has accustomed himself to an upward and therefore very energetic gesture of the chin which counteracts the danger of his conciliatory smile. A long cigarette holder often lengthens, in profile, this determined line, particularly when he is excited, for then the holder sticks out even more boldly into the air. The features are so strongly lined that on the rare occasions when he puts on his glasses with their weak lenses there is hardly any change.

The massive upper body and the powerful grip of his tense hand heighten, when he is seen seated, the picture of a thoroughly healthy and virile nature to which the full ringing laugh is better suited than the ingratiating voice. And yet the two must be taken together as the outward evidences of his character. Today just as in his boyhood his joy in life is rooted in the consciousness of health; he himself confirmed it to me. This unclouded forehead of his, the unembarrassed habit of scratching himself behind the ear, of rubbing his eyes with both fists, of bursting suddenly into laughter, belong only to the completely healthy man. And if he takes no doctor along on his election campaigns, if he speaks for an hour under the blazing Topeka sun while the journalists have to take refuge in the shade, if he can ride the whole day in an open car through the wind and rain of New England, all this demonstrates an unbroken life-force.

And yet it was broken once. The faith in that victory, living on in him, the fundamental anti-tragic trait of his joyous nature, without which he could not have won that battle, seems to add strength to him daily. You will see the connection between this illness and his career by a little story. Since receiving that blow at Campobello, the summer home of his youth, in 1921, he had never gone back there in twelve years. His mother, his wife and children went each summer without him. But in 1933, some months after his inauguration as President, he went back for the first time. Just as if to say, "I won the battle!"

The way he has of swinging himself round in his seat, of stretching out his legs, cased in steel buckles, in order to get up, of climbing into his automobile—all the displacements of this heavy-moving man are free from embarrassment or nervousness; and since no attempt is made to hide them, they evoke the admiration of the crowd.

That their own President should have encountered sickness and outfought it is a spur to all Americans in their life-struggle. It brought him definitely closer to the people. Since, in public speaking, he must lean heavily on the desk, he is prevented from making any oratorical gestures. Nor would they suit him. Serene by nature, unimpassioned and convincing, alien to the arts of the demagogue, he does not need them.

This self-mastery he was able, by chance, to demonstrate as it were before the whole world in the first days of his Presidency. The diplomatic corps, invited to the first reception in the White House, was greeted by Roosevelt, then asked by his wife to proceed to the next room for tea, whither the President followed slowly, leaning on a stick and supported by an aide.

WHEN ONE OF HIS AIDES TURNED WHITE

Right at the chair, before which the President already stands, the officer trips over the train of a lady, and the man who is being led falls heavily into the chair. Terror among the diplomats! Roosevelt turns laughing toward his aide, who has gone white, and says, "Well, you nearly fell down!"

Such self-assurance he could have achieved by a determined refusal to recognize his paralysis. On the contrary, he has a good word to say for his sickness, for, as he said to me, "At that time, in 1921, I was so exhausted by war, by election campaigns, and by my double labors as lawyer and insurance official, that nature would otherwise have exacted a heavier price; would probably have killed me through a heart attack. As it was she let me off with paralysis!"

During the day his feeling of perfect health is confirmed by the functioning of his organs, during the night by an eight-hour sleep which failed him as little on the day when he discovered the treachery of one of his friends as on the occasion when the attempt was made on his life in Miami. When, before his nomination, friends of his anxiously remembered that the Presidency had used up stronger constitutions than his, his wife gave the fine answer, which Earle Looker reported in Liberty, "If his sickness couldn't kill him, the Presidency won't."

I asked a dozen people who have long been close to him about periods or even moments of depression. Of course his enemies cause him vexation, and struggle excites him, but no one—not even one lady who had been an intimate friend of the family for twenty-five years, or another who had been as intimate for seventeen—had ever seen Roosevelt crushed. Since he lives a very social life, and is really never alone, these testimonies are the proof of a completely balanced nature, which loves the struggle without trembling about the victory.

Just as the clarity of his being speaks from his blue glances, from the openness of which no one can escape, so it finds expression in his handwriting, in his written and spoken style, and in a manner of life in which his enemies could not, during the bitterest political campaign in American history, that of 1936, find a single shady place.

A nature of such lifelong clarity must either rest on faith or else must build itself on a complete joy of life which seldom endures through all the years and is not always the lot even of the favorite of fortune. He said to me, laughing, "It's only a legend that a man sacrifices himself in office in order to carry a burden. Of course power is pleasurable, for a few years. Then a man retires. I have a host of things to continue, the farm, Warm Springs, travels, articles to write—something of an introduction to the history of the times! I also started two books during my sickness: portraits of men out of our sea history, and a history of America showing how Europe is mirrored in it in all epochs. To be continued later—perhaps."

HE'LL MAKE HIS MARK YET — AS A HISTORIAN

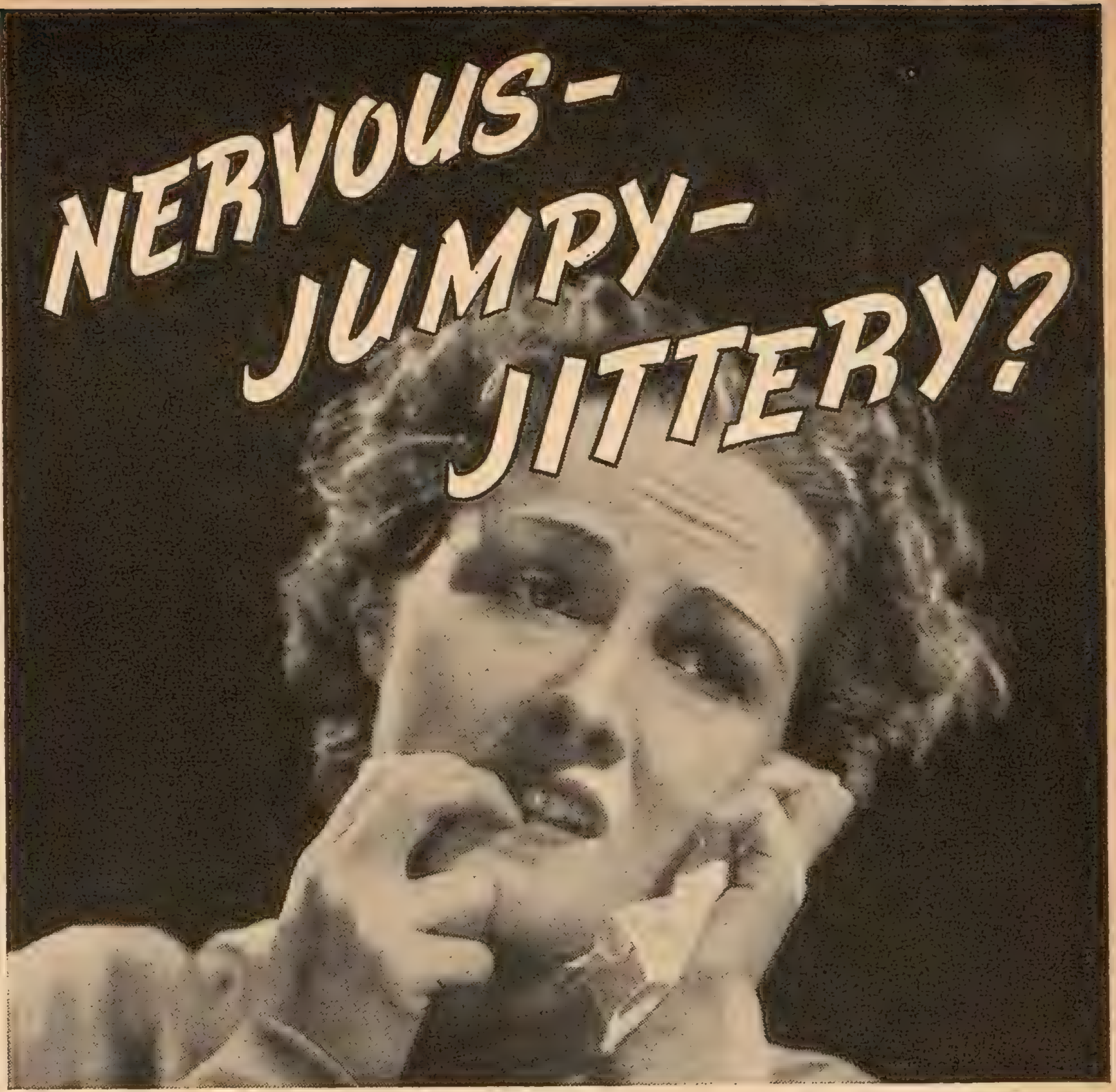
In a negative way this mood finds expression in his trick of overcoming discomfort quickly. His Supreme Court defeat in July, 1937, cost him only one spoiled evening.

For nothing can move him to despondency, renunciation, or regret. At fifty he wrote, "Would I want to spend part of my life in politics, if I had the choice again? Of course I would!" But this joy in life is, throughout, bound up with activity. Whatever is Platonic is alien to him, and this is what marks him off completely from Wilson.

He has something of that character which Goethe has so beautifully described: "My belief in immortality springs from my concept of activity. For if I have gone on laboring without rest until the end, nature is in duty bound to provide me with another place, when my body is no longer capable of carrying on here." I wrote out in English these magnificent phrases of the eighty-year-old Goethe and showed them to Roosevelt; he seemed to be deeply impressed by them and to accept them for himself.

It is only since he had to relinquish physical sport, which is half of life to the healthy American, that Roosevelt has transposed it into spiritual terms. All motion as expression of power is denied him, so he prefers, for himself and others, debate, persuasion, ruling from the desk, rather than the traditional mode so much beloved by Theodore Roosevelt. A man who has not walked freely and robustly in sixteen years, but swims every day, must gain another and even finer sense of form and of balance.

That Franklin Roosevelt loves the fight more than power is one of the many disproofs of the fear that he wants to become dictator.



Don't Let High Pressure Living and Erratic Eating Habits Make You Look Old and Haggard

Let This Simple Food Help Revitalize Undernourished Nerves

HURRY! Rush! Hustle! These are the commands of modern business! Men and women hear and heed them every working hour, every day! Small wonder then, that in the resulting tenseness, tempers are short—we become restless—suffer sleepless nights! Call the results what you may, "*jitters*," "*jumpiness*," or "*nervousness*," these conditions make men look haggard—put lines in women's faces.

While nerves do not actually become "frayed" or "frazzled," science now knows that nerves are often *impoverished* and their *functions disrupted*. And a common cause has been traced!

YEAST FOAM TABLETS

It has been shown that in the press of modern living, we often eat erratically, and many of our foods may be deficient or entirely lacking in certain vital elements that are *absolutely essential* to sound, steady, healthy nerves. These elements are known as the "Vitamin B Complex."

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Graceful design, light weight; fine enough to wear on your silver, gold or platinum chain.

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Instantly opened or closed with one hand. No broken fingernails. Blade locks easily in any one of 3 lengths . . . really three blades in one.

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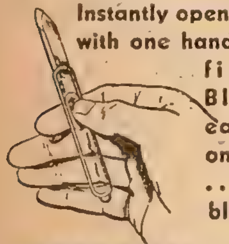

Christy
Actual Size

"Don't you sometimes get envious," I asked him, "when Congress puts obstacles in your way, and then you read how the dictators simply issue decrees?"

"No! I'd hate to be a dictator!" he cried, and the "No!" sounded not at all pacifistic but aggressive.

That happens to be his delight, to surround himself always with new objects of battle, as in 1937, when he threw himself into four difficult and unnecessary problems of social reconstruction. It is the same delight which he felt when, as a very young state senator, he summed up his crusade against a candidate with the words, "There is nothing I love as much as a good fight. I never had as much fun in my life as I'm having right now!" Or when, as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, he directed à la Sherlock Holmes the unearthing of a German war spy.

To what an extent he sees it all as a fencing bout is revealed in this reflective phrase of his, out of his thirty-second year: "As a weapon politics may sometimes be dangerous to the user, but so are most effective weapons."

This fighting game makes him as little the enemy of persons as the football captain is of the opposing team; and just as sport actually instills comradeship, so Roosevelt's liking for people has only been strengthened by the political life. Thus, as Governor, he closed an ironic attack on the assemblymen who threw monkey wrenches into the governmental machinery with this sudden twist: "Enough! I like my opponent, the Legislature." Or, "That man—honestly, I like him a lot, because I detest him so thoroughly." These exclamations are high points in Roosevelt's art of life.

This wide-flung eagerness for people cannot possibly direct itself toward the successful when it issues from a successful person; it must fling itself upon the disadvantaged, to help them, out of the joy of its own activity. That is why Roosevelt's feeling for human beings is more in the nature of comradeship than of love of humanity. Thus his social effect is more robust than that of his more self-sacrificing wife, but also more practical than that of Wilson. Power of action and joy of battle unite here with an eminent sense of justice, and the amalgam issues as love of the people. But the people are not seen as so many millions, to be driven herd-fashion to pasture; they are resolved into families and individuals, each to be helped to a happier life.

Feeling himself to be a favorite of fortune, this active man who has been raised to power wants to carry the same good fortune into as many homes as possible; this and nothing else is his entire program. What is being sought is quite simply to improve the condition of the poor man at the expense of the rich man; to raise the standard of his security, health, and freedom of movement.

Behind this social action, as he explained it to me, lies the duty of the

---

☆ TWO MINUTE STORY ☆

At one time in his illustrious career, Abraham Lincoln was a young struggling lawyer in Springfield, Illinois, having a mighty hard time to make both ends meet. Yet, withal, kindhearted, gentle, wise, witty.

Abe had purchased some lawbooks from a large Boston publishing company and, after a good many payments, had cleaned up his indebtedness. The Boston publishing house was so sure of his honesty, he was repeatedly petitioned to buy more books.

Now, it happened about this time that another lawyer came to start practicing in Springfield.

It seems this new arrival was rather of the shyster variety and not well thought of by the community at large.

Upon hearing that Abe had purchased a law library on time payments, this lawyer secured the name of Abe's publisher, and wrote him, requesting shipment of a set of lawbooks, to be paid for by time payments.

Abe Lincoln

As a natural thing in the course of business, the Boston publisher wrote to Abe, making inquiry about the new customer, and here is the authentic letter "Honest Abe" wrote to him:

Gentlemen:

The party you inquire about has a small office on the third floor of one of our office buildings.

He has a pasteboard sign tacked on the first pair of stairs.

He has a pasteboard sign tacked on the second pair of stairs.

He has a pasteboard sign tacked on the third pair of stairs.

He has a pasteboard sign tacked on his office door.

In his office he has:
1 box he sits on.
1 box he writes on.
1 box he spits in.

Over in one corner there is a large rat-hole *that will bear looking into.*

—*William Bradford Dickson.*

Have you a Two-Minute Story? Liberty will pay top rates for good ones. Address: Two-Minute Man, Liberty, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. Manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope, nor can we enter into correspondence regarding them.

rich man to help the poor man instead of trying to become richer at his expense. To this may be added his own knowledge from long experience of the condition of the farmer, right down to the soup he eats and the coat he wears. Above all, he learned in sickness to feel for others. Out of such a mixture of impulses arise such splendid phrases as "We are much too much concerned with institutions, and much too little with the individual." This it is that makes him admire Jefferson's victory over Hamilton, a victory over the system which Roosevelt as a young state senator had already begun to attack.

So it was not philosophy that Roosevelt was practicing in his struggle—which is astonishing when we remember that after the stock-market crash the whole of America suddenly began to philosophize. It was neither Christianity nor economic studies but the need of a fearful hour that called him to the struggle. It was in no sense the Tolstoian attitude; Roosevelt has as little intention of living in the hovels of the poor as Lincoln had of marrying a Negress. He much prefers to take a holiday on a yacht with millionaire friends, which does not prevent him from laughing in their faces and taking sixty per cent of their incomes away through new taxes a week later. He does not hate them, he only wants to shear them.

I have seen him add up rows of figures with tremendous rapidity, and I know that he draws up his own publisher's contracts much better than many of us writers. He also told me that he wanted to put the family farm, which had never brought in anything to its owners, on a paying basis by afforestation. Money, like every other mistress, may be prized for the good in it, as long as one remains master.

With the same wisdom he refuses, in spite of the thousands of voices around him, to let himself brood over pictures of destitution, which he simply doesn't want to hunt out. In the same way he is careful, too, not to take an entirely personal interest in any one. He does not ask a visitor about things which cannot be of use to him, and he does not burden himself with sympathy for the individual destiny. Thus Roosevelt's understanding of want has not diminished his joy of life, and he is therefore able to maintain his fighting spirit without resorting to hatred.

HOW HE LEARNS FROM THE FORGOTTEN MAN

He is also skillful in combining the ethical with the practical in order to achieve his ends. When he tries to help some one from among the flood of his correspondents he learns about the general from the particular; and he likes best to draw out of the pile the clumsily addressed letters which farmers, mechanics, and other workers have written him about their personal condition.

Without betraying any one, he is nevertheless craftier than most statesmen who seek to betray each other, and he is nobody's fool at vote-

"You don't have to TELL IT TO THE MARINES they KNOW!"

... WRITES HARRY E. REECE, FROM THE U. S. VETERANS HOSPITAL AT MEMPHIS, TENN.

"On active duty with the Fifth Marines in the Nicaraguan jungles. I went to our field hospital with fever. One day a badly injured Marine was flown in... it was my buddy!

"His head had been bashed in by a machete. To save him, surgeons must remove fragments of skull pressing on the brain... a delicate operation anywhere, it was extra tough in a field hospital. I guess they didn't have much hope. Just when they started operating...

OUT WENT THE LIGHTS!

"Our small portable generator had failed! Hospital corps men rushed through the dark ward, gathered up flashlights some of the men had there, and with the light from *fresh* DATED 'Eveready' batteries, the surgeon finished his work.

"My buddy returned to duty, is still living and he thanks one *swell* Marine Corps surgeon and *dependable*, dated 'Eveready' batteries. They were the only kind our canteen sold, the only kind that could have taken what we gave 'em.

(Signed) Harry E. Reece"

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FREE OFFER: We will be glad to send one Blue-Jay absolutely free to anyone who has a corn, to prove that it ends pain instantly, removes the corn completely. Just send your name and address to Bauer & Black, Division of The Kendall Co., Dept. J-42, 2500 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill. Act quickly before this trial offer expires.

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London Physician

Dr. T. J. Rastelli, well known physician and surgeon of London, England, says: "The chief way your body cleans out acids and poisonous wastes in your blood is thru 9 million tiny, delicate Kidney tubes or filters, but beware of cheap, drastic, irritating drugs." If functional disorders due to germs in the Kidneys or Bladder make you suffer from Getting Up Nights Nervousness, Leg Pains, Circles Under Eyes, Dizziness, Backache, Swollen Joints, Acidity, or Burning Passages, don't rely on ordinary medicines. Fight such germs with the doctor's prescription Cystex. Cystex starts working in 3 hours and must prove entirely satisfactory in 1 week and be exactly the medicine you need or money back is guaranteed. Telephone your druggist for Cystex (Siss-tex) today. The guarantee protects you.

$$$$ CONTEST MONEY $$$$

Thousands of dollars are being given away, are you getting your share? To win you must understand the technique. CONTEST MAGAZINE and NUGGETS MONTHLY, America's leading Contest publications will help you.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

We will send you both magazines, three months, (value $1.50 by single copy) and give you a copy of our new book, "Winning Secrets," all for ONE DOLLAR if you act NOW.

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getting. But the fact is that as a farmer's son he does understand little people better than big, and likes them more.

Having learned nearly everything that he knows through the eye and by chance, he uses every hint, and even pursues it for his purpose. In the war the visionary letter of an inventor led him to the means for the blockading of the North Sea. Years afterward, the letter of an unknown person enabled him to find the healing remedy for his sickness. Such a man does not face his daily mail with a feeling of resignation and patience, but rather with unquenchable curiosity, and he is not afraid to declare before the entire nation that in these fateful days the states must experiment. He calls the states forty-eight laboratories, where every one must seek out what is best for himself and pass it on to the others. Only a naïve person can perpetually risk new experiments. "If I thought I were a sage, I'd cloister myself and merely work with my—er—wisdom!"

It is thus that he handles people, without prejudgments or pretentiousness, cleverly, cordially, cannily, but also with rapid decision and a lightly humorous tone to which is added a certain charm which people later resent in recollection. His tempo, the fastest I have seen in America, often compels him to make five-minute decisions, and at bottom he prefers them to the ones which took five weeks. Learning as he does through the senses, physically and visually, he is quick to grasp a situation, as I have often had occasion to witness. His simple speech, aiming only at clearness, fills every one with confidence, and since he never tries to impress any one he is the more able to help. That is why Roosevelt and his wife have since their youth been sought out by hundreds of forgotten people for counsel.

Power has increased his firmness. Men who had daily contact with him as Governor assure me that they have more confidence in him now than they had then. Just as he gained in self-certainty between his first and fourth years as Governor, a similar growth may be noted between his first and fourth years as President. And yet today he asks more advice than he used to before he reaches a decision.

He spurs officials on with praise, never discourages them with censure. When they make mistakes he tells them of it privately and, whenever possible, outside of official quarters, perhaps over a cup of tea in a corner of the room. He accords the members of his cabinet the widest possible freedom in their public addresses. If action must be taken in full stride he forces himself, after a quick decision, to let some little time pass before he makes it public. Even so, however, he has made mistakes which he freely confesses. He always writes his speeches only a few hours before delivering them, because days before he does not feel the dramatic necessity.

He writes out his own speeches, for the true stylist cannot dictate, and they strike the note of the spoken word because, unlike Bismarck, for instance, he makes very few corrections. To be sure, he often clings obstinately to a mistake, the only characteristic which unites him with Wilson.

What does Mr. Ludwig really think of the Black Supreme Court appointment? What, in the last analysis, does he think of the President as his record stands today? Fully, frankly, the noted biographer brings his latest work to a brilliant conclusion in next week's final installment.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 24

1—Eva Le Gallienne.

2—No; the frozen part should be gently covered with the hand or brought in contact with a warm body surface until the part has gradually thawed and the blood starts circulating again. Rubbing with snow is apt to bruise and tear the tissues, causing gangrene.

3—Liberia (Haiti has an estimated population of 2,300,000, excluding whites).

4—Gin.

5—First a layer of coal—then comes the kindling, and finally the paper. This method, according to the U. S. Bureau of Mines, "results in less smoke and more complete burning of the gases given off."

6—A minimum of interference in political and economic affairs by the government.

7—Stephen Leacock.

8—Venison.

9—"Let us sing of the days that are gone, Maggie,
When you and I were young."

10—Copper.

11—In order to prevent destruction of the frigate Constitution.

12—The United States of Brazil.

13—The earth.

14—Co-ordinate.

15—The digestive juices are stimulated and digestion is facilitated.

16—Cotton that has been woven closely.

17—The Philippine Commonwealth.

18—As both civil and criminal.

19—No, since Andrew "Old Hickory" Jackson was the General Jackson elected President in 1828 and 1832. "Stonewall" Jackson was a general in the Civil War.

20—

Charles F Hurley

Throat soothing

The only cough drop medicated with the throat soothing ingredients of Vicks VapoRub

VICKS medicated COUGH DROP

SUPER-CATASTROPHE BY CINEMA

Chicago's 1871 holocaust brings scarlet terror to the screen . . . A picturesque pirate lives again

By BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT   2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR   0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ ½ IN OLD CHICAGO

THE PLAYERS: Tyrone Power, Alice Faye, Don Ameche, Alice Brady, Andy Devine, Brian Donlevy, Phyllis Brooks, Tom Brown, Sidney Blackmer, Berton Churchill, June Storey, Paul Hurst, Tyler Brooke, J. Anthony Hughes, Gene Reynolds, Bobs Watson, Billy Watson, Madame Sultewan, Spencer Charters. Screen play by Lamar Trotti and Sonya Levien based on a story by Niven Busch. Directed by Henry King. Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox. Running time, 110 minutes.

MOVIE fans are coming to be students of holocausts. There was the earthquake in San Francisco, the locust plague in The Good Earth, the big blow in The Hurricane. In Old Chicago offers a super-catastrophe, the great fire of 1871, which swept 2,000 acres of the city and cleared the way for the modern metropolis of today.

The film accepts the fable that the fire was caused by Mrs. O'Leary's cow kicking over a lantern. More than that, it traces the history of the O'Learys from their entrance into the quagmired streets of the prairie city in 1854 up to the holocaust. City history is twisted about for dramatic effect and the film reveals one O'Leary arrayed against another, the slick young gambler and crooked politician Dion in battle with his crusading mayor-brother Jack. The climax is startling. You are shown a whole city burning, streets dynamited, steers stampeding from the stockyards, gas tanks exploding, the flames sweeping to the edge of Lake Michigan.

Alice Brady steals the film as the mother of the O'Learys. Tyrone Power isn't any too believable as the smoothie Dion; while as Jack, Don Ameche acts passably and looks as if his clothes were designed by a blacksmith.

VITAL STATISTICS: O.K., Twenty Questioneers: On Oct. 8, 1871, a red cow belonging to a Mrs. O'Leary kicked over a lamp that started a small bonfire which burned over an area of 3½ sq. miles, destroyed 17,450 buildings, property valued at about $200,000,000, rendered 100,000 homeless, took 250 lives. Flames traveled 2¼ miles in 7 hours; people fled into the lake; looting, robbery, and other crimes messed matters further. Fire was halted by gunpowder and rain. . . . Hollywood's Chicago was thrown up and destroyed on newly purchased ex-golf links adjoining 20th-Fox lot. Famed lake is a phony. Lake itself was built to hold 1,850,000 gals. of water, but nothing could be done to get that wintry effect the lake-frontiersman Chicago dweller knows so well. . . . Biggest headache proved finding a red cow that could kick a lamp over. They got one near Stockton, Cal., and it got lotsa jack a week. Did kicking in response to a concealed offscene tickle in the bovine pants. . . . Lycopodium gas, shot from concealed vents, was used in fire scenes. Lycopodium gas is probably the most inflammable gas in the world and one of the most harmless. Burns so fast it ignites nothing, burns nothing. Hence people can jump through it—fast. Actual burned buildings were burned in miniature and dubbed into lycopodious scenes. Studio guards all this as a secret.

Tyrone Power, Don Ameche, Alice Faye, and a scene from the climax of the thriller—In Old Chicago.

★ ★ ★ THE BUCCANEER

THE PLAYERS: Fredric March, Franciska Gaal, Akim Tamiroff, Margot Grahame, Walter Brennan, Anthony Quinn, Ian Keith, Douglas Dumbrille, Fred Kohler, Robert Barrat, Hugh Sothern, John Rogers, Hans Steinke, Stanley Andrews, Beulah Bondi, Spring Byington, Montagu Love, Frank Melton. Screen play by Edwin Justus Mayer, Harold Lamb, and C. Gardner Sullivan, based on an adaptation by Jeanie Macpherson of Lyle Saxon's La Fitte, the Pirate. Directed by Cecil B. De Mille. Produced by Paramount. Running time, 125 minutes.

CECIL DE MILLE in his most flamboyant, lush, and ornate mood. He has taken for his central figure Jean Lafitte, the pirate who struck out into the Caribbean from his hiding places in the bayous and backwaters of the Mississippi at New Orleans, looted and burned his captured ships, made his victims walk the plank, rested in his cabin while a co-pirate fiddled Handel's Largo. Through it all Lafitte is loved by a little Dutch girl taken from a captured merchantman. Little Gretchen is all coyness, sweetness, and light.

Fredric March plays Lafitte in the grand manner. A Hungarian newcomer, Franciska Gaal, is the pretty captive; Akim Tamiroff makes Lafitte's first aid, a Napoleonic veteran, into a pleasant old rogue; Hugh Sothern develops Andrew Jackson into a vivid, rugged bit.

Decorative, dated, and frequently dull but picturesque and flashy.

VITAL STATISTICS: Jean Lafitte's the mystery man of piracy. Born in 1780, he died around 1826. Might have become an honest citizen after helping U. S. win the Battle of New Orleans, except he couldn't resist piracy. Sailed off into legend on the Pride. This story follows historical side of his career pretty closely, hops up considerably on the romantic side. . . . Hollywood's Battle of N'Orleans was fought out on 4 acres at Baldwin Oaks, near the Santa Anita racetrack. Nobody got killed but plenty got hurt badly—powder burns, broken limbs, etc. . . . Largest props used: two square-riggers and three gunboats. Most expensive: the $250,000 Mario Ramirez collection of Spanish silver used in Lafitte's simple little digs. Most historic prop: a $2,700 set of jeweled baubles made for Gloria Swanson in Madame Sans Gene and worn by the belle-like Margot Grahame in this. Fiercest gadgets: 63 workable powder-and-ball cannons, cast by the Paramount studio cannon works. . . . New im-

I Know How To Look CLEAR EYED The "Morning After"

New Lotion Really Clears Eyes IN SECONDS!

"RED, veined eyes don't tell the world *I've* been out late! I know that dull, bleary eyes (due to late hours, fatigue, etc.) can look clear and sparkling in seconds . . . with a couple of drops of Eye-Gene!" This eye specialist's formula clears eyes amazingly . . . soothes and refreshes! Economy size at all drug stores; purse or pocket size at all 5 and 10c stores.

EYE-GENE

The **Physical Culture Health Resort**

. . . invites you to find again life's most precious possession—spirited youth. • This resort is at Dansville, N. Y., patronized by boys and girls of all ages, from sixteen to eighty. • If you have forgotten how to play they will teach you. • All non-contagious diseases scared to death by physcultopathic measures. • Write for information.

PHYSICAL CULTURE HOTEL
Incorporated
Dansville, New York, U. S. A.

L 2-19

port (the Girl) Franciska Gaal is youngest of 13 kids. She failed to make the grade in Hungary state acting school; stepped out of the audience to play her first role when a star took sick, reading the lines as she acted. . . . This is Margot Grahame's first crack at not being a brittle lady of tarnished allure. . . . Frank Melton used to be Marie Prevost's and Kenneth Harlan's chauff. He's from Pineapple, Ala. . . . Ian Keith's one of the stage's most literate actors and one of De Mille's favorite villains. . . . Anthony Quinn's married to Kitty De Mille, C. B.'s adopted dotter.

★ ★ ★ I MET MY LOVE AGAIN

THE PLAYERS: Joan Bennett, Henry Fonda, Dame May Whitty, Allan Marshal, Louise Platt, Alan Baxter, Tim Holt, Dorothy Stickney, Florence Lake, Genee Hall, Alice Cavenna. Screen play by David Hertz from the novel by Allene Corliss. Directed by Arthur Ripley and Joshua Logan. Produced by Walter Wanger-United Artists. Running time, 75 minutes.

THIS romantic conceit of the problems in which we humans get ourselves involved has a curiously subdued charm. It isn't box-office—but it is gently intriguing. Young Julie, long in love with the staid Ives, suddenly marries a mad irresponsible young author and goes off to Paris with him. But the writer dies tragically and ten years later Julie comes back to the Vermont town with her child. There is Ives, teaching biology in the little New England college. Can the two straighten out their lives in the face of narrow-minded village bitterness, arrive at some sort of happiness?

Joan Bennett does the best work of her career as Julie, Henry Fonda is excellent as Ives. There is a surprise performance by one Louise Platt, as the student, the spoiled daughter of a rich man, who always gets what she wants—and she wants Ives for herself. Miss Platt will bear watching. Indeed the whole cast is admirable.

VITAL STATISTICS: Louise Platt is the dotter of a naval doctor, confesses to a peripatetic career, never having roosted longer than 4 years in one place. Has been stranded in stock (even in this day and age), has shifted props, cut costumes, and swept stages in summer barn theaters. . . . They built a slice of the Vermont Green Mts. inside a Hollywood sound stage so Bennett and Fonda could make love in a violent thunderstorm, properly controlled for dialogue lapses. Mountain was built on a steel framework covered by tons of earth and rock, covered in turn by an acre of turf and trees. Overhead pipes made rain, wind machines whooshed up the storm, and the propman switched the lights on and off while the tympani boomed—just like in old melodrammers. . . . Fonda wears glasses for first screen time. This is considered veddy daring. . . . Allan Marshal plays his first screen heavy; says he doesn't mind being the suave cad and all-around heel as long as the picture's important. . . . May Whitty laconically describes her 50 years in the limelight as " all variety and sandwiches." She's from Liverpool, her paw was editor of the Liverpool Post. . . . Producer Walt Wanger knocked himself off a mere $130, Wanger Productions in 1936. Had the pleasu seeing Charley Boyer and Madeleine Carroll, his recent imports and both former Hollywood failures, earn almost twice as much as he during same period. Boyer made $249,000, Carroll $287,913.

★ ★ THE GIRL WAS YOUNG

THE PLAYERS: Nova Pilbeam, Derrick de Marney, Percy Marmont, Edward Rigby, George Curzon, Pamela Carme, John Longden, George Merritt, J. H. Roberts, H. F. Maltby, John Millar, Jerry Verno. Screen play by Charles Bennett, Edwin Greenwood, and Anthony Armstrong from the novel, A Shilling for Candles, by Josephine Tey. Directed by Alfred Hitchcock. Produced by Gaumont-British. Running time, 84 minutes.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK, the English director who made 39 Steps so expertly, has fumbled this one. The Girl Was Young is an anemic murder yarn, of a young chap unjustly arrested for a strangling, of his escape, of his attempts, aided by the pretty daughter of the provincial constable, to prove his innocence in spite of police bungling. Unfortunately the affair doesn't jell into any real suspense; both surprise and charm are lacking. Nova Pilbeam, British star, plays the girl sympathetically enough; Percy Marmont, not so long ago a Hollywood big name, makes his first appearance in some time in the comparatively minor role of the heroine's father.

VITAL STATISTICS: Since Nova Pilbeam and Derrick de Marney knew each other but slightly, Megger Hitchcock kept making them do their kissing scene over and over. During 39 Steps making he " lost " the key to the handcuffs that held Madeleine Carroll and Rob Donat together. . . . This is Nova Pilbeam's first grown-up role @ 19. She smelled grease paint first at 5, father having been stage manager for the late Nigel Playfair; debutted as a full-fledged actress @ 12 in a dish of pure Grade-A A. Milne whimsey, Toad of Toad Hall. Got to be a stage hit at 17, skyrocketed to movie stardom when she was Nine Days a Queen. Is unmarried, ardently nuts about her terrier, her black-and-white cat Slapbang, her solitary, temperamental unchristened goldfish. Plays piano, likes all kinds dancing, including tap, ballet, rumba, Susie Q, or Big Apple. Refers to latter by the English name of Ballroom Eccentric Ethiopian Round Dahnce. Speaks good French and passable German, likes hossback riding best of all, hopes to own a racing stable, wants modestly to be tops in both English play and screen. Was recently the youngest Peter Pan in English stage history, role usually being played by a grammaw actress in short skirts. . . . Derrick de Marney is really his moniker, not something he took off a French hoisting machine. He's of French-Irish descent, his paw edited London papers. . . . Director Hitchcock once had to borrow £30 from his landlady's savings to finish a picture with Virginia Valli. Now his original budgets start @ $400,000, wind up about $600,000.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs, The Life of Emile Zola.

★★★½—Tovarich, Conquest, Heidi, Mayerling, Stage Door, 100 Men and a Girl, Stella Dallas, You Can't Have Everything.

★★★—Hollywood Hotel, Love and Hisses, Peter the First, Rosalie, You're a Sweetheart, Wells Fargo, Nothing Sacred, A Damsel in Distress, True Confession, The Hurricane, The Awful Truth, Ebb Tide, First Lady, Angel, Something to Sing About, Varsity Show, The Prisoner of Zenda, Thin Ice, Broadway Melody of 1938, Vogues of 1938, Dead End, Victoria the Great, Souls at Sea, Artists and Models, Saratoga, Topper, Easy Living, The Toast of New York, King Solomon's Mines.

TRADE YES, DOCTOR MARK

The only cough drops containing **VITAMIN A** are the famous Smith Brothers Cough Drops . . . Recent scientific evidence shows that Vitamin A raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold and cough infections. Two kinds of Smith Bros. Cough Drops: Black or Menthol—5¢.

START A WINNING ENTRY TODAY!

LIBERTY PRESENTS THE WORDS WITHIN WORDS CONTEST

$750

IN BIG CASH PRIZES THAT YOU CAN WIN

GENERALLY speaking, when one word leads to another it leads to argument. On this page Liberty presents a fascinating language game wherein one word leads to another toward substantial cash prizes! Don't miss this new opportunity to test your vocabulary, your application, and your skill—with the excellent possibility that you may receive a worth-while cash award when the final ratings are announced.

The rules give complete directions for the Words Within Words Game and an example to get you started on your score is shown above the first diagram at the right. Briefly, if you can build words across the diagram, starting with the letter in the key word and using only letters appearing in the key word, your chance to win is excellent. Scoring, as detailed in the rules and example, is controlled by the number of times you find it possible to use the various letters of the key word in completing the diagram. The first time a letter is used, it counts one point; the second time it is used, it counts two points, etc., so that, if you are skillful, by the time you work the bottom line some letters may be scoring 16, 18, 20 points or more. Save all of your completed diagrams until the end of the contest. The second will be published next week.

THESE SIMPLE RULES TELL YOU HOW TO WIN!

1. This contest will run for five weeks, ending in the issue of Liberty dated March 19, 1938.

2. Each week a diagram will be printed providing a key word and seven horizontal blank squares for each letter constituting the key word.

3. To compete, insert on each horizontal line a single word of not more than eight nor less than two letters, the letter of the key word in any line to be the first letter of the word you fill in. Each word used must consist entirely of letters appearing in the key word. Any English word found in Funk & Wagnalls' New Unabridged Standard Dictionary, the official reference of this game, may be used, provided no letter appears therein more often than it appears in the key word; i.e., if T appears in the key word three times it may be used not more than three times in any horizontal word.

4. Method of scoring: Each letter in the finished diagram, including the letters of the key word, counts one point the first time it is used and increases in value by one point upon each successive use. In filling in spaces, place letters below and their values above the dotted lines. Thus, above the first letter of the key word put the figure 1. Place 2 above this letter the next time it appears and 3 above it the next time it appears, etc. Your completed diagram will show a score number above each letter of each word. Then add up the total of all numbers in the diagram and enter it on the line provided below.

5. Clip and save all coupons until your set of five is complete at the end of the contest. Upon the final diagram a space will be provided for you to enter the grand total of all the diagrams in your entry. Then send them, together with a fifty-word statement on "The Contest I Like Best, and Why," to WORDS WITHIN WORDS EDITOR, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Mail flat by first-class postage.

6. The entry with the largest grand total accompanied by the clearest, most logical statement will be adjudged the best and will be awarded the First Prize of $300. In the order of their excellence on this basis other entries will be awarded Second Prize, $100; Third Prize, $50; ten prizes, each $10; and forty prizes, each $5. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

7. The closing date of this contest is Wednesday, March 30, and entries received after that date will not be considered.

8. No entries will be returned, nor can we enter into correspondence with any competitor. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Any one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications and members of their families.

HOW TO SCORE!

1 C	1 O	1 U	1 N	1 T	1 S		
2 O	2 N	1 I	3 O	3 N	2 S		

The two horizontal lines above represent the first two lines of the puzzle below. The filled-in words show how the score should be computed. Their total score is 19. You can possibly find other words that have a much higher score value.

C							
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DIAGRAM No. 1 *TOTAL* . . . .

Vox Pop

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Bouquets to Mrs. Blair and Oxford Article

New York, N. Y.—It was very gratifying to read the article What I Found Out About the Oxford Movement, by Emily Newell Blair (January 1 Liberty). In a bewildered world, it is very refreshing to read about people who have found an answer to their own lives and which can readily be applied to the lives of others.—*C. Story, Vice-President Cities Service Oil Company.*

Minneapolis, Minn.—I have followed with great interest the many articles in Liberty last year, and this on the Oxford Group. I think your recent article by Emily Newell Blair was a grand one and I bought many copies for distribution to my friends.

I personally know Mrs. Blair and may I congratulate you for your continued support of such a fine movement. It has meant much to me personally, and your articles have been the direct source of many new visions of helpfulness.—*Daniel M. Brigham, Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company.*

New York, N. Y.—Your article on the Oxford Group, by Mrs. Emily Newell Blair, in the January 1 issue interested me very much. In talking with the editor of the Daily Mirror the other day, he told me that the greatest problem he had was how to tell inquirers specifically how they can discover an answer for their problems. It seems to me that the how of it is very well set forth by Mrs. Blair.

Not the least interesting feature about the article is that a member of the Democratic National Committee is the author. Not every reader would suspect a member of that committee of knowing God so intimately.—*Hanford M. Twitchell.*

South Orange, N. J.—I like Emily Newell Blair's article for its clear-cut presentation of the quality of life which is today bringing the answer to a troubled world through the lives of ordinary men and women. The printing of this article in Liberty will do much toward making a happier 1938 for hundreds and thousands of your readers if they catch the message that human nature can be changed, and at the same time you will bring a new spirit to business and government.—*J. Richardson Van Dyke.*

New York, N. Y.—Please let me tell you how grateful I am for the lead article in Liberty about the Oxford Group Movement, by Emily Newell Blair.

In these days of confusion, it is certainly welcome to learn of something doing such a constructive piece of work, and I am really in the debt of Liberty, which has carried news of the Oxford Group several times during the past months. All my friends have been interested in news of it and are eager for more.—*Margaret Williams.*

[And we wish to acknowledge with thanks the letters of others, among them: F. Shepard Cornell, New York, N. Y.; Robert H. Duffin, Erie, Pa.; C. A. Jenkins, Ironton, Ohio; Irving Harris, New York, N. Y.; Annette Crutcher, Louisville, Ky.; G. Richard Tiebel, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Lawrence R. Moffatt, Summit, N. J.; Robert B. Williams, Oil City, Pa.; J. Ray Robbins, Ridgewood, N. J.; N. T. Brotherton, New York, N. Y.; Ruth Johnson, Summit, N. J.; William T. Terrill, Dixon, Ill.; Faith W. Whitney, Springfield, Mass.; Edward Van K. Cunningham, Beacon, N. Y.; Elizabeth Sumner, Palo Alto, Calif.; John Upsher Smith, Washington, D. C.; John D. Swain, Whitman, Mass.; Du Bois S. Morris, New York, N. Y.; Mrs. D. Wilson, Philadelphia, Pa.; and Marie Macbeth, New York, N. Y.—Vox Pop Editor.]

A TOAST FOR 1938

Topeka, Kan.—In a world upset by wicked schemes of conquest, of turmoil, of hate and envy, the thinking man sees danger looming large upon the horizon, and in our country a peaceful people have been lulled to sleep by the hypodermic of public relief. The nation's money is squandered with a total disregard of consequences—laws of nature are being amended by the idle gestures of selfish men intent upon appeasing the demands of organized minorities and forgetful of the common good. Attacks are made upon the fundamental law of the land and misguided men in high places preach dreaming sophistries in the name of sweet charity.

The common man's liberty hangs in the balance and the fate of the nation is uncertain.

The practical man is publicly abused, business is insulted, economy derided, thrift jeered at, and he who would make his own way by industry has no hope for the future. A new philosophy is abroad in the land and the very fundamentals of representative government are at stake.

At this juncture we need strong men and women, those of faith and courage, not easily swayed, uncompromising, unselfish, willing to stand abuse in the name of right, to be cursed by those who would take all and give nothing.

So I propose this toast to you: I wish for this country of ours an unswerving allegiance of true and rugged men, gifted with the sight of tomorrow, willing to pledge their all that constitutional government shall not fail us in this hour, that reason will prevail and cheap sentimentalism and idle fancies will speedily vanish. I wish for you twelve months of security and peace during 1938, and may you be strong in the faith, gird on the armor of the true knight, and sally forth in defense of the principles of representative government guaranteed to us under our Constitution.

And as you drink this toast with me may no glass remain turned down upon the table.—*Al F. Williams.*

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN?

Ridgefield, N. J.—If high wages bring prosperity instead of being the result thereof, why not double all wages mandatorily on thirty days' notice, and watch results?—*Robert Grimshaw.*

"WHERE THE HECK DO I LIVE?"

Logan, Ohio—I'm from Ohio and do quite a bit of traveling. A couple of summers ago I happened to be visiting in Maine. While I was there several people asked me where I was from. When I told them, I was almost sure to get an answer something like this: "Oh, from out West."

Last summer I was out in Wyoming, but when I told them I was from Ohio they were almost sure to say, "Oh, from back East."

Will some one please tell me where in the heck I live?—*Tommy Brehm.*

SASKATCHEWAN HAS A MALE PREMARITAL EXAMINATION

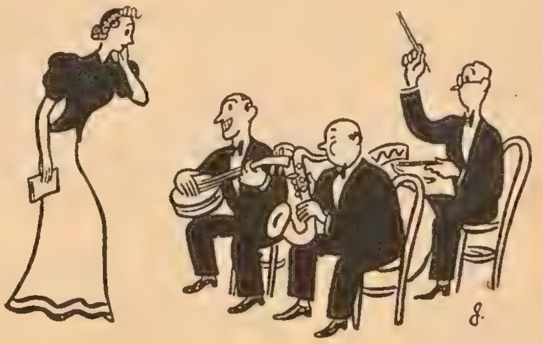
Saskatoon, Sask.—As one of your most appreciative Canadian readers, might I presume to inform you, for the information of your good friend the M. O. of New Jersey, (October 30 Liberty) that we have a male premarital examination law here in the Province of Saskatchewan. The statute has been in force some years now.

Maybe the New Jersey authorities would be interested to have this information through you.

Might I voice my appreciation of your new feature in our Canadian Liberty—"The Last Page." (How's that for a caption?) Your little chat to us each week has the atmosphere of friend to friend and not editor to reader, and is fast becoming "last but not least" in one reader's view.—*Don Hooton.*

WHY ARE MUSICIANS HOMELY?

New York, N. Y.—Why is it that musicians are so terribly homely—that is, most of them? Especially the players



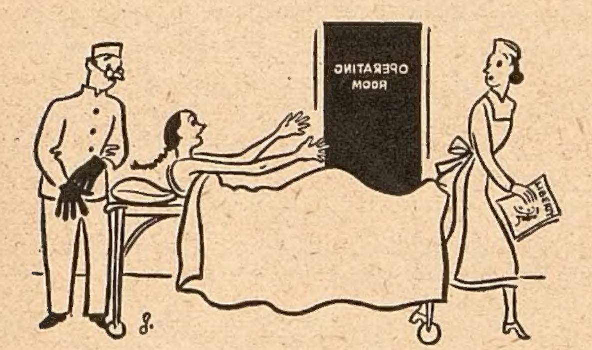
in the dance orchestras. I've been around quite a bit, but rarely have I ever seen a handsome musician. In the dance bands the leaders and singers are about the only ones that don't always look like something that the cat dragged in. Others have noticed it, too.

Oh, please, can't we have some young handsome players in your bands, Mr. Orchestra Leaders?—*Female Swingster.*

LIBERTY BEATS ETHER

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Now I know where your millions of readers come from, although I had wondered how it was that people would buy your mag week after week.

Recently I had to go to the hospital, and found everybody there reading Liberty. You know, misery loves company; and Liberty causes so much misery among the patients that the knife is merely passing the time of day.



"Give me back my Liberty!" cried an old maid as she was being wheeled into the operating room. "I'll read Liberty, and you can save your ether for somebody else!"—*Ned Mauston.*

WHEN IGNORANCE ISN'T BLISS

NEW HAVEN, CONN.—In January 8 Liberty appears a Two-Minute Story entitled Ignorance Is Bliss and purportedly written by one who calls himself Ronald Richards.

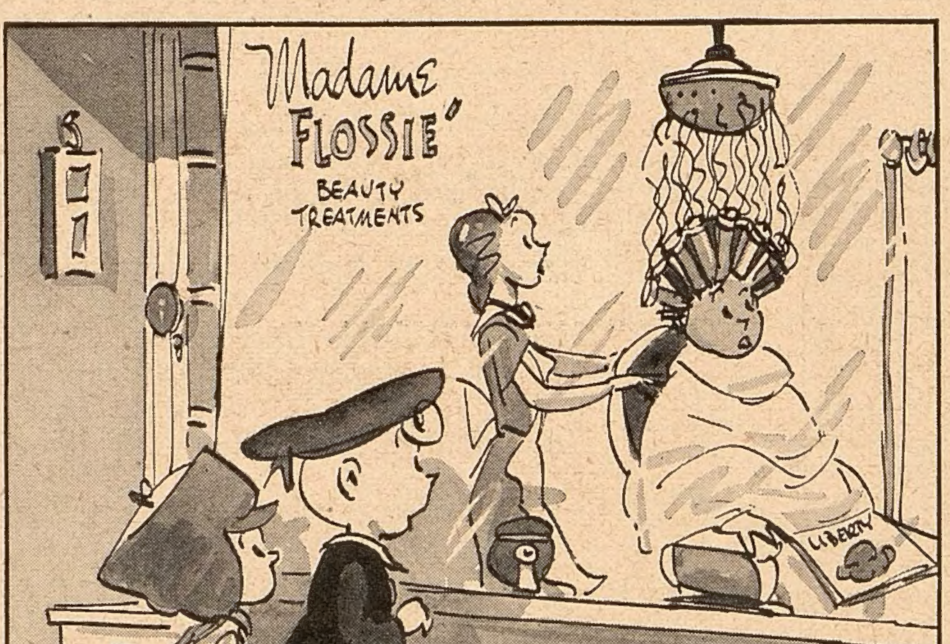
I feel it is necessary to inform you that Mr. Richards is guilty of plagiarism. A story, The Verger, identical in plot, appeared about two years ago in a book named Cosmopolitans, a collection of the short stories of Somerset Maugham.—*Hugh J. Parry.*

WACO, TEX.—I heard this week's Two-Minute Story, Ignorance Is Bliss, when I was a child in Europe sixty years ago; nevertheless, I enjoyed reading your version of it, as it is very cleverly written.—*B. Kaplan.*

SEASIDE, ORE.—Liberty's Two-Minute Story by Ronald Richards in the January 8 issue is a big laugh. I first heard it years ago in the dining room of the old Hotel Seville in New York. It was told by Mr. Son, at that time a successful blouse manufacturer. A year or so later Montague Glass told the story in Cosmopolitan. It was almost word for word the same story that Mr. Richards tells, except that the millionaire hero had applied for the job of shamus in a synagogue. Much better, don't you think?—*Carroll R. Belden.*

[As I understand the word plagiarism, it means a deliberate literary theft. My Ignorance Is Bliss story is not that, for I had never seen nor heard of its being written by any one else.
The plot is one that I've had in mind for a long time—I can't tell how long, nor can I tell where I got the thought. I sincerely regret that it seems to have been written before, but I was totally ignorant of that fact. In this case, ignorance did not turn out to be bliss!—*Ronald Richards.*]

"HARDTACK"



"What do you suppose she's gettin' the chair for? I haven't read of any murders lately."

Quincy Howe Attacks "Delusions" of H. G. Wells

NEW YORK, N. Y.—To judge from Transatlantic Misunderstandings (January 15 Liberty), Mr. H. G. Wells has been troubled by more nighttime delusions than the oldest Middle-Western lady he ever lectured at.

Delusion Number 1: Appeals to the "common future" and the "common language" of the British and American peoples have nothing whatever to do with the desire of the British Foreign Office for American aid in the Far East or with the desire of the United States Navy Department for increased defense expenditures.

Delusion Number 2. The statement that the population of the United States now includes "two thirds of the English-speaking world" means that the four hundred million colored people now living under British rule do not exist.

Delusion Number 3: Any war to defend the British Empire automatically promotes the cause of democracy.

Delusion Number 4: By posing as the foe of English respectability one instantly establishes a reputation for infallibility. During the last war to make the world safe for the English language Mr. Wells wrote a novel entitled Mr. Britling Sees It Through. No single book published between 1914 and 1918 did more to delude both the British and American peoples about the aims of the First World War. Mr. Wells rushed to the rescue of British respectability. It not only can happen again. It has.

Delusion Number 5: The overwhelming popular support of such measures as the Ludlow Amendment and stricter neutrality legislation arises entirely from the influence of one small book entitled England Expects Every American to Do His Duty.

A sinister campaign of misrepresentation is now blinding the American people to their real interest, which is to take Mr. Wells' advice and enlist under the leaders of the tottering British Empire on a final doomed crusade.—*Quincy Howe, Author of England Expects Every American to Do His Duty.*

HUMORISTIC REALISM

FOND DU LAC, WIS.—Whether You Like It or Not, You're Going to Get It! by F. P. A. (January 1 Liberty) is humoristic realism of the sort to make one willing to pay twice the price of a magazine for that alone.—*Cuneva Scheffer, M. D.*

MR. MACFADDEN CALLS THINGS BY RIGHT NAMES

LAKEPORT, N. H.—I cannot refrain from telling you how much pleased I am to note that some one with as large a public as Mr. Macfadden had the courage to call that bunch in Washington by their right names, "Socialistic planners."

Will they never learn that we either all prosper or go broke together?

I wish your December 25 editorial, At Last Business Critics Are Worrying Washington, might appear in every publication in the country.—*G. A. Quimby.*

GIVE "DUMBBELLS" A CHANCE

GRAND JUNCTION, COLO.—Speaking of contests, why not give us dumbbells a chance?

When we buy our Liberty each week, let us cut off the big word Liberty on the front cover along with the date, put our name and address on it, send it in to you.

Then you shake them up and draw and let the lucky name or names win.—*James Flynn.*

Must the United States Fight Japan?

FOR MANY YEARS the man in the street has been saying, "Some day we will have to fight Japan. Sooner or later it is bound to come. When it does we will have a fight on our hands, although of course we will lick hell out of Japan before we get through. We ought to prepare for that now." . . . Whenever you asked the man in the street why such a war was bound to come, he became vague. . . . He talked of the yellow peril, a Japanese plan to seize the Philippines, Hawaii, Alaska; to invade the Pacific Coast and occupy all the territory west of the Rockies, blowing up the four passes by the aid of Japanese residents of California. . . . If the man in the street had happened to read one school of propaganda, he felt we would have to fight to save our women and children from foreign invaders and Communists. . . . If he had read another school, he was equally certain that a combination of munition makers, international bankers, and Downing Street would propel us into war and that nothing could be done to stop it. . . . Whether he was an advocate of strength by preparedness or of disarmament and isolation, the man in the street agreed that we would have to fight Japan. . . . The Panay incident brought war to our doorstep, as did the destruction of the Maine. . . . But at this writing America is still at peace with Japan. . . . That is not to overlook, however, the widespread unpopularity in the United States of the Japanese course in China. . . . That course is overwhelmingly disapproved. . . . This is a condition in itself full of danger. . . . It is doubtful whether the American people have realized how close we have been to a rupture with the Japanese government in the last few months. . . . Yet no one wants war, here or in Japan. . . . The old question still plagued us: "Is this war, talked of so long, really a necessity? Does the United States have to fight Japan?" . . . We went to a high authority for an answer to that question, to Ambassador Saito, the representative of the Emperor to the American government. . . . We put the problem to him bluntly. . . . Next week, with surprising candor, Ambassador Saito answers in Liberty the question, Must Japan and the United States Go to War? . . . One of the astonishing points in this historic article is that Mr. Saito frankly admits that Japan is partly at fault in her Chinese adventure. . . . We think that every American will profit by reading what Mr. Saito has to say. . . . We do not believe he will convert the American people to the Japanese cause, but he nevertheless gives the most forthright statement of Japan's incredible behavior that we have been fortunate enough to read. . . . On the other hand, Madame Chiang Kai-shek, in a brief but pointed piece in the same issue, tells Why Japan Is Not to Be Trusted. . . . WE WISH there were more space to tell you about the many good things that will crowd the pages of next week's issue with entertainment, information, and inspiration. . . . The first exciting installment of Doctors Don't Tell, our autobiography from real life of a physician who really does tell, will lead the issue. . . . Then there is a remarkable article by Upton Sinclair, A Plan of Life for the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, in which the veteran propagandist drops his ordinary role and makes a straightforward and apparently practical suggestion for this harassed couple. . . . His is a plan to fill their time with dignity and international usefulness without making trouble. . . . You may not agree with Sinclair's proposal but you will have to admire its originality and ingenuity. . . . Why Married Men Become Champions is an intensely personal article by Joe Louis that is likely to start a storm of discussion. . . . Springboard: The National Scandal of Parole is another hard-hitting article by Judge George E. Q. Johnson, who, as you know, when he was United States District Attorney, sent Al Capone to prison. . . . There will be two exciting short stories, Tough or Tender, by Patrick Quentin, The Girl and the General, another moving tale drawn from our history by Howard Fast. . . . Of course the current serials will continue in generous portions—Governor Hoffman's stirring examination of the Lindbergh case, Emil Ludwig's story of Roosevelt, and Grace Perkins' novel, The Unbreakable Mrs. Doll, together with Fred Collins' brilliant conclusion to the case of the girl who broke the Reno drug ring.

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THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty-*for Liberals with Common Sense*

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER PAINTING BY ROBERT G. HARRIS

MAKE MORE MONEY—IMPROVE YOUR PERSONALITY—BE MORE POPULAR

IF you want to make more money, improve your personality or increase your popularity one of the books briefly described on this page is almost sure to be of service to you.

Each was written to fill a particular and well defined need. Each covers the subject with which it deals in a comprehensive, thorough and practical manner. All are substantially bound. If you are interested in one or more of them do not hesitate to place your order under our money back guarantee.

A—CIVIL SERVICE HANDBOOK by William Allan Brooks—Complete home study course for federal, state, and city civil service examinations—1000 questions and answers of former tests, also 30 actual previous "self-teaching" examinations for such positions as postal clerk, letter carrier, firemen, policemen, bookkeeper, etc.—shows the mistakes to avoid in arithmetic, grammar, spelling, geography, history, civics, etc.

B—BOOKKEEPING MADE EASY by N. H. Lenert—Complete self-teaching book in double entry bookkeeping. So concise the beginner will find the most complex problems easy to understand. Twenty exercises with key to correct your own work.

C—SECRETS OF CARTOONING by Chuck Thorndike. For amateurs, beginners and teachers of elementary art. Over 300 drawings and diagrams. Amazingly simple and effective. Teaches you to draw heads, express amusement, anger, surprise, action.

D—MAKING ART PAY by Charles Hope Provost—A practical guide book replete with trade secrets, market tips, and short cuts to turning artistic ability into cash.

E—SELF-INSTRUCTION IN THE PIANO by George A. Gibbs, Jr.—Teaches the beginner to play in an amazingly short time even if he or she cannot read music. By following instructions pictured on a chart he can play any song almost at once.

F—SECRETARY-STENOGRAPHER'S DESK BOOK by William Allan Brooks—Complete guide to best business usage and practice. Personality hints, efficiency, suggestions—all the things that spell the difference between a stenographer and a highly paid private secretary.

G—THE STUDENT'S HAND BOOK edited by William Allan Brooks. Not a text book but an invaluable guide to securing the education you want. Also contains index listing over $42,000,000 in scholarships and students' loans. Also suggestions of how to earn money in college. A valuable gift to any ambitious boy or girl.

H—HOME LESSONS IN TAP DANCING by Rita Ramsey. Learn to tap dance at home with this excellent course which teaches fundamental steps and routine. A great social asset. Professionals make big money. 58 illustrations.

I—SECRETS OF DANCE BAND SUCCESS. Collaboration by twelve famous orchestra leaders including Paul Whiteman, and Rudy Vallee. Filled with their success secrets, this is probably the most practical bandbook ever written.

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YOU CAN LEARN TO PLAY THE PIANO WITHOUT A TEACHER
255 PARTY GAMES TO PLAY
Charm and Personality
SO YOU WANT TO WRITE A SONG? by ROBERT BRUCE
FLAGS of AMERICA by COL. WILLIAM H. WALDRON, U.S.A.

J—MAKING AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY PAY by A. J. Ezickson of the N. Y. Times—A practical book showing amateur photographers how to turn their salable prints into money. Kind of photos editors want—how and where to submit them. Names and addresses of over 300 markets.

K—CHARM AND PERSONALITY by Dr. Edwin F. Bowers, authority on psychology and hygiene. Success, money, power are within the grasp of the person possessing magnetic charm and personality and the knowledge of how to apply them. In his unusual book Dr. Bowers teaches you how to develop and apply these success building qualities.

L—A SMALL BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN by William Allan Brooks—Comprehensive survey containing 1000 tried and proven ways for the individual having little or no capital to build a modest, dependable business.

M—ABC SHORTHAND by William Allan Brooks—Twelve easy lessons increasing writing speed to a point where lectures, speeches, etc., can be taken down verbatim. Excellent for students, lecturers, teachers, reporters, et al. Can be learned in an amazingly short time.

N—FLAGS OF AMERICA by Col. William H. Waldron, U. S. A. Copiously illustrated in full color, this book should be in every American home and school library. Not only a valuable and pleasing adjunct to the study of American history, its complete code of etiquette for the display of the flag on all public and private occasions gives it double value as a book of reference.

O—255 PARTY GAMES TO PLAY by Clare Graeffe and Paul W. Kearney. Every woman who has wracked her brains for new and entertaining party games will appreciate this book of games for every occasion.

P—EVERYMAN'S LEGAL MANUAL by Harry Hibschman, LL.D. A valuable book for the layman setting forth his rights and obligations in connection with the situations that arise in the ordinary course of business and home life. 256 pages.

Q—BREAKING INTO ADVERTISING by Walter Hanlon. Teaches the beginner how to land his first job in this prolific field. Practical, helpful, instructive—can save you weeks or months of fruitless search for the first job and helps you to hold it once you get it.

R—SO YOU WANT TO WRITE A SONG? By Robert Bruce. Essential information regarding the art and business of writing songs. Contains over 1000 important facts including names and addresses of music publishers.

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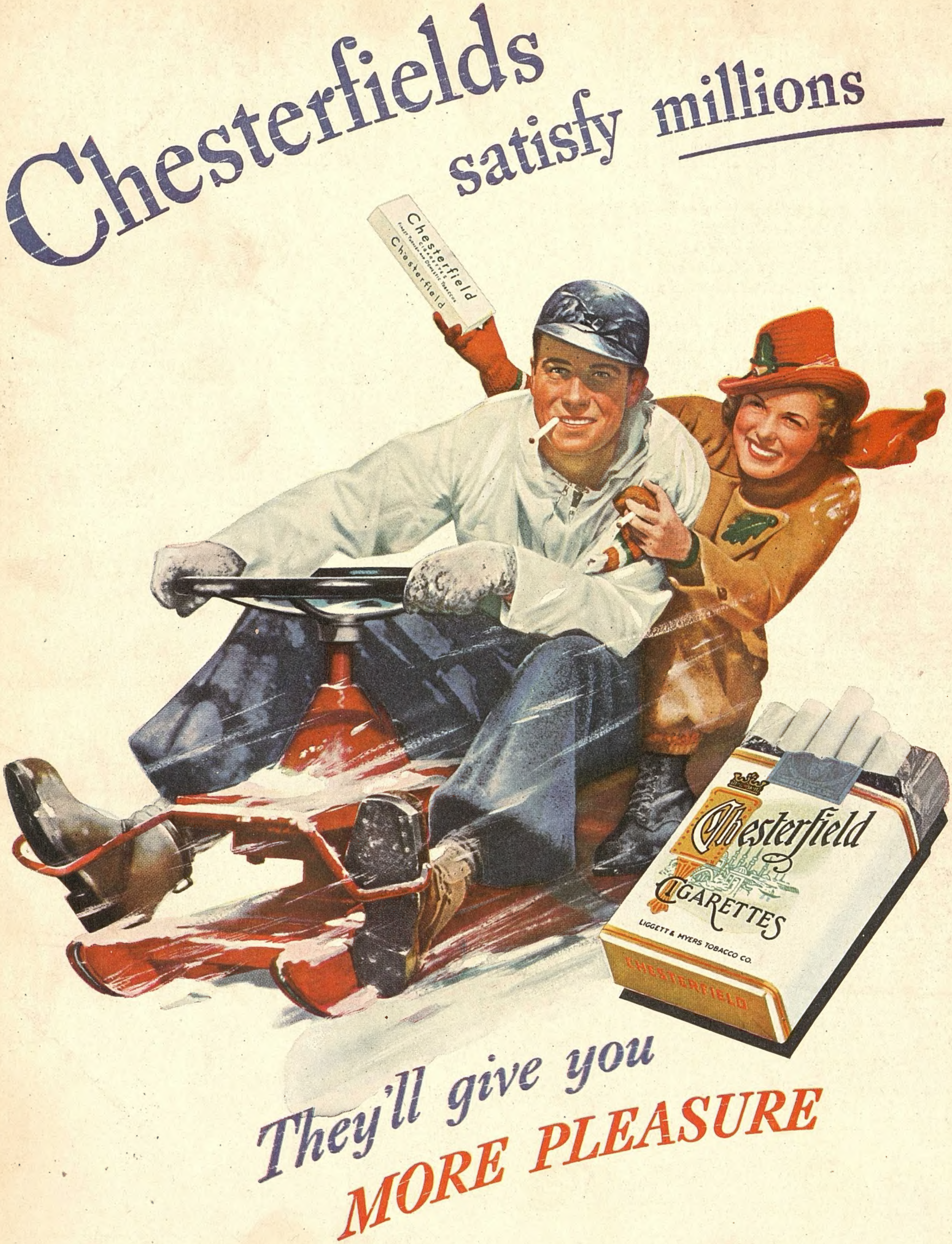
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